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MODERN ENGLISH PROSE

FIRST SERIES

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FIRST SERIES

Selected and Edited by

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INTRODUCTION

A SELECTION from the prose writers of a given period is more informative and intimate than a selection from the poets. Poets have a habit of jumping out of their period into eternity, of fixing their eyes on the immortal stars or delving into the elemental emotions of the heart which are the same in every age. Homer and Virgil and Shakespeare and Bridges are all engaged upon the same task, tuning their instruments to play upon the same themes—the courage of men, the beauty of women, the glory of the universe, Time the thief, and Death the judge. If poetry survived from the neolithic age, no doubt it would deal with the same topics, as doubtless will the poetry of the future, so long as man retains his soul and is not transformed into a robot.

Men, however, write prose on more topical subjects and for more varied reasons : to tell a story, to disparage their political opponents, to advertise their goods, to solve financial problems, to record history, to recount their adventures, to make jokes ; for all these purposes men write prose, and, while their topics are more subject to fashion, and so less likely to hold permanent attention than the universal themes of poetry, they are likely to tell us more of the age in which the writers lived. Also they appeal to a wider public, for it takes a poet to appreciate a poet, and in most of us the poet dies young, while in some it seems doubtful whether he has ever been born.

In the following pages a collection has been made from prose illustrating the first thirty years of the twentieth century, and most of the pieces were written after the First World War. The variety of reasons for which prose is written could scarcely be better displayed than by the diversity of the themes. Armageddon turned our attention to a common objective, but no sooner was the War over than our prose writers returned to exercise their minds in as many different directions as before. Mr. Granville-Barker and Professor Abercrombie write as brilliantly on Shakespeare as any of the exceedingly few writers on Shakespeare whose work is worth study; Mr. Belloc writes on Napoleon and Mr. Guedalla on the Duke so freshly that our interest is as much aroused as though no hostilities had occurred since Waterloo; Lytton Strachey and Mr. Francis Hackett impart the pyrotechnic brilliance to the writing of history which of late years has found favour; Hugh Walpole, Mary Webb, and Dr. A. J. Cronin make fiction revive the nineteenth century, Mr. J. B. Priestley makes it record the twentieth; Miss Sackville-West wrestles with problems of modern poetry, Sir William Beveridge with those of modern finance; Dr. Wingfield-Stratford tries to peer into the future of English history, and Sir James Jeans into the future of the Earth. And with these newer voices, talking eagerly of the future, there mingle those which speak regretfully of the past: that of John Galsworthy, recording in the death of the Stoic the death of an epoch, and of Lowes Dickinson prompting Lord Cantilupe to an expression of political faith for the nobility of which it is doubtful whether the coming world will have any use.

If you would be reminded of the First World War, you may go with Mr. Edmund Blunden into the Storm,

or escape with Lady Rhondda from the *Lusitania* ; if you would forget it, you may walk and drink tea with Professor Trevelyan in an English landscape, or play cricket with A. G. Macdonell against an English village, or sit down to laugh with G. K. Chesterton, upon an English hill.

Here, in fact, in this little volume are men and women who will talk to you on any subject, in any mood, and whose conversation, when you put it together, gives just such a record of a period as prose writers should give : it is a record made not from unity of interests, but from diversity, a record which shows not how men went about one business, but how they threw themselves into all the different interests and adventures which make up the life of a great and energetic nation. There is something, perhaps, seemingly a little proud in the inclusion of so few pieces directly concerned with the First World War, as though as a nation we had taken that troublesome hurdle in our stride, and then continued unruffled on our normal path. One of them at least, however—the escape from the *Lusitania*—has a double value, firstly for its intrinsic interest, and secondly because it illustrates a cardinal virtue of prose : that men and women come to write it, who are treated by Life in such a way that they cannot help recording what happened without comment ; and as often as not what they write is the best prose of all.

G. B.

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HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

So it is that Elizabethan literature has all the virtue of a prophecy, which has been fulfilled in part, from time to time, but has never been overtaken by achievement. We have spread ourselves over the surface of the habitable globe, and have established our methods of government in new countries. But the poets are still ahead of us, pointing the way. It was they, and no others, who first conceived the greatness of England's destinies, and delivered the doctrine that was to inspire her. They were adventurers, to a man, and they enjoyed a freedom unknown to their successors. The language was as free to them as the seas of the world, and, like the seas, it was uncharted, with no lighthouses, and few pilots. They subdued it to their purposes, and made it the servant of their magnanimous ideas.

Above them all, Shakespeare speaks for the English race. His works are not the eccentricities of a solitary genius ; they are the creed of England. It is not a dogmatic or a narrow creed ; it is full of thought and question, so that no one who reads him with intelligence can escape from the torment of thought. But in that great world of tides and currents and whirlpools which is Shakespeare's thought, unbroken by the shock of the waves and undimmed by the rainbow cloud of the spray, the landmarks stand out like headlands, and are never shaken. He questions everything, except the obligations laid on weak humanity ; he laughs at everything, except the affections of the

heart. He has an enormous tolerance, as well befits the greatest poet of a race which has taught the practice of toleration to Europe. But for all his tolerance, and all his sympathy, there are things which he cannot tolerate, so that when he defends them his drama becomes lurid with irony, and when he pleads against them his voice vibrates with passion. He hates pedantry—all that complicated mechanism of theory and regulation which systematic men attempt to impose upon human flesh and blood. He hates cruelty, the ugly daughter of pedantry ; and if the voice of Shakespeare as prompter is ever to be heard in all his plays, it is to be heard in the wonderful pleading for mercy by Portia in *The Merchant of Venice* and by Isabella in *Measure for Measure*. His descriptions of the hunted deer in *As You Like It*, and of the hunted hare in *Venus and Adonis*, go beyond the stolid sympathies of average selfish humanity ; they are the work of a tragic genius, who cares chiefly, even when he deals with the beasts of the chase, for the sufferings of the mind.

In these things, as in how many others, Shakespeare is English to the core. He is quicker and more sensitive than the vast majority of his fellow-countrymen, or he could not be their poet and their teacher. But what he teaches was learnt in their company, whether in the city of London or in the woods and meadows of the midland counties, and is congenial to their instincts and habits. The English love of compromise is strong in him. If it be examined it will be found to have its origin, not in intellectual timidity, but in a deep reverence for the complexity of human nature and for the sacredness of the elemental instincts. No one ever did more with the intellect than Shakespeare, but he dares not trust it. If its compelling logic drives over the hearts of men, he refuses to follow, and declares for the rights of the heart.

He has many disciples and admirers in foreign lands, some of whom partly understand him. The best translations of his work into foreign tongues, made by poets of repute, are strongest in rendering his drama, weakest in rendering his subtle passages of daring poetry. There is enough and to spare in his drama to enthral the attention of the children of all nations ; it is by his gifts as a teller of stories and a coiner of moral proverbs that he holds his world-wide fame. His appeal to his countrymen is deeper than this, and closer. He speaks to them in a language rich in associations with their daily life and their daily habits of thought. His characters—the soldiers, the ladies, the fools, the rogues—are English characters, studied from the life. His poetry, which overflows and sometimes confuses his drama, is the highest reach of the only art in which England has attained to supreme excellence. This poetry is what Englishmen most value in him, so that the best English critics of Shakespeare—Johnson, Hazlitt, and Lamb, among others—have consistently refused to accept the stage presentation of his plays as a sufficient expression of his genius. They follow the engraver's advice, and by preference " look, not on his picture, but his book." The magic lines and sentences of Shakespeare lose most of their virtue when they are translated ; as his own Norfolk says :

" The language I have learn'd these forty years,
My native English, now I must forego ;
And now my tongue's use is to me no more
Than an unstringed viol or a harp,
Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony."
(*Richard II*, I. III. 159-165)

Shakespeare's admirers abroad do credit to him

and to themselves, but they cannot teach the love of him to his friends at home. Their public homage is an empty thing to those who celebrate him more intimately, who love him best not for his power but for his humanity, and who, while he still drew breath among them, invented for him a name which can never be bettered, the name of the gentle Shakespeare.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

THE SACK OF ROME

THIS was the precise moment chosen in history for Mother Church to be stricken low, and this by the very hand of the man who, four years before, had been suborned and armed by Henry.

On May 5, 1527, when Wolsey and Warham began the proceedings that led to the Vatican, the Vatican itself was already in view of the most terrific gang of bloodcurdling adventurers who ever came to kill, steal, and rape. At the hour when Henry was protesting that he had never been married to Catherine, these warriors were pointing out the towers and domes that were a chorus until one caught the skeleton dome, the great solo of St. Peter's, and they held their breath, marvelling and vibrating, at the sight of this gleaming city in a lazy blue haze, procumbent by the Tiber and stretching itself in graceful indolence on seven hills, with its open vineyards, its gardens with tall cypresses, and its sun-yellow defenceless walls.

Two days later, as Henry plumed himself on his adroitness and sat back in happy ignorance, these cut-throats girded themselves in the cold morning mist to begin the Sack of Rome.

Vesuvius never erupted so savagely as did the Lutherans and Neapolitans and Spaniards, who, pent

up for months in the growling fury of their hunger, their squalor, their rags and skin-coverings, their frustrated arms that killed no enemy and won no booty, at last burst from under the feeble command of Bourbon and, flinging aside every restraint of discipline and every pretence of military purpose, poured in their hot and lavish multitude over the walls and into the panting streets of Rome. In swift and rustled silence, like flames licking the footsteps of the terrified Romans, these scabrous marauders raced into the city in every direction, killing every citizen they overtook, cleaning the streets of life, and then, amid single shrieks and piercing cries, that were soon to become a clamour and a roar, invading the fountained courtyards and the broad-doored palaces, slitting the throats of the seniors, dragging out the nuns, vamping prelates into the alleys, chastising and unfrocking monks, chasing priests like dogs, seizing armfuls of vestments and chalices and ciboria, denuding the altars, tossing gold and silver plate from palace balconies, heaping handcarts with glistening and radiant treasures, piling up the booty with wine and viands, lashing the terrified Cardinals to mules, releasing in a carnival that was to palpitate for five scorching days and to smoulder out for eight pestilential months all the knavery and tropic lasciviousness of the Neapolitan, all the brutal swinishness of the German, and all the keen and unassuageable cruelty of the hireling Spaniard. The long sunny afternoon of the aesthetic renaissance had ripened Rome until it hung in loaded sweetness over its golden walls. For years its veins had been plumbed with rich intoxication. It had grown into a presence so magnificent and so opulent that it seemed like a tree pendulous with indescribable blossom and humming with innumerable bees. Its very domes, swollen and pointed, were laden with promise to a

world that in this high defencelessness could only see an indulged and drowsy cupidity. With a rancour in which lust mingled with rage and hate with righteousness, the troops of Bourbon broke like the thunder-storm which disrupts the sultry day.

From the Vatican itself to the Castel Sant' Angelo, which was Rome's Tower of London, the Pope and his intimates scurried at the first alarm. They ran by a hidden exit from the house of God to the house of the emperors, their hearts liquid with fear. From the grand eminence of this fortress, which lifts itself like a Hercules over the pygmies, Benvenuto Cellini potted Bourbon on his scaling ladder, precisely as Falstaff with his own hand killed Hotspur, but this triumph of marksmanship and coincidence did not prevent Pope Clement from becoming a helpless prisoner, cut off from Christendom by a ring of fire.

And it was to this Pope, the servant of the emperor's servants, that Henry the Eighth was sending for permission to divorce the emperor's aunt.

FRANCIS HACKETT

NAPOLEON

NAPOLEON was what he was in the story of the world because he won battles. He succeeded so long as those battles and (what is more essential) campaigns were won. So long, he imposed on Europe a stamp which endures. He failed when he began to lose battles ; and therefore did not fully restore us.

Now his chief external characteristic which gave him his place, the power of winning battles and campaigns, was based upon two things—first the material which he found to his hand, secondly his own aptitude in this trade.

As to the first—the material he found to his hand—

it was the enthusiastic France of the Revolution (particularly its enthusiastic youth) and the military temper of the French people; also the new policy, or rather the policy restored from antiquity, of universal conscription applied to such a material. All this Napoleon inherited from days before he came.

The stuff he found ready to his hand, the conscript but enthusiastic armies of the Revolution, the soldiery of his youth, declined with the passage of the years. The hot fit could not last, and although the original political zeal was replaced by the advantage of a veteran service, yet upon this also two adverse forces came into play; the oldest men, especially in the case of the leaders, lost something of their suppleness and, much more important, the young conscripts became less and less willing material, mechanical, drafted in for wars that seemed unending, though the one desire of the nation was to end the struggle and although with Napoleon himself the principal object was, necessarily, peace—if only it could be confirmed. But there was more than this—the material soon ceased to be wholly French. Not that the recruitment from the annexed territories, notably from Italy, was of any worse physical material than the French blood would provide, but that their quarrel was not the same; and when it came to the German allies, or to the small but considerable body of recruits Germanic in blood during the later days of the Empire, these were not the inheritors of the first zeal.

The Italian, and even the German levies, also had, for the most part, the worship of the Imperial name; they also followed the Eagles. But only under the effect of victory and for no end clear to themselves. I do not speak here of the gentry who formed the officer class of such levies; they could but be at heart potentially hostile, and when the opportunity should

come, actively hostile. The Prussian and Saxon officers could not but be of this kind. It was true also, and increasingly true, of the rank and file, under the burden, economic and social, of the continuous wars—especially the burden of conscription.

What benefits the Revolution had given them were forgotten and the present evils grew increasingly burdensome. With victory turned into defeat after the loss of the Russian Campaign it was the human material that had changed. The horsemen of the Grand Army were dead, the new French levies insufficient in quality, while all that were not French or northern Italian or from the French-speaking Netherlands had it not in them to support a failing cause, and it was his allies of before 1812 that destroyed the Emperor's power.

This special aptitude of his, this inherited genius in military affairs which has put his name first in the roll of the high Captains, was made up, as must be that of every great Commander, of a prodigiously tenacious memory used by a most powerful clear intelligence, of rapid thinking, of the faculty for coordinating a very great number of separate activities, of an eye for ground in tactics, for the map in strategy. To this must be added that power of imbuing subordinates with the leader's own energy and will, unfailing tenacity, and, what is perhaps most characteristic of a great soldier, the preparedness for alternative chances and the faculty for immediately abandoning a plan which has gone wrong and substituting for it a new and suddenly devised one.

In all these things Napoleon was only what a man must be if he is to gain any reputation in war; but his mark was to possess such gifts in a degree so great as to find no equal; and all these things he mixed with audacity—the taking of risks and yet an indefatigable labour of preparation, including the

preparation for retreat. *Such he was so long as he had health.*

He himself most truly said—it was one of the most luminous of his judgements—that any fool can make an obvious strategic plan, the capacity of the strategist is seen in the power to carry it out: and this power is mainly shown in the grasping and retention of innumerable details, in the right understanding of each, and the giving to each element of difficulty its right proportion.

Now this combination—the making of every great Captain, and present in him so exceptionally—depended upon certain physical conditions in himself. That flash of reasoning, that memory, that power of co-ordination would be dimmed and lessened as the body declined. In the last years of Napoleon such decline was apparent. It was not permanently apparent. It came sporadically in its effects; but they are unmistakeable and they determine the issue. Had Napoleon after 1810 been the Napoleon of 1800 (Marengo) or the Napoleon of 1805 (Austerlitz), or even the Napoleon of Friedland eighteen months on, he would perhaps have judged rightly the situation in Russia; he would certainly have recovered his power at Bautzen; he might even after failing at Bautzen have staved off the encircling at Leipzig.

It has been insisted upon over and over again that his last misfortunes, and particularly Leipzig, were due to his having kept everything in his own hands, working out himself every main detail of what had to be done, so that if he forgot or failed, the work of none other could remedy a defect in the Chief. This is true; but it was inevitable from the nature of the man and the lessons his career had taught him. He had done what he did in the field by his ubiquitous presence and that miraculous rapidity which he gave to his command, and which was an essential in every

victory. When his universal immediate presence and his flash of thought and action became uncertain through physical decline, his instrument was broken.

Men and nations fail by the same powers as those by which they rise.

There was another weakness in his position leading to ultimate failure of which he could not be master, to which he had to be subject whether he would or no : I mean the lack of maturity in all that intense affair of the Revolution and of his own career, which confirmed and imposed the results of the Revolution.

It was a great glory to the revolutionaries and to the French people that they could thus absolve themselves from time. Michelet has well remarked it, saying that France, when it created this new world, seemed to be independent of time as a necessary condition in the works of mankind. But none are exempt from that condition. There can be no human strength without maturity.

See how true this is in the case of the Dynasty. Napoleon founding the Fourth Dynasty challenged time too much. The first monarchy which consolidated Gaul once more in the dark ages was a slow matter of centuries, five generations at least between that first Roman general, Clovis, taking over local government and the acknowledgment of his descendants as real kings—even then they still regarded the Emperor at Byzantium as their head.

The family Charlemagne matured in power for four hundred years. They were great nobles of southern Gaul while yet there was an active Empire of the west ruled from Rome. They had become the most powerful of subjects a century before Charlemagne himself was crowned.

The high feudal nobility out of whom sprang the Third Dynasty had grown up unperceptibly, decade by decade, with vast landed fortunes coalescing over

two and three hundred years. Of these slowly growing Feudal Houses the first Capetian was one.

But Napoleon had to make all afresh and that in less than half the lifetime of a man. His new nobility still talked, for the most part, in the speech of the common people. The pomp of his ceremonies was a thing invented in some few days or weeks ; his titles and ritual phrases were but copies of a more venerable, deeply rooted thing. The marvel is, not that such a system should have broken down, but rather that it came so near to establishment, and that, even after his enemies had triumphed, the grandeur of his name, the splendour of his deeds, continued to lend dignity to his new nobility. It ought to have become, it never did become, ridiculous. With what contempt a Rohan must still regard the remaining title and name of Murat ; yet what can ridicule do to the fame of Murat's cavalry charges, to the swirl of horse coming down the slopes after Capellendorf, to that great mounted column in the whirlwind of snow staving off disaster at Eylau ?

Was there in Napoleon's failure a change in fortune as well as a change in bodily powers ? I think not.

Fortune serves all famous men.

Our fathers wisely gave to Fortune the greatest *rôle* in the making of a great name. With soldiers Fortune commonly plays a still greater part than with men of other trades. Yet with Napoleon Fortune did not so act save in two main points—she saw to his advent : she protected him from death, from disablement in battle. He himself ascribed to Fortune a sort of major guiding influence overshadowing all his life : something leading him from the skies. This may have been in some degree invented by him to make part of all that other furniture with which he deliberately supplemented and increased all the rest that Fortune did for him : his bulletins, his dress,

his constant impassible mask (in public) of a Caesar : for all these he conceived to be necessary to his task. But in whatever degree there may have been this false element in his relying upon Fortune as his protecting goddess, the most part of it—all of it, perhaps —was a sincere and devoted reliance : a conviction that he was guarded and given victory by the Fates. And this would seem to have been the result in him of immediate and dazzling glories, of toppling achievement ; of rapid and continuous success during all those years when a man, still young, makes his own myth in his own mind through his own, still creative, power.

It is impossible that it should not have been so, even had he been of common mould ; but being what he was in temperament a poet (a man vividly aware of imagination in verse, and judging well of great writers) ; being a man whose gifts put him among the first of the strong prose writers, the authors of those military trumpet calls which ring down history and would seem inseparable from the chief captains of our race, the things which he did were mirrored in his mind as something inspired, the gift, as it were, of a goddess. There has been no poet, I think, who having achieved some great piece of verse, does not, when he has achieved it (if he recognises its greatness), marvel how he should be the author of such a thing and, in some fear, ascribe it to Other Powers. No poet is atheist in the matter of his Muse.

So it was with Napoleon when he found that a plan of campaign he had made (as any one of a hundred officers at leisure will make plans) sprang out into the real world, took bodily shape and became, before his eyes—the miracle of the Ligurian Hills : the blasting of the way into Italy—he began so to wonder.

When at Lodi he found that he was already on the lips of his men more than a man should be ; then was

he convinced of something more than mortal in his destiny. Rivoli and Mantua and Arcole confirmed this: the vision had begun, too strong of root to fail. When at last not a change in Fortune but rather his own physical state after his fortieth year, and in particular his ill-judgement in the Russian adventure, were bringing on disaster, this strongly rooted conviction, this vision of Fortune, did not abandon him. He clung to it; until exile, captivity, the solemn approach of death convinced him that, even though that vision were true, it must be free to depart and that, for a time, even him his goddess would abandon.

HILAIRE BELLOC

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

THE war was forming him. Now he was nearly forty-three—high-nosed, clear-eyed, and confident. His nerves were always steady. That was his secret; Lowry Cole pierced it when he termed his commander "a fine fellow with the best nerves of any one I ever met with." For the sharp gaze never wavered, and the upper lip drew tightly down over the slightly prominent teeth without a quiver. His nerves were admirable; exercise, long days in the saddle, and plain fare helped to keep them so. Did not Alava learn to dread his standing answer to the question at what o'clock the staff would move and what there was to be for dinner? "At daylight," he invariably replied; and to the second interrogation, "Cold meat." "*J'en ai pris en horreur*," the anguished Spaniard moaned, "*les deux mots daylight et cold meat.*" But Wellington throve on them. His night's rest varied between three hours and six; and for his first four years in the Peninsula, although he was Commander-in-Chief, he had reverted to the practice of

his Indian campaigns and slept in his clothes. His days were regular ; rising at six, he wrote steadily until breakfast at nine o'clock. Those quiet morning hours served to dispose of his enormous correspondence with incredible punctuality ; for " my rule always was to do the business of the day in the day." Then he breakfasted and transacted military business with the staff. This lasted all the morning, except on hunting days when a gleeful Quartermaster-General records that he " could get almost anything done, for Lord Wellington stands whip in hand ready to start, and soon despatches all business." Those were the days that startled Portuguese on lonely hillsides beheld an unprecedented cavalcade, heard view-halloos and the sharp note of hounds, and marvelled at the strange proceedings of their incomprehensible allies. " Here," as Captain O'Malley loved to recall, " the shell-jacket of a heavy dragoon was seen storming the fence of a vineyard. There the dark green of a rifleman was going the pace over the plain. The unsportsmanlike figure of a staff officer might be observed emerging from a drain, while some neck-or-nothing Irishman, with light infantry wings, was flying at every fence before him "—and the Peer himself followed his hounds in the sky blue and black of the Salisbury hunt. Such was the impressive apparatus with which Lord Wellington toned his nerves in winter quarters.

His nerves, indeed, were admirable ; and a becoming sense of who he was and what he had achieved contributed to steady them—" I am the mainspring of all the other operations, but it is because I am Lord Wellington ; for I have neither influence nor support, nor the means of acquiring influence, given to me by the Government." Small wonder that this correspondent never ventured upon a more familiar address than " My dear Lord." Even behind his back he was " the Peer " to Generals and " our great Lord " to

ardent subalterns; although an intoxicated private once alluded (in the presence of a scandalised staff officer) to "that long-nosed —— that beats the French," and the army had been known to call him "Atty." But such diminutives were rare; for he kept his distance. Not that he kept it by conventional distinctions of uniform and entourage. Headquarters, as one observer noted, were "strikingly quiet and unostentatious. Had it not been known for a fact, no one would have suspected that he was quartered in the town. There was no throng of scented staff officers with plumed hats, orders and stars, no main guard, no crowd of contractors, actors, cooks, valets, mistresses, equipages, horses, dogs, forage and baggage waggons, as there is at French or Russian headquarters! Just a few aides-de-camp, who went about the streets alone and in their overcoats, a few guides, and a small staff guard; that was all! About a dozen bullock-carts were to be seen in the large square of Fuente Guinaldo, which were used for bringing up straw to headquarters; but apart from these no equipages or baggage trains were visible." Perhaps he had seen quite enough of personal magnificence in Richard's case to damp his taste for it. At any rate, his dress was unpretentious. A harassed army might echo "Micky Free's" lyrical complaint to the Fourteenth Light Dragoons:

> "Bad luck to this marching,
> Pipe-claying and starching;
> How neat one must be to be killed by the French!"

But such niceties were scarcely to their commander's taste.

One subaltern recorded that "provided we brought our men into the field well appointed with their sixty rounds of ammunition each, he never looked to see whether trousers were black, blue, or grey. . . . The

consequence was that scarcely any two officers were dressed alike! Some wore grey braided coats, others brown: some again liked blue; many (from choice, or perhaps necessity) stuck to the 'old red rag.'" His own opinions were plainly stated to the Horse Guards:

"I hear that measures are in contemplation to alter the clothing, caps, etc., of the army.

"There is no subject of which I understand so little; and abstractedly speaking, I think it indifferent how a soldier is clothed, provided it is in a uniform manner; and that he is forced to keep himself clean and smart as a soldier ought to be. But there is one thing I deprecate, and that is any imitation of the French in any manner.

"It is impossible to form an idea of the inconvenience and injury which result from having anything like them. . . . I only beg that *we* may be as different as possible from the French in everything."

This was severely practical. So was his own costume, which generally ran to grey. His taste for personal reconnaissance inclined him to the inconspicuous combination of a grey frock-coat worn with a low cocked-hat in an oilskin cover. It bore no plume; and before long Europe learned to know that austere silhouette. He was not altogether innocent of sartorial vanities, though, fancying the skirts of his coats a trifle shorter than most men's in order (a Judge-Advocate conjectured) to set off a trim figure; nor was he without strong and individual opinions upon a novel cut of half-boots. But these effects were all contrived in the modest key of grey; and his entourage was equally inconspicuous. An unpretentious staff, designed for use rather than ornament, was put to shame by the glory of gold lace and plumes that caracoled in the splendid wake of any Marshal of the Empire. But Wellington had little appetite for

millinery. Besides, few Marshals shared his taste for solitary reconnaissance. He had unbounded faith in a strong glass and a fast horse, and often rode beyond his outposts, a lonely horseman in a cloak, with his perpetual desire to see things for himself—the French vedettes would never suspect a single figure in grey. So he dressed modestly below his military station, leaving the foppery of war to gaudier, if less successful, Marshals. Indeed, their master did the same. For Europe held another *redingote grise* : he might be matched against it one day.

Grey-coated, spare, and trim, the bleak figure, sharply outlined against the deep blue of Spanish skies, appears a shade incongruous. He never dressed the part ; indeed, he had little taste for drama. When his advance-guard blundered into the whole French army, he greeted the alarming intelligence with a casual, " Oh ! they are all there, are they ? Well, we must mind a little what we are about, then." And news that the French were off, leaving Almeida in his grasp, reached him one morning early whilst he was shaving. He lifted the razor from his cheek, remarking " Ay, I thought they meant to be off ; very well " ; the shave resumed, and nothing more was said. He specialised in a form of dry under-statement peculiarly unfriendly to heroics. Who else, addressing a charitable appeal to the Prime Minister on behalf of a devastated ally, was capable of the sublime exordium : " The village of Fuentes de Oñoro having been the field of battle the other day, and not having been much improved by this circumstance. . . ." ? Few themes, indeed, moved him to eloquence except the imperfections of his human instruments. But there his language often verged on the sublime. Unweary himself, he was unmerciful in his comments upon lack of energy in others ; and exasperation frequently betrayed him into unpardonable generalisations.

A fixed belief that insufficient inducements were offered to recruits had led him to the conclusion that "none but the worst description of men enter the regular service"; and from this premise he proceeded to the gravest disparagements of the men under his command. "The scum of the earth," he termed them, "the mere scum of the earth. . . . The English soldiers are fellows who have all enlisted for drink—that is the plain fact—they have all enlisted for drink." This tone became habitual with him in later years, as a congenial antidote to the prevailing cant. For Wellington could not bear his hearers to be romantic about soldiers—"people talk of their enlisting from their fine military feeling,—all stuff—no such thing. Some of our men enlist from having got bastard children—some for minor offences—many more for drink; but you can hardly conceive such a set brought together, and it really is wonderful that we should have made them the fine fellows they are."

They were fine fellows, then. He was prepared to admit as much; and for seven years in the Peninsula he toiled to make them so. Seven volumes of General Orders, drafted in his own handwriting and traced endlessly across the paper with "the short glazed pens" from Tabart's in New Bond Street, testify to his parental care. "Crime" is duly present; the crackle of illicit pig-shooting is heard; bee-hives are purloined; and the misdeeds peculiar to military operations in wine-producing countries stalk through his pages. But camp-kettles, shirts, and brushes haunted him; his dreams were full of army biscuits; and his housekeeping anxieties are in strange contrast with the grave ablative absolutes of Caesar or Napoleon's baroque eloquence. Supply was still the burden of his severely humdrum song. He still insisted that "it is very necessary to attend to all this detail, and to trace a biscuit from Lisbon into the man's mouth

on the frontier, and to provide for its removal from place to place, by land or by water, or no military operations can be carried on, and the troops must starve." Even this his strategy was dominated by the practical consideration that " a soldier with a musket could not fight without ammunition, and that in two hours he can expend all he can carry."

This was admirably unheroic. But in one particular he found his gallant subordinates more unheroic than himself. Uniformly indifferent to the risks of battle,

" When, squadron square,
We'll all be there,
To meet the French in the morning,"

they failed to share his taste for uneventful winters in the discomfort of up-country billets in the hill villages of Beira. Moved with a simultaneous passion for the immediate transaction of urgent business at home, they applied for leave. Such unanimity was touching. But their commander was untouched ; for leave was one of Wellington's blind spots. Lisbon leave was one thing. But why gentlemen who had come all the way to the Peninsula in order, he presumed, to fight the French should wish to go home again entirely passed his comprehension. Ill-health might form a valid reason ; but business grounds left him frankly incredulous. Even Craufurd was grudgingly informed that " Officers (General Officers in particular) are the best judges of their own private concerns ; and although my own opinion is that there is no private concern that cannot be settled by instruction and power of attorney, and that after all is not settled in this manner, I cannot refuse leave of absence to those who come to say that their business is of a nature that requires their personal superintendence. But entertaining these opinions, it is

rather too much that I should not only give leave of absence, but approve of the absence of any, particularly a General Officer from the Army. . . . I may be obliged to consent to the absence of an officer, but I cannot approve of it. I repeat that you know the situation of affairs as well as I do, and you have my leave to go to England if you think proper." He could contrive a kindly refusal—" I always feel much concern in being obliged to refuse officers who wish to quit the army ; indeed, it is the most painful duty I have to perform. But it must be performed ; otherwise, between those absent on account of wounds and sickness, and those absent on account of business or pleasure, I should have no officers left." Indeed, he ultimately moved the Horse Guards to confine Peninsula appointments to Generals prepared to make a declaration in advance that they had no private business likely to recall them to England.

More romantic reasons moved him to irony, although a hint from home that one young lady's continued separation from a love-lorn major might be followed by fatal consequences elicited a kindly, though terrifying, lecture on the course of love :

" It appears to me that I should be guilty of a breach of discretion if I were to send the unfortunate object of this lady's affections, and to apprise him of the pressing necessity for his early return to England : the application for permission ought to come from himself ; and, at all events, the offer ought not to be made by me, and particularly not founded on the secret of this interesting young lady.

" But this fortunate major now commands his battalion, and I am very apprehensive that he could not with propriety quit it at present, even though the life of this female should depend upon it ; and, therefore, I think that he will not ask for leave.

" We read, occasionally, of desperate cases of this

description, but I cannot say that I have ever yet known of a young lady dying of love. They contrive in some manner to live, and look tolerably well, notwithstanding their despair, and the continued absence of their lover; and some even have been known to recover so far as to be inclined to take another lover, if the absence of the first has lasted too long. I don't suppose that your protégée can ever recover so far, but I do hope that she will survive the continued necessary absence of the major, and enjoy with him hereafter many happy days."

This was not unkindly. After all, Lord Wellington himself had the best reasons for believing in the capacity for survival of young ladies in love. Had not Kitty borne his own absence for nine years (and very nearly married Lowry Cole in the course of her vigil)? That, perhaps, was why he was a shade unsympathetic about leave. He had left so little behind him (his brother William was informed that " as for private concerns, I never trouble my head about them "), that home meant little to him: and why should it mean more to others?

Not that he was inhuman. He even had his moments of weakness. The day after Somers Cocks was killed at Burgos, he came into someone's room, paced it for some time in silence, opened the door to go, and as he left exclaimed abruptly, " Cocks was killed last night." But his emotion was dry-eyed; how, with his work to do, could it be otherwise? High command is a supremely lonely business. Yet there were moments when he needed company. At four o'clock on winter afternoons he left his room, " and then, for an hour or two, parades with anyone whom he wants to talk to, up and down the little square of Frenada (amidst all the chattering Portuguese) in his grey greatcoat." The talk ran on anything—on India, on Ireland, on Mr. Canning's views

about the Catholics—and the trim figure in grey paced up and down the little square, among the staring drovers. He could be affable ; and the Headquarters mess grew familiar with his laugh—a terrifying cachinnation, " very loud and long, like the whoop of the whooping cough often repeated."

The Peer kept his distance, though. For was it not almost his duty as Commander-in-Chief to be a shade aloof? Perhaps aloofness came natural to him. At any rate, it was his fate, his rather lonely fate, always to be a little different from his surroundings, his head held a trifle higher than his neighbour's. Had he not been an Englishman in Ireland, an Anglo-Indian in India, a soldier among politicians, and finally a politician among soldiers? He was invariably in contrast, never in perfect harmony with his assorted backgrounds; and the spare figure, tightly buttoned in its grey beneath a black cocked-hat, contrasted oddly with the glare of Spain. It was a lonely *rôle* to be Lord Wellington. PHILIP GUEDALLA

GLADSTONE

THE old statesman was now entering upon the penultimate period of his enormous career. He who had once been the rising hope of the stern and unbending Tories, had at length emerged, after a lifetime of transmutations, as the champion of militant democracy. He was at the apex of his power. His great rival was dead ; he stood pre-eminent in the eye of the nation ; he enjoyed the applause, the confidence, the admiration, the adoration, even, of multitudes. Yet—such was the peculiar character of the man, and such the intensity of the feelings which he called forth—at this very moment, at the height of his popularity, he was distrusted and loathed ;

already an unparalleled animosity was gathering its forces against him. For, indeed, there was something in his nature which invited—which demanded—the clashing reactions of passionate extremes. It was easy to worship Mr. Gladstone; to see in him the perfect model of the upright man—the man of virtue and of religion—the man whose whole life had been devoted to the application of high principles to affairs of state—the man, too, whose sense of right and justice was invigorated and ennobled by an enthusiastic heart. It was also easy to detest him as a hypocrite, to despise him as a demagogue, and to dread him as a crafty manipulator of men and things for the purposes of his own ambition. It might have been supposed that one or other of these conflicting judgements must have been palpably absurd, that nothing short of gross prejudice or wilful blindness, on one side or the other, could reconcile such contradictory conceptions of a single human being. But it was not so; "the elements" were "so mixed" in Mr. Gladstone that his bitterest enemies (and his enemies were never mild) and his warmest friends (and his friends were never tepid) could justify, with equal plausibility, their denunciations or their praises. What, then, was the truth? In the physical universe there are no chimeras. But man is more various than Nature; was Mr. Gladstone, perhaps, a chimera of the spirit? Did his very essence lie in the confusion of incompatibles? His very essence? It eludes the hand that seems to grasp it. One is baffled, as his political opponents were baffled fifty years ago. The soft serpent coils harden into quick strength that has vanished, leaving only emptiness and perplexity behind. Speech was the fibre of his being; and, when he spoke, the ambiguity of ambiguity was revealed. The long, winding, intricate sentences, with their vast burden of subtle and complicated

qualifications, befogged the mind like clouds, and, like clouds, too, dropped thunderbolts. Could it not then at least be said of him with certainty that his was a complex character? But here also there was a contradiction. In spite of the involutions of his intellect and the contortions of his spirit, it is impossible not to perceive a strain of *naïveté* in Mr. Gladstone. He adhered to some of his principles—that of the value of representative institutions, for instance—with a faith which was singularly literal; his views upon religion were uncritical to crudeness; he had no sense of humour. Compared with Disraeli's, his attitude towards life strikes one as that of an ingenuous child. His very egoism was simple-minded: through all the labyrinth of his passions there ran a single thread. But the centre of the labyrinth? Ah! the thread might lead there, through those wandering mazes, at last. Only, with the last corner turned, the last step taken, the explorer might find that he was looking down into the gulf of a crater. The flame shot out on every side, scorching and brilliant; but in the midst there was a darkness.

LYTTON STRACHEY

THE STORM

MARCHING west from Béthune, we had nothing to trouble us except our packs and the General, who never exhibited his talent for being in all places at once more terrifically. My own place was alongside my friends C. and R., who, with the prospect of a court-martial, were at first rather quiet, but presently began to be themselves. They rejoiced at least that their equipment was carried on the transport. Mine was not, and every halt was welcome. Our road showed us noble woods, and purling streams turning

water-wheels, and cleanly green and white villages. The battalion was billeted at Auchel, a considerable mining town, for one night ; I remember that well, because, when we got in at eleven or so, the advance party had not completed arrangements, and I set out to find shelter for my servant and myself. Seeing a young woman at an upper window looking out in some wonder at the sudden incursion in the streets, I addressed her with the most persuasive French I could find and she (note it, recording Angel, or spirit of Sterne, if you did not then) hastened down to give us food and lodging, and the next day piano practice and *L'Illustration.* On my asking for her address, she prudently gave me her father's. Emerging from the slag-heaps of Auchel, the battalion moved deviously, but now definitely southward, and came without unusual event and with usual misreading of the map to the flimsy outlandish village of Monchy-Breton (known, of course, as Monkey Britain), near St. Pol. The weather had turned heavy and musty, the preordained weather of British operations.

Near this place was an extent of open country (chiefly under wheat) which in its ups and downs and occasional dense woodlands resembled the Somme battlefield ; here, therefore, we were trained for several days. The Colonel told us that the ground was held to be an excellent facsimile of the scene of our " show." Hardly a man knew so much as the name of the southern village from which we were to attack ; but from our practice we saw with mixed feelings that the jumping-off position was one side of a valley, the position to be captured the other side, and all began to be proficient in moving to the particular " strong point " or other objective plotted out for them. Gas was loosed over us ; we ran out wire at the edge of the swiftly captured woods ; we crouched down in trenches while the roaring heat of

the flammenwerfer curled up in black smoke above ; a Scottish expert, accompanied by well-fed, wool-clad gymnastic demonstrators, preached to us the beauty of the bayonet, though I fear his comic tales of Australians muttering " In, out,—on guard," and similar invocations of " cold steel " seemed to most of us more disgusting than inspiring in that peacefully ripening farmland. In the intervals we bought chocolate from the village women who had brought their baskets far enough to reach us ; and so we passed the time. Our manœuvres and marches were quite hard work, and in the evenings the calm of Monchy-Breton and its mud huts under their heavy verdure, or its crucifixes beside the downland roads, was not much insulted.

At battalion headquarters, where a French soldier, a considerable joker, was on leave, frequent conferences were called over the arrangements for our attack. " Jake " Lintott, the clever assistant-adjutant, who had been with the Canadians at Ypres, had drawn a fine bold map of the destined ground and trenches on the reverse of our waterproof table-cloth. When conferences began, the table-cloth was turned over, and the map brought into action. One sunny evening after we had been talking out the problems and proceedings of the coming battle, and making all clear with the map, it was felt that something was wrong, and, someone turning, noted a face at a window. We hurried out to catch a spy, but missed him, if he was one ; certainly he was a stranger.

Nothing else distinguished our Monchy-Breton period ; after a fine night or two sleeping under the stars, we left its chicken-runs and muddy little cart-tracks about the middle of August, and were entrained at Ligny St. Flochel, between Arras and St. Pol. A German aeroplane hovered above the act, and we sat waiting for the train to start, in a familiar attitude,

with trying apprehensions. We travelled with the gravity due to hot summer weather, and found the process better than marching. But the Somme was growing nearer ! Leaving the railway, we were billeted one night in a village called Le Souich. The occasion was marked at battalion headquarters by a roast goose, which the old farmer whose house we had invaded had shot at shortest range with the air of a mighty hunter (" Je le tire à l'œil !) and I joyfully recollect how Millward, that famed cricketer, gave a few of us an hour's catching practice in the orchard with apples instead of cricket-balls or bombs.

Thence the battalion took the road, in great glare and heat and dust, kilometre after kilometre. The changeful scenery of hills and woods was indeed dramatic and captivating after our long session in the flat country, but as the march wore on most of us were too used up to comment on it. Many men fell out, and officers and non-commissioned officers for the most part were carrying two or three rifles to keep others in their place. At Thievres there was a long halt, and a demand for water ; some thrifty inhabitants produced it at so much a bucket, thus giving occasion for a critical pun on the name of the place. The villagers' device for dismantling wells and pumps, and their inquisitive probing for information, disturbed our men's philosophy a little. Eventually the battalion encamped in a solemnly glorious evening at the edge of a great wood called Bois du Warnimont, with the whole divisional artillery alongside—and such was our enthusiasm that we stirred ourselves to take a look at it ; the stragglers came in, and were sternly told their fault at " orderly room " next day—we blush to think how many there were, but our experience of marching had recently been meagre.

Warnimont Wood, an unmolested green cloister, was six or seven miles west of the terrible Beaumont

Hamel, one of the German masterpieces of concealed strength ; but we hardly realised that yet. A reconnoitring party was soon sent up to the line, and I remember thinking (according to previous experience) that I should be able to buy a pencil in the village of Englebelmer, on the way ; but when we got there its civilians had all been withdrawn. Therein lay the most conspicuous difference between this district and our old one, with the cottagers and débitants continuing their affairs almost in view of the front trench. This country was truly in military hands. The majority of the reconnoitring party went on horseback, I on a bicycle ; and the weather had turned rainy, and the quality of Somme mud began to assert itself. My heavy machine went slower and slower, and stopped dead ; I was thrown off. The brake was clogged with most tenacious mud, typifying future miseries. Presently we passed a cemetery and reached through wide puddles an empty village called Mesnil, which, although it stood yet in the plausible mask of farmhouses and outbuildings not shattered into heaps, instantly aroused unpleasant suspicions. These suspicions were quickly embodied in the savage rush of heavy shrapnel shells, uncoiling their dingy green masses of smoke downwards while their white-hot darts scoured the acre below. On the west side, a muddy sunken lane with thickets of nettles on one bank and some precarious dug-outs in the other led us past the small brick railway station, and we turned out of it by two steps up into a communication trench chopped in discoloured chalk. It smelt ominous, and there was a grey powder here and there thrown by shellburst, with some of those horrible conical holes in the trench sides, blackened and fused, which meant " direct hits," and by big stuff. If ever there was a vile, unnerving, and desperate place in the battle zone, it was the Mesnil end of Jacob's Ladder, among

the heavy battery positions, and under perfect enemy observation.

Jacob's Ladder was a long trench, good in parts, stretching from Mesnil with many angles down to Hamel on the River Ancre, requiring flights of stairs at one or two steep places. Leafy bushes and great green and yellow weeds looked into it as it dipped sharply into the green valley by Hamel, and hereabouts the aspect of peace and innocence was as yet prevailing. A cow with a crumpled horn, a harvest cart should have been visible here and there. The trenches ahead were curious, and not so pastoral. Ruined houses with rafters sticking out, with half-sloughed plaster and dangling window-frames, perched on a hillside, bleak and piteous that cloudy morning ; half-filled trenches crept along below them by upheaved gardens, telling the story of wild bombardment. Further on was a small chalk cliff, facing the river, with a rambling but remarkable dug-out in it called Kentish Caves. The front line was sculptured over this brow, and descended to the wooded marshes of the Ancre in winding and gluey irregularity. Running across it towards the German line went the narrow Beaucourt road, and the railway to Miraumont and Bapaume ; in the railway bank was a look-out post called the Crow's Nest, with a large periscope, but no one seemed very pleased to see the periscope. South of the Ancre was broad-backed high ground, and on that a black vapour of smoke and naked tree-trunks or charcoal, an apparition which I found was called Thiepval Wood. The Somme indeed !

The foolish persistence of ruins that ought to have fallen but stood grimacing, and the dark day, chilled my spirit. Let us stop this war, and walk along to Beaucourt before the leaves fall. I smell autumn again. The Colonel, who was showing

Harrison the lie of the land, betrayed no such apprehension. He walked about, with indicatory stick, speaking calmly of the night's shelling, the hard work necessary to keep the trenches open, and the enemy's advantage of observation, much as if he was showing off his rockery at home ; and this confidence fortunately began to grow in me, so that I afterwards regarded the sector as nothing too bad. What my Colonel felt, who knew the battle history of this place, I perceive better to-day, and why he fixed his mind so closely on details. As we went along the slippery chalk cuttings and past large but thin-roofed and mouldy dug-outs, it was my duty to detect positions for forward dumps of bombs, ammunition, water and many other needs, against the approaching battle. I was pleasantly helped by Captain Kirk, the most reticent of men ; some time later we heard that he crossed No Man's Land, and fought several Germans in a dug-out, the light of which had attracted his notice. However, he now seemed afraid of even me. When we had made our round, we went back across the village to the Cheshire colonel's exemplary underground headquarters in Pottage Trench, a clean and quiet little alley near some pretty villas which might have been at Golder's Green, under the whispering shadow of aspen trees in a row, with a model firing-rack of S.O.S. rockets ; and thence, not unwillingly, back further, up Jacob's Ladder to Mesnil, which now smelt stronger still of high explosive, and away.

The battalion moved forward to a straggling wood called from its map reference P. 18, near the little town of Mailly-Maillet. Here, three miles from the enemy's guns, it was thought sufficient to billet us in tents (and those, to round off my posthumous discontent, used specimens). Mailly-Maillet was reported to have been until recently a delightful and flourishing little place, but it was in the sere and

yellow, its long château wall had been broken down by the fall of shell-struck trees; its church, piously protected against shrapnel by straw mats, had been hit. On the road to the town we had spelt out on almost every cornfield gate the advertisement of "Druon-Lagniez, Quincaillier à Mailly-Maillet"; but, seeking out his celebrated shop, one found it already strangely ventilated, and its dingy remnants of cheap watches or brass fittings on the floor disappointing after all the proclamation. In a garden solitude of this little town there rose a small domed building, as yet but a trifle disfigured, with plaster and glass shaken down to the mosaic floor, in the middle of which stood the marble tomb of a great lady, a princess, if I do not forget, of a better century. There the pigeons fluttered and alighted; and the light through the high pale-tinted panes seemed to rest with inviolable grace on holy ground.

Work at Hamel immediately called for me, with a party of good trench hands, duly paraded and commanded by my invincible friend Sergeant Worley. The first night that we reached the village, wild with warfare, rain was splashing down, and we willingly waited for dawn in a sepulchral cellar, wet through, yet not anxious on that account. I had already chosen the nooks and corners in the front line where I would make up in readiness for our battle small reserves of rations, rifle ammunition, grenades, reels of barbed wire, planks, screw pickets, wire netting, sandbags; my party therefore took up their burdens from the central stores in Hamel and followed me to the different points. The chief dump in Hamel lay between a new but not weather-proof residence (its back door opened on Thiepval) and a tall hedge with brambles straying over our stacks of planks and boxes, making a scene passably like the country builder's yard. A soldiers' cemetery was open at all

hours just behind this kind illusion. I may say that we worked hard, up and down, and even felt a little proud as the forward stores grew to useful size. When the Brigade bombing officer, suddenly pouncing upon me in a lonely trench, told me that my boxes of bombs painfully stacked at that place, would all be ruined by exposure to the weather, and that he should report me to the General, I damned him and wept. My critic (an old adversary) had just arrived from England. But I was afraid of the General. Apart from that, there was no great trouble. Once, carelessly pushing some bomb-boxes above the parados in sight of some enemy post, we returned with the next consignment to find nothing but new shell-holes there. All day long that valley was echoing with bombardment, but for the most part it was on Thiepval Wood that the fury thundered; and we, at meal-times, sat freely like navvies in some ruin and put away considerable quantities of bread, bully and cheese. And how well we knew our Hamel! The " Café du Centre " was as real to us as the Ritz or the " Marquis of Granby," though now it was only some leaning walls obviously of cheap plaster and a silly signboard. The insurance agent's house, with its gold bee sign still inviting custom (not in our line!); the stuffed pheasant by his glass dome, drooping a melancholy beak and dishonoured plumage, opposite our duck-board and wire repository; the superior hip bath lying on the roadside towards the line; the spring of beautiful clear drink there; the level crossing-keeper's red house, with its cellars full of petrol-tins of water, in the direction of Thiepval—these and every other lineament of poor Hamel photographed themselves in us. The ridiculously fat tom-cat which had refused to run wild knew us well. We humped our boxes of deadly metal past the agricultural exhibition of innocent metal on the wayside; what were ploughs

and drags and harrows to Hamel now? What rural economist had collected them there?

The date of the attack was suddenly postponed. A runner discovered me, with this news. We went back to the wood in which the battalion, not too well pleased with its surroundings, had dug short protective lengths of trench. These, however, could not protect us from a plague of wasps, and the Engineers had to add to their varied service that of clearing some monstrous nests with gun-cotton. After an agreeable evening passed in exploring the rambling streets of Mailly, and watching a huge howitzer in action in the orchards, fed with shells by means of a pulley, and those shells large enough to be seen plainly mounting up to the sky before they disappeared in an annihilating dive upon "Thiepval Crucifix," we turned in. I was as bold as Harrison and others and put on my pyjamas; but at midnight the shriek of shells began, meant for our camp, and we slipped, shivering, into the nearest slit of trench. There were gas shells, and high explosive, and samples of both missed our trench by yards; the doctor, who was huddling next to me with his monkey in his arms, was suddenly affected by the gas, and his pet also swallowed some. They were both "sent down the line"; but I was unharmed. When the hate was over, it seemed perhaps difficult to sleep again, warm as the blankets might be, and it was one more case of waiting for daylight.

Corporal Candler, without whom our administration would have been so much poorer from 1916 to 1918, will perhaps forgive me for telling a story of Mailly Wood for him. Perhaps it was on the occasion just mentioned that he happened to be sitting alone in the orderly room tent, running his hands through his hair over the latest heap of orders and messages. When shelling began, he hesitated to go out to the

trench ; and as he sat there, he saw a man wearing a black cloak appear in the doorway. This figure stood watching him. " Don't be funny," said Candler, adjusting his glasses—we see and hear him exactly. The figure still paused, then went ; and Candler went after, among the trees, but no explanation could be got.

Expecting that I should not again see that wood, I went up next night with some heavy materials for the dump in Hamel, carried on the limbers. The transport officer, Maycock, was with us, which is saying we talked all the way. At Mesnil church, a cracked and toppling obelisk, there were great craters in the road, and when one of the limbers fell in, it was necessary to unload it before it could be got out. While this delay lasted, in such a deadly place, my flesh crept, but luck was ours, and no fresh shells came over to that church before we were away. One still sees in rapid gunlights the surviving blue fingerpost at the fork in the unknown road. It helped us. As we plodded down the dark hill the blackness over by Thiepval Wood leapt alive with tossing flares, which made it seem a monstrous height, and with echo after echo in stammering mad pursuit the guns threshed that area ; uncounted shells passed over with savage whip-cracks, and travelled, meteor-like, with lines of flame through the brooding sultry air. One scarcely seemed to be alive and touching earth, but at the bottom of the hill, which was steep enough, the voices of other beings sounded, at Hamel Dump, like business—" Back in 'ere, lad," " Any more ? " The following day I had an opportunity to improve the contents of my small forward dumps, and to choose with Sergeant Rhodes, the master-cook, a " retired spot " where he might prepare the rum and coffee, to be served to the attacking troops. This quest introduced an incident. All day, on and off, our guns

were battering the German trenches, and one saw almost without a thought our salvoes bursting every few minutes on such tender points as trench junctions, whitely embossed in that sector of chalk parapets and downland. The German guns answered this brilliant provocation at their own moment. Thus, as the thin and long cook-sergeant and I were walking comfortably in Roberts' Trench, the air about us suddenly became ferocious with whizzbangs, the parapets before and behind sprang up or collapsed in clods and roarings; there seemed no way out. They were hitting the trench. Rhodes stared at me, I at him for a suggestion; his lean face presented the wildest despair, and no doubt mine was the same; we ran, we slipped and crouched one way and the other, but it was like a cataract both ways. And then, sudden quiet; more to come? Nothing; a reprieve.

Another postponement took me dustily back to the battalion in the wood watched by so many German observation-balloons in the morning sun. The wood, shelled deliberately because of its camps and accidentally because of some conspicuous horse-lines and silhouetted movements on the hill to the west, had frayed the men's keenness; there had been casualties; and then the anti-climax twice repeated had spoiled their first energetic eagerness for a battle. Yet, still, they were a sound and capable battalion, deserving far better treatment than they were now getting, and a battle, not a massacre. On the evening of September 2nd, the battalion moved cautiously from Mailly-Maillet by cross-country tracks, through pretty Englebelmer, with ghostly Angelus on the green and dewy light over the downs, to Mesnil, and assembled in the Hamel trenches to attack the Beaucourt ridge next morning. The night all round was drugged and quiet. I stood at the junction of four advanced trenches, directing the several companies into them

as had been planned. Not one man in thirty had seen the line by daylight—and it was a maze even when seen so, map in hand. Even climbing out of the narrow steep trenches with weighty equipment, and crossing others by bridges placed " near enough " in this dark last moment, threatened to disorder the assault. Every man remembered the practice attacks at Monchy-Breton, and was ready, if conditions were equal, to act his part ; among other things, the " waves " had to form up and carry out a " right incline " in No Man's Land—a change of direction almost impossible in the dusk, in broken and entangled ground, and under concentrated gunfire. When the rum and coffee was duly on the way to these men, I went off to my other duty. A carrying-party from another battalion was to meet me in Hamel, and for a time the officer and I, having nothing to do but wait, sat in a trench beside the village High Street considering the stars in their courses. An unusual yet known voice jubilantly interrupted this unnaturally calm conversation ; it was a sergeant-major, a fine soldier who had lost his rank for drunkenness, won it again, and was now going over in charge of a party carrying trench mortar ammunition. A merry man, a strong man ; when we had met before, he had gained my friendliest feelings by his freedom from any feeling against a school-boy officer. Some N.C.O.'s took care to let their superior training and general wisdom weigh on my shyness : not so C. He referred to the attack as one might speak of catching a train, and in it a few hours later he showed such wonderful Saint Christopher spirit that he was expected to be awarded a posthumous Victoria Cross. Meanwhile, all waited.

The cold disturbing air and the scent of the river mist marked the approach of the morning. I got my fellow-officer to move his men nearer to my main supply of bombs, which were ready in canvas buckets ;

and time slipped by, until scarcely five preliminary minutes remained. My friend then took his men into cellars not far away, there to shelter while the cannonade opened; for their orders were to carry bombs to our bombing officer, young French, whose orders were to clear the suspected German dugouts under the railway bank, a short time after the attacking waves had crossed. As for me, I took off my equipment and began to set out the bomb buckets in a side trench so that the carriers could at the right moment pick them up two at a time; and while I was doing this, and the east began to unveil, a stranger in a soft cap and a trench coat approached, and asked me the way to the German lines. This visitor facing the east was white faced as a ghost, and I liked neither his soft cap nor the mackintosh nor the right hand concealed under his coat. I, too, felt myself grow pale, and I thought it as well to direct him down the communication trench, Devial Alley, at that juncture deserted; he scanned me deliberately and quickly went on. Who he was, I have never explained to myself; but in two minutes the barrage was due, and his chances of doing us harm (I thought he must be a spy) were all gone.

The British barrage struck. The air gushed in hot surges along the river valley, and uproar never imagined by me swung from ridge to ridge. The east was scarlet with dawn and the flickering gunflashes; I thanked God I was not in the assault, and joined the subdued carriers nervously lighting cigarettes in one of the cellars, sitting there on the steps, studying my watch. The ruins of Hamel were soon crashing chaotically with German shells, and jags of iron and broken wood and brick whizzed past the cellar mouth. When I gave the word to move, it was obeyed with no pretence of enthusiasm. I was forced to shout and swear, and the carrying party, some with shoulders hunched, as

if in a snowstorm, dully picked up their bomb buckets and went ahead. The wreckage around seemed leaping with flame. Never had we smelt high explosive so thick and foul, and there was no distinguishing one shell-burst from another, save by the black or tawny smoke that suddenly shaped in the general miasma. We walked along the river road, passed the sandbag dressing-station that had been rigged up only a night or two earlier where the front line ("Shankill Terrace") crossed the road, and had already been battered in; we entered No Man's Land, past the trifling British wire on its knife-rests, but we could make very little sense of ourselves or the battle. There were wounded Black Watch trailing down the road. They had been wading the marshes of the Ancre, trying to take a machine-gun post called Summer House. A few yards ahead, on the rising ground, the German front line could not be clearly seen, the water-mist and the smoke veiling it; and this was lucky for the carrying party. Halfway between the trenches, I wished them good luck, and pointing out the place where they should, according to plan, hand over the bombs, I left them in charge of their own officer, returning myself, as my orders were, to my colonel. I passed good men of ours, in our front line, staring like persons in a trance across No Man's Land, their powers of action apparently suspended.

"What's happening over there?" asked Harrison, with a face all doubt and stress, when I crawled into the candled overcrowded frowsiness of Kentish Caves. I could not say, and sat down ineffectively on some baskets, in which were the signallers' scared pigeons. "What's happening the other side of the river?" All was in ominous discommunication. A runner called Gosden presently came in, with bleeding breast, bearing a message written an hour or more earlier. Unsted, my former companion and instructor in

Festubert's cool wars, appeared, his exemplary bearing for once disturbed; he spoke breathlessly and as in an agony. This did not promise well, and, as the hours passed, all that could be made out was that our attacking companies were "hanging on," some of them in the German third trench, where they could not at all be reached by the others, dug in between the first and the second. Lintott wrote message after message, trying to share information north, east and west. South was impossible; the marsh separated us from that flank's attack. Harrison, the sweat standing on his forehead, thought out what to do in this deadlock, and repeatedly telephoned to the guns and the general. Wounded men and messengers began to crowd the scanty passages of the Caves, and curt roars of explosion just outside announced that these dugouts, shared by ourselves and the Black Watch, were now to be dealt with. Death soon arrived there, among the group at the clumsy entrance. Harrison meanwhile called for his runner, fastened the chin-strap of his steel-helmet, and pushed his way out into the top trenches to see what he could; returned presently, mopping his forehead, with that kind of severe laugh which tells the tale of a man who has incredibly escaped from the barrage. The day was hot outside, glaring mercilessly upon the stripped, burned, choked chalk trenches. I came in again to the squeaking field telephones and obscure candlelight. Presently Harrison, a message in his hand, said: "Rabbit, they're short of ammunition. Get round and collect all the fellows you can and take them over —and stay over there and do what you can." I felt my heart thud at this; went out, naming my men among headquarters "odds and ends" wherever I could find them squatted under the chalk banks, noting with pleasure that my nearest dump had not been blown up and would answer our requirements;

we served out bombs and ammunition, then I thrust my head in again to report that I was starting, when he delayed, and at length cancelled, the enterprise. The shells on our breathless neighbourhood seemed to fall more quickly, and the dreadful spirit of waste and impotence sank into us, when a sudden telephone call from an artillery observer warned us that there were Germans in our front trench. In that case Kentish Caves was a death-trap, a hole in which bombs would be bursting within a moment; yet here at last was something definite, and we all seemed to come to life, and prepared with our revolvers to try our luck.

The artillery observer must have made some mistake. Time passed without bombs among us or other surprise, and the collapse of the attack was wearily obvious. The bronze noon was more quiet but not less deadly than the morning. I went round the scarcely passable hillside trenches, but they were amazingly lonely: suddenly a sergeant-major and half a dozen men bounded superhumanly, gasping and excited, over the parapets. They had been lying in No Man's Land, and at last had decided to "chance their arm" and dodge the machine-guns which had been perseveringly trying to get them. They drank pints of water, of which I had luckily a little store in a dugout there, now wrecked and gaping. I left them sitting wordless in that store. The singular part of the battle was that no one, not even these, could say what had happened, or what was happening. One vaguely understood that the waves had found their manœuvre in No Man's Land too complicated, that the Germans' supposed derelict forward trench near the railway was joined by tunnels to their main defence, and enabled them to come up behind our men's backs; that they had used the bayonet where challenged with the boldest readiness; "used the

whole dam lot, minnies, snipers, rifle-grenades, artillery" ; that machine-guns from the Thiepval ridge south of the river were flaying all the crossings of No Man's Land. "Don't seem as if the 49th Div. got any further." But the general effect was the disappearance of the attack into mystery.

Orders for withdrawal were sent out to our little groups in the German lines towards the end of the afternoon. How the runners got there, they alone could explain, if any survived. The remaining few of the battalion in our own positions were collected in the trench along Hamel village street, and a sad gathering it was. Some who had been in the waves contrived to rejoin us now. How much more fortunate we seemed than those who were still in the German labyrinth awaiting the cover of darkness for their small chance of life ! And yet, as we filed out, up Jacob's Ladder, we were warned by low-bursting shrapnel not to anticipate. Mesnil was its vile self, but we passed at length. Not much was said, then or afterwards, about those who would never again pass that hated target ; among the killed were my old company commanders Penruddock and Northcote (after a great display of coolness and endurance in the German third line)—laughing French, quiet Hood, and a hundred more. The Cheshires took over the front line, which the enemy might at one moment have occupied without difficulty ; but neither they nor our own patrols succeeded in bringing in more than two or three of the wounded ; and, the weather turning damp, the Germans increased their difficulty in the darkness and distorted battlefield with a rain of gas shells.

EDMUND BLUNDEN

THE *LUSITANIA*

THE war formed for most of my generation the bridge that separated us from our youth. And for many of us it cut off those last rays of morning sun earlier than need normally have happened. The *Lusitania* disaster was the apex of my bridge.

Since my father could never bear to be away from Llanwern during the two most perfect weeks of the year, the second and third weeks of May, we decided to return by the *Lusitania* which sailed on May 1st. In New York during the weeks preceding the last voyage of the *Lusitania*, there was much gossip of submarines. It was freely stated and generally believed that a special effort was to be made to sink the great Cunarder so as to inspire the world with terror. She was at that time the largest passenger boat afloat. The few pre-war passenger boats of greater tonnage had been commandeered for war service of various kinds.

On Saturday, May 1st (the day which the *Lusitania* was to sail) in order that there might be no mistake as to German intentions, the German Embassy at Washington issued a warning to passengers couched in general terms, which was printed in the New York morning papers, directly under the notice of the sailing of the *Lusitania*. The first-class passengers, who were not due on board till about ten o'clock, had still time after reading the warning, unmistakable in form and position, to cancel their passage if they chose. For the third-class passengers it came too late. As a matter of fact, I believe that no British and scarcely any American passengers acted on the warning, but we were most of us very fully conscious of the risk of which we were running. A number of people wrote farewell letters to their home folk and posted them in New York to follow on another vessel.

There were some two thousand people aboard altogether, counting passengers and crew. Curiously enough, there were a large number of children on the passenger list. We noticed this with much surprise. I think that the explanation lay in the fact that a number of the families of Canadians serving in the war were coming over to join them.

My father and I made friends with our table neighbours, an American doctor coming over on Red Cross service, and his young sister-in-law, who had enrolled as a nurse. We used to discuss our chances. " I can't help hoping," said the girl, " that we get some sort of a thrill going up the Channel."

We were due to arrive in Liverpool on Saturday, May 8th, and we had all imagined that the attempts would be made in the Irish Sea during the last night. We were wrong. On the Friday afternoon, at about two o'clock, we were off the south-west coast of Ireland, the Old Head of Kinsale was visible in the distance ; my father and I had just come out of the dining-room after lunching and were strolling into the lift on " D " deck. " I think we might stay up on deck to-night to see if we get our thrill," he said. I had no time to answer. There was a dull, thud-like, not very loud but unmistakable explosion. It seemed to come from a little below us and about the middle of the vessel on port side, that was the side towards the land. I turned and came out of the lift ; somehow, the stairs seemed safer. My father walked over to look out of a porthole. I did not wait. I had days before made up my mind that if anything happened one's instinct would be to make straight for the boat-deck (it is a horrible feeling to stay under cover even for a few moments in a boat that may be sinking), but that one must control that and go first to one's cabin to fetch one's life-belt and then on to the boat-deck. As I ran up the stairs, the boat was already heeling

over. As I ran I thought, " I wonder I'm not more frightened," and then, " I'm beginning to get frightened, but I mustn't let myself."

My cabin was on " B " deck some way down a passage. On my way I met a stewardess ; by this time the boat had heeled over very much, and as we each ran along holding the rail on the lower side of the passage we collided, and wasted a minute or so making polite apologies to each other.

I collected my life-belt, the " Boddy " belt provided by the Cunard Company. On my way back I ran into my father's cabin, and took out one of his belts, fearing that he might be occupied with his papers and forget to fetch one for himself. Then I went up onto " A " deck (the boat deck). Here there was, of course, a choice of sides. I chose the starboard side, feeling that it would somehow be safer to be as far away from the submarine as possible. The side further from the submarine was also the higher out of the water, as the boat had listed over towards the side on which she had been hit and the deck was now slanting at a considerable angle, and to be as high as possible out of the water felt safer too.

As I came out into the sunlight, I saw standing together the American doctor, Doctor F——, and his sister-in-law, Miss C——. I asked if I might stay beside them until I caught sight of my father, which I made sure of doing soon. I put on my own life-belt and held the other in my hand. Just after I reached the deck a stream of steerage passengers came rushing up from below and fought their way into the boat nearest us, which was being lowered. They were white-faced and terrified ; I think they were shrieking ; there was no kind of order—the strongest got there first, the weak were pushed aside. Here and there a man had his arm round a woman's waist and bore her along with him ; but there were no children

to be seen; no children could have lived in that throng. They rushed a boat before it was ready for them. A ship's officer made some feeble attempt to prevent them, but there was no real attempt at order or discipline. As we watched, I turned to the American girl. . . . " I always thought a shipwreck was a well-organised affair." " So did I," said she, "but I've learnt a devil of a lot in the last five minutes." Two seamen began to lower the boat, which was full to overflowing, but no one was in command of them. One man lowered his end quickly, the other lowered his end slowly, the boat was in an almost perpendicular position when it reached the water. Half the people fell out, but the boat did not capsize, and I think most of them scrambled back afterwards. I do not know. We turned away and did not look. It was not safe to look at horrible things just then. Curious that it never for a moment struck any of us as possible to attempt to get into the boat ourselves. Even at that moment death would have seemed better than to make part of that terror-infected crowd. I remember regretfully thinking something of this sort.

That was the last boat I saw lowered. It became impossible to lower any more from our side owing to the list on the ship. No one else except the white-faced stream seemed to lose control. A number of people were moving about the deck, gently and vaguely. They reminded one of a swarm of bees who do not know where the queen has gone. Presently Dr. F—— decided to go down and fetch life-belts for himself and his sister-in-law. Whilst he was away, the vessel righted herself perceptibly, and word was passed round that the bulkheads had been closed and the danger was over. We laughed and shook hands, and I said, " Well, you've had your thrill all right." " I never want another," she answered. Soon after the doctor returned bearing two life-belts. He said he had

had to wade through deep water down below to get them.

Whilst we were standing, I unhooked my skirt so that it should come straight off and not impede me in the water. The list on the ship soon got worse again, and, indeed, became very bad. Presently Dr. F—— said he thought we had better jump into the sea. (We had thought of doing so before, but word had been passed round from the captain that it was better to stay where we were.) Dr. F—— and Miss C—— moved towards the edge of the deck where the boat had been and there was no railing. I followed them, feeling frightened at the idea of jumping so far (it was, I believe, some sixty feet normally from "A" deck to the sea) and telling myself how ridiculous I was to have physical fear of the jump when we stood in such grave danger as we did. I think others must have had the same fear, for a little crowd stood hesitating on the brink and kept me back. And then, suddenly, I saw that the water had come over on to the deck. We were not, as I had thought, sixty feet above the sea ; we were already under the sea. I saw the water green just about up to my knees. I do not remember its coming up further ; that must all have happened in a second. The ship sank and I was sucked right down with her.

The next thing I can remember was being deep down under the water. It was very dark, nearly black. I fought to come up. I was terrified of being caught on some part of the ship and kept down. That was the worst moment of terror, the only moment of acute terror, that I knew. My wrist did catch on a rope. I was scarcely aware of it at the time, but I have the mark on me to this day. At first I swallowed a lot of water ; then I remembered that I had read that one should not swallow water, so I shut my mouth. Something bothered me in my right hand, and prevented me striking out with it : I discovered

that it was the life-belt I had been holding for my father. As I reached the surface I grasped a little bit of board, quite thin, a few inches wide and perhaps two or three feet long. I thought this was keeping me afloat. I was wrong. My most excellent life-belt was doing that. But everything that happened after I had been submerged was a little misty and vague; I was slightly stupefied from then on.

When I came to the surface I found that I formed part of a large, round, floating island composed of people and débris of all sorts, lying so close together that at first there was not very much water noticeable in between. People, boats, hencoops, chairs, rafts, boards and goodness knows what besides, all floating cheek by jowl. A man with a white face and yellow moustache came and held on to the other end of my board. I did not quite like it, for I felt it was not large enough for two, but I did not feel justified in objecting. Every now and again he would try and move round towards my end of the board. This frightened me; I scarcely knew why at the time (I was probably quite right to be frightened; it is likely enough that he wanted to hold on to me). I summoned up my strength—to speak was an effort—and told him to go back to his own end, so that we might keep the board properly balanced. He said nothing and just meekly went back. After a while I noticed that he had disappeared. I don't know what had happened to him. He may have gone off to a hencoop which was floating near by. I don't know whether he had a life-belt on or not. Somehow I think not. Many people were praying aloud in a curious, unemotional monotone; others were shouting for help in much the same slow impersonal chant: "Bo-at . . . bo-at . . . bo-at. . . ." I shouted for a minute or two, but it was obvious that there was no chance of any boat responding, so I soon desisted. One or two

boats were visible, but they were a long way away from where I was, and clearly had all they could do to pick up the people close beside them. So far as I could see, they did not appear to be moving much. By and by my legs got bitterly cold, and I decided to try to swim to a boat so as to get them out of the cold water, but it was a big effort swimming (I could normally swim a hundred yards or so, but I was not an expert swimmer). I only swam a few strokes, and almost immediately gave up the attempt, because I did not see how I could get along without letting go of my piece of board, which nothing would have induced me to abandon.

There was no acute feeling of fear whilst one was floating in the water. I can remember feeling thankful that I had not been drowned underneath, but had reached the surface safely, and thinking that even if the worst happened there could be nothing unbearable to go through now that my head was above the water. The life-belt held one up in a comfortable sitting position, with one's head lying rather back, as if one were in a hammock. One was a little dazed and rather stupid and vague. I doubt whether any of the people in the water were acutely frightened or in any consciously unbearable agony of mind. When Death is as close as he was then, the sharp agony of fear is not there; the thing is too overwhelming and stunning for that. One has the sense of something taking care of one—I don't mean in the sense of protecting one from death; rather of death itself being a benignant power. At moments I wondered whether the whole thing was perhaps a nightmare from which I should wake, and once—half laughing, I think—I wondered, looking round on the sun and pale blue sky and calm sea, whether I had reached heaven without knowing it—and devoutly hoped I hadn't.

One was acutely uncomfortable, no more than that. A discomfort mainly due to the intense cold, but further—at least so far as I was concerned—to the fact that, being a very bad sailor, when presently a little swell got up, I was seasick. I remember as I sat in the water, I thought out an improvement which I considered should be adopted for all life-belts. There should be, I thought, a little bottle of chloroform strapped into each belt, so that one could inhale it and lose consciousness when one wished to. I must have been exceedingly uncomfortable before I thought of that.

The swell of the sea had the effect of causing the close-packed island of wreckage and people to drift apart. Presently I was a hundred yards or more away from anyone else. I looked up at the sun, which was high in the sky, and wished that I might lose consciousness. I don't know how long after that I did lose it, but that is the last thing I remember in the water.

The next thing I remember is lying naked between blankets on a deck in the dark. (I was, I discovered later, on a tiny patrol steamer named *The Bluebell*). Every now and again a sailor came and looked at me and said, " That's better." I had a vague idea that something had happened, but I thought that I was still on the deck of the *Lusitania*, and I was vaguely annoyed that some unknown sailor should be attending to me instead of my own stewardess. Gradually memory came back. The sailor offered me a cup of lukewarm tea, which I drank (we were on a teetotal vessel). There did not seem much wrong with me except that my whole body was shaking violently and my teeth were chattering like castanets, as I had never supposed teeth could chatter, and that I had a violent pain in the small of my back, which I suppose was rheumatism. The sailor said he thought I had

better go below, as it would be warmer. "We left you up here to begin with," he explained, "as we thought you were dead, and it did not seem worth while cumbering up the cabin with you." There was some discussion as to how to get me down the cabin stairs. "It took three men to lift you on board," someone explained. I said that I thought I could walk; so supported on either arm, and with a third man holding back my dripping hair, I managed to get down. I was put into the captain's bunk, whence someone rather further recovered was ejected to make room for me. The warmth below was delicious; it seemed to make one almost delirious. I should say that almost all of us down there (I do not know how many rescued were on board, I can remember noticing five or six, but probably there were thirty or forty) were a little drunk with the heat and the light and the joy of knowing ourselves to be alive. We were talking at the tops of our voices and laughing a great deal. At one time I was talking and laughing with some woman when a sailor came in and asked us if we had lost anyone in the wreck. I can remember the sudden sobering with which we answered. I did not then know what had happened to my father; she was almost sure that her husband was drowned. He was, she had already told me (there are no veils just after a shipwreck), all she had in the world. It seemed that his loss probably meant the breaking up of her whole life, yet at that moment she was full of cheerfulness and laughter.

I can remember two exceptions to the general merriment. The captain of the *Lusitania* was amongst those rescued on our little boat, but I never heard him speak. The other exception was a woman, who sat silent in the outer cabin. Presently she began to speak. Quietly, gently, in a low rather monotonous voice, she described how she had lost her child. She had,

so far as I can now recollect, been made to place him on a raft, which owing to some mismanagement had capsized. She considered that his death had been unnecessary, that it had been due to the lack of organisation and discipline on board, and gently, dispassionately, she said so to the captain of the *Lusitania*. She further stated her intention of saying so publicly later. It seemed to me, fresh from that incompetent muddle on the *Lusitania's* deck, that she entirely proved her case. A sailor who came in to attend to me suggested that she was hysterical. She appeared to me to be the one person on board who was not.

It must have been about half-past nine at night when I came to myself on board *The Bluebell*. As to the interval, I heard afterwards that I had been picked up at dusk by a rowing boat ; that in the gathering darkness they had very nearly missed me, but that by some curious chance a wicker chair had floated up under me (it must have happened after I lost consciousness) : that this had both helped to raise me further out of the water than I should have otherwise floated (and so likely enough saved my life by lessening the strain on me) and had made a slightly larger mark which had been noticed in the water, and they had rowed to it. The little boat had transferred me to *The Bluebell*. I was handed up to it along with a lot of dead bodies, but the midshipman who handed me on board said, " I rather think there is some life in this woman ; you'd better try and see." So they did. They told me that when I recovered I went straight off to sleep without regaining consciousness, and had slept for two hours before I came to myself on the deck of *The Bluebell* in the dark.

We got into Queenstown Harbour about eleven. A man (the steward who had waited at our table on the *Lusitania*) came on board and told me that my

father had been rescued and was already on shore. When we came alongside, the captain of *The Bluebell* came in and asked if I could go ashore, as he wanted to move on again. I said certainly, but not wrapped in one tiny blanket. Modesty, which had been completely absent for some hours, was beginning faintly to return. I said I could do it if only I had a couple of safety-pins to fasten the thing together; but it was on a man's ship, and the idea of safety-pins produced hoots of laughter. Finally someone went ashore and borrowed a " British Warm " from one of the soldiers on the quay. Clad in this, with the blanket tucked round my waist underneath it, and wearing the captain's carpet slippers, I started for the shore. The gangway was a difficult obstacle. It was so placed that it meant stepping up eighteen inches or possibly a couple of feet. I must have been pretty weak, for I had to get down on to my hands and knees and crawl on to it. At the other end of the gangway my father was waiting.

We went across the big dark quay to a tiny little brightly lit hut, a Customs Office maybe or a ticket office. Inside we sat down on a sofa and hugged each other.

Some man asked what I wanted, and I said brandy. The man said that brandy was rather dangerous when one was exhausted, but I said I would take the risk, and I got the brandy. Without it I do not know how I could have walked to the hotel, though it was only a few yards away. The hotel—I have forgotten its name—was, inappropriately enough, still kept by a German (his sister had been interned, but for some reason he had been left at large and in control of this quay-side inn). It was by far the dirtiest place I have ever seen. My father had booked a room for himself there earlier in the evening, which he now gave up to me. It was on the first floor and the steps of the stairs

were shallow, but it was a big struggle to get up to it. I clung to the banisters, rested after every two steps, and felt very sick. Once in the room, I got, still wrapped in my blanket, which looked cleaner than the bedclothes, into bed. There seemed to be no food in the hotel, but in the end they brought me some biscuits and fizzy lemonade. At first I thought the skirting-board round the edge of the carpet was painted white, but I discovered later that it was really black but covered inch deep in grey dust.

There was a second bed in the room, and presently a group of four or five people brought in another woman. Her son was with her and several other men. She appeared to be in hysterics, and kept on monotonously repeating that her husband at home in England didn't know they were safe. Her son assured her again and again that he had sent him a telegram to Liverpool the minute they landed. She did not seem to hear, but just went on repeating in a monotonous sing-song voice that Jack didn't know they were safe. I called the son across to me and made a note of his Christian name and that of his father in case I had to spend the night trying to reassure her. However, the moment the door shut behind them she became perfectly sane and collected. She was, however, still slightly worried about her husband. "But," said I, "that's quite all right; didn't you hear your son say he had sent him a wire directly you got to shore?" "Oh! I know that," she replied, "but you don't imagine they'll let private telegrams through to-night, do you?"

We talked most of the night, and she told me what had happened to her in the wreck. She was travelling, it seemed, with her son and her son's friend. The son had been badly wounded at the front, and they had gone over thinking the voyage might help him to complete his recovery. They had not meant to come

home so soon, but her husband had got nervous at the increase of German submarine successes and had wired to them to come back as quickly as possible. So they had caught the first boat available, which was the *Lusitania.*

After the ship sank, she and her son and his friend had found themselves on a raft so overloaded that it was beginning to sink. So the three of them, all strong swimmers, had gone off to a neighbouring floating mass in the water, which turned out to be a piano in a packing-case. They settled themselves on top of it, but presently, when a slight swell got up, the piano turned turtle at every wave and threw them underneath, and they had to climb on again from the other side. This went on for two hours and a half. Finally a small steamer appeared and came up to rescue them. Its arrival made an extra big wave. The piano turned turtle as usual; and Mrs. X—— (I have long ago forgotten her name) was shot down into the water and hit her head against the steamer's screw or paddle. However, the steamer had luckily stopped moving and not much damage was done. But this did perhaps account for the hysterics.

She told me another story which has stayed in my memory. She had with her some jewels which she greatly valued, and after reading the warning issued by the German Embassy on the morning the *Lusitania* left New York, she had determined to save them and had carried them with her everywhere all through the voyage. When the explosion happened she was down at lunch, the jewels in their bag resting on the table beside her. And then for the first time during the whole voyage she forgot them. I suppose they are on that luncheon table still.

We talked till three in the morning and then I persuaded her to try to go to sleep, which she succeeded in doing, for a short while. But I was still too much

excited, and never slept at all that night. At five o'clock some reporters walked into the bedroom to get our story of the disaster, which we gave them.

One of the first people to come to see us the next morning was Miss C——, the pretty American girl. She was still dressed in the neat fawn tweed coat and skirt which she had had on when I saw her step off the deck the day before, and it looked as smart and well tailored as if it had just come out of the shop. It seemed that though she had partly unhooked it on deck, when I had unhooked mine, modesty had prevented her from undoing quite all the hooks. The result was that it had stayed on, and when she was sucked below as the ship sank, it caught on something and prevented her coming straight to the surface, so that by the time she did reach it she was unconscious. She was pulled on to a raft, but the people on it thought she was dead, and there was no room on the raft for bodies, so they were just going to throw her back into the water, when one of them, a Canadian nurse, saw a throbbing in her throat. She was kept on board to see if the nurse was right. The nurse worked at her, and in a short while she came round. And a couple of hours later, when the steamers came on the scene, the raft-load was picked up. Her brother-in-law, the doctor, had been saved too. He had come up conscious and swum to a boat—a boat in which was an Italian surgeon, who, so he told us, operated then and there on the leg of one of the crew, which had been badly damaged by the explosion, with a penknife.

My father soon came in, and he and I exchanged stories. Like most of the men, expert or otherwise, on board, he had not believed that a single torpedo could sink us, and it seemed that he had thought that there could be no immediate hurry, and that was why he had strolled over to look out of one of the portholes. But as the ship heeled over to port almost instan-

taneously, he went straight up on deck, where he looked about for me. But he—wisely—went out on to the port side whereas I had gone out on to the starboard side (anyhow, in that crowd of two thousand people our chances of meeting would have been small). He chose the port side, he said, chiefly because the crowd went the other way, and he never believed in following the crowd. Certainly it was the intelligent side to choose, since boats could be launched from that side right up to the moment the ship sank, whereas owing to the camber of the ship it soon ceased to be practicable to launch them from the other side.

In the end my father owed his life to the fact that he chose the port side, for he would never have survived in the water. After looking about for a bit, he realised that he had no life-belt and went downstairs to get one. Someone (a steward, I think) gave him a Gieve. He tried to blow it up, but it would not blow, and so he went down to his cabin to get one off his bed, but they had all been taken. Finally he found three "Boddy" belts in his cupboard (the regulation ship's life-belt of that date and a most effective one). He came up on deck again just as the last boat — half empty — was being launched. The *Lusitania* "A" deck was by this time level with the water, and already the boat was about a foot away from the edge of the ship. A woman holding a small child hesitated whether to dare to step over to it. He gave her a shove and sprang after her himself As the boat drew away the *Lusitania* slowly sank, and one of her funnels came over to within a few feet of the boat. It seemed as if it must sink it, but she was sinking by the bow as well as rolling over, and the funnel, passing within a few feet of their heads, sank just beyond them. My father had timed the explosion, and he looked at his watch when the ship

disappeared. The whole thing had taken twelve and a half minutes.

The boat, which was only half full of people, was also half full of water; however, they baled it out and picked up some more people, and after rowing about for two and a half hours were taken on board by a small steamer and brought to Queenstown, which they reached about six o'clock. There my father chanced on a Catholic priest, to whom I shall always be grateful, who took him off to have some dinner and plied him with brandy. My father protested that he had not tasted alcohol for fifteen years, but was in no state to withstand the reply that in any case he was going to have some now. He confided to the priest his dilemma about my mother. He must let her know he was safe, yet he could not wire without mentioning me, and he gravely feared, though still uncertain, that I was lost. Together they composed a telegram. It ran: "Landed safely; Margaret not yet, but several boats still to come." In point of fact, no private telegrams were allowed through that day and she did not receive it until after she knew that we had both been saved.

The next few hours must have seemed like a lifetime. Boat after boat came in with its big load of dead, its smaller load of living. He waited on the quay. . . .

Someone who met my father just then said that his face seemed for a few weeks to have turned into that of an old man, but I noticed nothing except that for a few days his temper with strangers was rather short. I am always glad to remember, too, that it was still sufficiently out of hand to tell our hotel-keeper all he thought about his "damned dog kennel" before we left.

Later that same morning, whilst we still lay naked in our blankets in bed, a kind young woman who

happened to be staying in the hotel came and made notes of all our requirements (hairpins, underclothing, stockings, blouse, coat, and skirt, etc.) and went off to Cork to buy them for us so that we might be able to get up. One odd thing that had happened to us all was that we were exceedingly dirty. One might have supposed that four hours in the water would have washed one clean, but, on the contrary, I was covered with black-brown dirt (incidentally, why I don't know, I was bruised from head to foot). I went to have a bath, but really that hotel bath was so filthy that it was a question whether one came out cleaner or dirtier than one went in. Then we put on the clothes from Cork—it was late afternoon by this time. The American doctor had advised staying in bed till then, and indeed all day, but by that time bed in that room had become boring. So we got up and went down to dinner. We four—my father and I and the American doctor and his sister-in-law—sat together and exchanged all the news that we had heard. Often after a sudden catastrophe men's tongues are unloosed. We had heard many strange things.

After dinner my father and I went for a walk in the dark to have a look at Queenstown—a walk of which one incident recurs to me. A drunken inhabitant lurched up to us just after nine o'clock and confidingly inquired whether any pubs were still open (under war-time regulations there they were all obliged to close at nine). My father, still very irritable, gazed at him in revolted disgust : " No, thank God ! " he replied. The disappointed and startled drunkard vanished. I enjoyed that little interchange.

Then we came home and went to bed. The night before my father had spent with most of the other men on the drawing-room floor. They had all been kept awake by one of their number who had got

drunk and insisted on singing all night—until at six in the morning my father had got up and taken him for a walk, leaving the others to rest in peace.

But the jewel-lady had now left (gone on to Cork, I imagine), and, since he badly needed rest, I persuaded my father to take her bed. Again (except for about half an hour, when I dreamt I was being shipwrecked) I could not sleep, and at about five o'clock I came to the conclusion that I was very ill. I took my temperature (someone had bought a thermometer the day before) ; it was 102. I decided that I was quite possibly going to die, but I decided also that nothing would induce me to die in that filthy hotel. At eight o'clock, when my father woke up, I told him that I was sure I was very ill and that I could not bear to die in that hotel—would he please have me moved ? He replied that he would see to it at once, and went off full of energy and determination.

Presently he returned. He had found two doctors. One a local man, who said it would certainly kill me to move me ; the other the American doctor, who strongly shared our view of the hotel and thought that, with due precautions taken, moving might turn out to be the lesser of two evils. My father did not believe the local doctor, of whose intelligence he had formed a poor opinion. So he had arranged for a stretcher party to come in time to carry me down to the train which left for Dublin that morning, where he had reserved a seat for me to lie on at full length. Moreover, the American doctor was going by the same train and could keep an eye on me.

Much as I wanted to get out of that hotel, I did not really want to leave it at the cost of my life, and I felt a trifle anxious lest the local doctor, in spite of my father's poor opinion of his brains, might be right. However, by this time I was beginning to feel rather dazed and vague, and was no longer capable of

making any decision for myself. Presently the ambulance men came and carried me down to the train. The Irish doctor had said that if I did go I ought to be fed all the way on teaspoonfuls of whisky ; the American doctor, on the other hand, held teetotal views. We compromised on carrying with us a bottle of whisky, which was in fact never uncorked. At Dublin another ambulance met us and took me to the Shelbourne Hotel, where I got between clean sheets and spent three weeks in bed with bronchial pneumonia.

VISCOUNTESS RHONDDA

LENIN

IN the middle of April 1917 the Germans took a sombre decision. Ludendorff refers to it with bated breath. Full allowance must be made for the desperate stakes to which the German war leaders were already committed. They were in the mood which had opened unlimited submarine warfare with the certainty of bringing the United States into the war against them. Upon the Western front they had from the beginning used the most terrible means of offence at their disposal. They had employed poison gas on the largest scale and had invented the " Flammenwerfer." Nevertheless it was with a sense of awe that they turned upon Russia the most grisly of all weapons. They transported Lenin in a sealed truck like a plague bacillus from Switzerland into Russia. Lenin arrived at Petrograd on April 16. Who was this being in whom there resided these dire potentialities? Lenin translated the faith of Karl Marx into acts. He devised the practical methods by which the Marxian theories could be applied in his own time. He invented the Communist plan

of campaign. He issued the orders, he prescribed the watchwords, he gave the signal and he led the attack.

Lenin was also Vengeance. Child of the bureaucracy, by birth a petty noble, reared by a locally much respected Government School Inspector, his early ideas turned by not unusual contradictions through pity to revolt extinguishing pity. Lenin had an unimpeachable father and a rebellious elder brother. His dearly loved companion meddled in assassination. He was hanged in 1894. Lenin was then sixteen. He was at the age to feel. His mind was a remarkable instrument. When its light shone it revealed the whole world, its history, its sorrows, its stupidities, its shams, and above all its wrongs. It revealed all facts in its focus—the most unwelcome, the most inspiring—with an equal ray. The intellect was capacious and in some phases superb. It was capable of universal comprehension in a degree rarely reached among men. The execution of the elder brother deflected this broad white light through a prism, and the prism was red.

But the mind of Lenin was used and driven by a will not less exceptional. The body tough, square and vigorous in spite of disease was well fitted to harbour till middle age these incandescent agencies. Before they burnt it out his work was done, and a thousand years will not forget it. Men's thoughts and systems in these ages are moving forward. The solutions which Lenin adopted for their troubles are already falling behind the requirements and information of our day. Science irresistible leaps off at irrelevant and henceforth dominating tangents. Social life flows through broadening and multiplying channels. The tomb of the most audacious experimentalist might already bear the placard " Out of date." An easier generation lightly turns the pages

which record the Russian Terror. Youth momentarily interested asks whether it was before or after the Great War; and turns ardent to a thousand new possibilities. The educated nations are absorbed in practical affairs. Socialists and Populists are fast trooping back from the blind alleys of thought and scrambling out of the pits of action into which the Russians have blundered. But Lenin has left his mark. He has won his place. And in the cutting off of the lives of men and women no Asiatic conqueror, not Tamerlane, not Jenghiz Khan, can match his fame.

Implacable vengeance, rising from a frozen pity in a tranquil, sensible, matter-of-fact, good-humoured integument! His weapon logic; his mood opportunist. His sympathies cold and wide as the Arctic Ocean; his hatreds tight as a hangman's noose. His purpose to save the world: his method to blow it up. Absolute principles, but readiness to change them. Apt at once to kill or learn: dooms and afterthoughts: ruffianism and philanthropy. But a good husband; a gentle guest; happy, his biographers assure us, to wash up the dishes or dandle the baby; as mildly amused to stalk a capercailzie as to butcher an Emperor. The quality of Lenin's revenge was impersonal. Confronted with the need of killing any particular person, he showed reluctance—even distress. But to blot out a million, to proscribe entire classes, to light the flames of intestine war in every land with the inevitable destruction of the well-being of whole nations—these were sublime abstractions.

"A Russian statistical investigation," writes Professor Sarolea, "estimates that the dictators killed 28 bishops, 1219 priests, 6000 professors and teachers, 9000 doctors, 12,950 landowners, 54,000 officers, 70,000 policemen, 193,290 workmen, 260,000 soldiers, 355,250 intellectuals and professional men, and

815,000 peasants." These figures are endorsed by Mr. Hearnshaw, of King's College, Cambridge, in his brilliant introduction to *A Survey of Socialism*. They do not, of course, include the vast abridgments of the Russian population which followed from famine.

Lenin was the Grand Repudiator. He repudiated everything. He repudiated God, King, Country, morals, treaties, debts, rents, interest, the laws and customs of centuries, all contracts written or implied, the whole structure—such as it is—of human society. In the end he repudiated himself. He repudiated the Communist system. He confessed its failure in an all-important sphere. He proclaimed the New Economic Policy and recognised private trade. He repudiated what he had slaughtered so many for not believing. They were right it seemed after all. They were unlucky that he did not find it out before. But these things happen sometimes : and how great is the man who acknowledges his mistake ! Back again to wash the dishes and give the child a sweetmeat. Thence once more to the rescue of mankind. This time perhaps the shot will be better aimed. It may kill those who are wrong ; not those who are right. But after all what are men ? If Imperialism had its cannon food, should the Communist laboratory be denied the raw material for sociological experiment ?

When the subtle acids he had secreted ate through the physical texture of his brain, Lenin mowed the ground. The walls of the Kremlin were not the only witnesses of a strange decay. It was reported that for several months before his death he mumbled old prayers to the deposed gods with ceaseless iteration. If it be true, it shows that Irony is not unknown on Mount Olympus. But this gibbering creature was no longer Lenin. He had already gone. His body lingered for a space to mock the vanished soul. It is

still preserved in pickle for the curiosity of the Moscow public and for the consolation of the faithful.

Lenin's intellect failed at the moment when its destructive force was exhausted, and when sovereign remedial functions were its quest. He alone could have led Russia into the enchanted quagmire; he alone could have found the way back to the causeway. He saw; he turned; he perished. The strong illuminant that guided him was cut off at the moment when he had turned resolutely for home. The Russian people were left floundering in the bog. Their worst misfortune was his birth—their next worst, his death.

WINSTON CHURCHILL

WAR GUILT

I

THERE is one thought which must often recur to a man of my age. I was fifty-one years of age when the Great War broke out. Had I been twenty years younger, it is highly probable that instead of living to write this book I should have found a grave on one or other of the battle fronts before my thirty-fifth year. A man of my generation can never forget the monstrous stroke of fate which fell on those who chanced to be born between the years 1878 and 1898, or think of the scores of thousands who went to early graves in the Great War without feeling their fate to be a reflection on his title to be alive. Still more so if he took any part in public affairs and had any responsibility, even indirect, in the shaping of the policy which was a sentence of doom for so many of his juniors.

It is at all events our generation which will chiefly be held to account, and it is precisely this generation

which finds it most difficult to give an intelligible account of itself. Speaking as an Englishman, I am not disposed, like some of my contemporaries, to stand in a white sheet. I have read practically the whole of the British documents between 1906 and 1914, a large number of the German, most of the Bolshevist publications, and many of the Memoirs and Reminiscences that have appeared in different countries since the war. It seems to me that our own country comes better out of this test than almost any other, and that its policy looks honest and straightforward, if, according to European standards, a little naïve. The general drift of opinion, even in ex-enemy countries, is to acquit us of aggressive intentions and to acknowledge that we were pursuing a defensive line imposed on us by the policy of the Central Powers, and especially by the German challenge to us at sea. This I believe to be the truth, and I believe also that if our successors should find themselves in like circumstances, they will be compelled to act as we did. The hope of the future is not, as I see it, that they will be more moral or more pacific than we were, but that they will not be placed in the circumstances in which we found ourselves at the outbreak of the Great War and in the preceding years.

There is one fact especially which seems to me to encourage this hope, and which is newer in the history of opinion than is generally realised. This is the acknowledgment by the victors as well as the vanquished that the Great War was a great catastrophe in which the suffering far outweighed the gains. No one claims credit for having planned or forced this war ; the victors are as much concerned as the vanquished to prove that the blame was on the other side. We now habitually speak of "war-guilt" as the greatest of public crimes, and have

almost persuaded ourselves that we have always thought of war in this way.

This, it seems to me, is an illusion which we ought not to pass on to those who come after. The Great War arose out of a state of opinion which regarded war as a legitimate and normal method of promoting national interests ; and to prevent opinion slipping back into that atmosphere is perhaps the greatest task before the coming generation. It is a good thing, if only it lasts, that we should all be so impressed with the horrors of war as to speak of war-makers and militarists as criminals, but we did not speak or think in that way before the war. Let me take as an example the case which is commonly made against the Russians for having, as is alleged, precipitated the war by mobilising in July 1914. This may, in a sense, be true, but at the time, not one person in a hundred would have imputed " guilt " to Russia if it had been true. We might have called her precipitate or impolitic, but we should not have called her guilty. For, according to the ideas of the time, Russia was fully entitled to mobilise after Austria had done so, and if she had left Serbia to her fate without moving, she would afterwards have incurred much the same reproach as we should have, if at the later stage we had left Belgium to her fate. I myself felt, as I feel still, that the rally of Russia to Serbia was one of the few spirited acts of the Czardom, and though (if I had known all the facts) I might have wished to restrain her from motives of prudence, I should certainly not have held her morally to blame, when she persisted.

The truth is that in the world in which we were brought up, the crime was not to make war, but to make it unsuccessfully, and so it had been from the beginning of time. Up to 1914 all the Governments of Europe, our own included, regarded war as a risk

which had to be run, a legitimate gamble, as Churchill said of the Dardanelles expedition, a " continuation of policy," as the Germans defined it. If any question of " guilt " arose it was only between the unsuccessful maker of war and his countrymen, who as a rule were extremely unforgiving about it. The rest were judged by results, and those who came back in triumph were almost invariably acclaimed as great statesmen and saviours of their country, regardless of whether they were aggressors or were resisting aggression. In my early days Bismarck stood on the highest pedestal among nation-makers and empire-builders, and he acknowledged that he had welded the German Empire in blood and iron in a series of carefully planned wars. Frenchmen deplored the balance of forces which made it seemingly impossible for them to recover the lost provinces, but very few of them would have thought it a crime to wage war for their recovery, if there had been a reasonable chance of its being waged successfully.

Nor can it honestly be said that we British held a different view. We considered ourselves to be pacific, but, as our neighbours pointed out, we had been more frequently at war than any of them, and the possibility of war entered into the calculations of both our political parties. Somewhere about the year 1900 I got myself into much trouble for saying, " There is no peace-at-any-price party ; there are only various parties which disapprove of each other's wars. All the peace parties that I have known have ardently desired to make war on the Sultan of Turkey, but most of them appear to regard it as a humanitarian picnic, which is almost certainly a delusion." Massingham retorted sharply, not by denying the imputation, but by saying that they were under no such delusion. They thought war with all its horrors worth while for the redemption of the Armenian

Christians from massacre and oppression. So far as I can remember, no one censured Rosebery because in 1894 he was willing to resent to the point of war what had appeared for the moment to be a deliberate affront to the British flag in the far-away waters of the Mekong, nor four years later was there any serious dissent when Salisbury risked war with France to prevent Marchand from hoisting the French flag on the upper Nile. In the following year it was the serious opinion of most Englishmen, including a considerable number of Liberals, that war was the only solution of the British-Dutch problem in South Africa, and the issue was passionately declared to be one of the " inevitables " which can only be resolved by an appeal to the sword. I thought that it might and ought to have been avoided, but I could never bring myself to denounce it as a crime. It was, in fact, according to all the standards of this time, the only way out after the diplomatic boiling-up which had led to the Kruger ultimatum. " I date from the ultimatum as Mohammedans from the Hegira," said Rosebery, and the vast majority agreed with him. Again, in 1904 there were several days when all parties contemplated war with Russia as the proper way of resenting what was thought to be the deliberate outrage of the Russian fleet on the fishermen of the Dogger Bank. During these years we were all of us, Tories, Liberals, and Radicals, prepared to make war for what we deemed to be *sufficient* cause. We might debate angrily about the sufficiency of the cause, but we never denied that, if the cause was sufficient, war was the legitimate *ultima ratio*, and not merely for the defence of territory, but also for what were conceived to be the interests of the British Empire or the resentment of injuries to it.

II

This was the atmosphere in which we approached the European struggle. From the year 1906 my own thoughts were concentrated on the problem of sea-power, and I thought of almost everything else as subordinate to that. I had done whatever a journalist could in the previous years to keep the Anglo-French quarrel, which had been steadily rising, within bounds ; and in the subsequent years to make an end of it seemed to me essential, if the Germans were going to challenge us at sea. Germany might be strong enough to risk the enmity of France, Russia, and Great Britain at the same time ; but we certainly were not strong enough to be on bad terms with Russia, France, and Germany at the same time. The two-Power standard which had served us in the last years of the nineteenth century would evidently be insufficient if we could suppose either three Powers being joined against us, or the more likely event of Germany subduing her enemies and joining their fleets to those of the Triple Alliance in an attack on the British Empire. At first I believed and hoped that British friendship with France would check German ambitions, and enable us eventually to come to terms with Germany and even to act as mediator between her and France. But as the years went by, and one Navy Law followed another, and the ex-Kaiser and his militarists talked in louder and louder tones about their intentions, these hopes waned, and it seemed more and more evident that the only way of safety lay in building ships and cultivating the entente with France and Russia. Looking back on it, I am inclined to say that the die was cast for this country from the moment when it became necessary under pressure of the German Fleet to transfer the British Mediterranean Squadron to the North Sea and arrange with France

for the protection of the Mediterranean. From that moment, we were morally, if not technically, bound to act with France if her unprotected northern coasts were attacked by Germany. In the circumstances we were obliged to accept this obligation, for Germany herself by her fleet policy had thrust it on us.

For us at all events the problem, as I saw it, was a mechanical and not a moral one, and we seldom thought of it in terms of guilt or innocence. Russia and France were often very uneasy bedfellows for us, and as a journalist I felt perfectly free to criticise their action and to use any influence I possessed to stem the growing hostility between Germany and ourselves. Precisely because the situation was dangerous, it seemed imperative to seize every opportunity of building bridges with Germany and urging moderation on France and Russia, provided it was understood that we were firm on the essentials of maintaining the entente and keeping our fleet supreme. I see no reason why an Englishman should think it necessary to defend all the proceedings of France and Russia in these years. Personally I do not believe for a moment that the post-war German theory that Poincaré and Isvolsky were in league to force war in the last two years is true, but I do think that the French were unnecessarily provocative on the Morocco question and especially in their march to Fez in 1911, and I do think that both Russia and Austria were playing a dangerously sharp game in the Balkans in the final eighteen months. But all this was in the atmosphere of those times. In the state in which we lived it seemed natural and commendable that each nation should use its power to defend or promote what it supposed to be its own interests, and the notion that any nation considered itself limited to repelling aggression is either a post-war illusion or a figment of war propaganda.

III

We had, I think, abundant justification on any code of ethics whatever for taking up arms against Germany when she invaded Belgium. That action on her part, combined with the sinking of the *Lusitania*, the launching of poison gas, and the ruthless submarine incensed Anglo-Saxon opinion against her and made her, in the eyes of her enemies, the moral villain of the piece. Also we felt that the victory of Germany would be the end of liberal and democratic institutions in Europe. It is nevertheless true—and perhaps the most important part of the truth about the old Europe—that if Germany had been incontestably in the right and her conduct in the war irreproachable, the reasons compelling this country to take sides against her would have been just as strong, and its position just as perilous, if it had failed to do so, as on the contrary assumption. Whatever the issue on which she fought, a victorious Germany in possession of Belgium and the Channel ports and commanding all the fleets of Europe must have been a deadly menace to the British Empire, and, according to the accepted principles of power-politics, she would have been entitled to assert her supremacy over it in any way she chose. Under the balance of power-system, the balance had to be in your favour, whether your opponents were angels or devils. It was good fortune if they put you morally in the right by acting as devils, but this was not the essence of the matter. The essential thing was that you were caught up in a play of forces from which the common morality was ruled out. You might have all the virtues on your side and yet be ruined ; you might commit every wickedness and yet emerge triumphant. In such a world it necessarily became virtue in a statesman to have the forces on his side and

be thankful if he could plausibly maintain that his opponents were morally in the wrong.

Men of my generation grew up with this system, became hardened to it, accepted its assumptions, and acted according to its logic. We looked to our statesmen to play the diplomatic game with skill and not to leave us isolated in a hostile world. For the greater part of our lives we had no prepossessions or preferences as between our neighbours in Europe. From the 'seventies right down to 1906 Russia was supposed to be our principal rival and potential enemy, and for a great many years we leant on Germany and the Triple Alliance and had dangerous quarrels with France. We came very near an alliance with Germany in 1899, and, had the Germans not drawn back at the eleventh hour, the whole course of history might have been different. Then, when the Germans began to develop their sea-power, we found safety in the French and Russian ententes. Under the system there was no other way, and it was great good fortune for us to have had statesmen who held firmly to this line and resisted the attempt to drive wedges between us and our partners on subordinate issues. The judgement must be broadly on the management of forces, and the best thing we can do for those who come after is to make a clean breast of it and leave the moral verdict to history.

IV

So far as this fundamentally immoral or un-moral system had any one author, it was Bismarck, whose leading idea it was to obtain " security " for Germany after the Franco-German war by alliances which must have dominated Europe, if the field had been left clear to them. What Bismarck failed to see was that a German alliance would inevitably be countered by another alliance ; and that the armed competition of

these two, and the mutual fears and jealousies attending it, would lead to a far greater struggle than any that was contemplated in his time or in his scheme of statesmanship, which thought of war as a short, sharp, and successful assault upon opponents isolated and taken unawares. The responsibility for what followed was spread over fifty years and distributed between six principal Powers and innumerable Ministers, most of them creatures of the hour, who found themselves faced with an accumulation of established facts in which it was dangerous to make even a well-intentioned departure. Campbell-Bannerman in 1906 sincerely and honestly desired to make a new move towards disarmament, but he found to his enormous surprise that the article published in the *Nation* in which he threw out this idea was regarded in Germany as a threatening manifestation. I was solemnly called upon at the time to write articles which were telegraphed to and published in German papers explaining that he had no bellicose intention. To the German it seemed as if the British Government had made up its mind to call a halt to German shipbuilding at the point most convenient to itself, and from that it was but a short step to assume that it would make war if its demand was refused.

Indeed, no adventure seemed less promising or more dangerous in these days than the endeavour to promote peace by disarmament, and, had there been a convinced pacifist Power, it would certainly have had to fight for its cause. The one hope for the world is that the coming generation will know what war on the European scale is and must be. Our generation did not know it. It used the current phrases about the horrors of war, but the wars which it had in mind were the Crimean War, the Franco-German War, and the Boer War. All the militarist philosophers assumed that the victory would be on

their side. When they spoke of blood and iron, it was their own iron and other people's blood that they were thinking ; when they talked of the " terrible medicine," it was their enemy and not themselves who were to take it. It was thought unmanly in these circles to contemplate even the possibility of defeat. In August 1914 the German General Staff dreamt of swift and crushing blows compelling the enemy to surrender before he knew what had happened to him ; and it was as little prepared as its opponents with either plans or munitions for the interminable war of exhaustion which followed when this dream faded. Still less did any Government or General Staff foresee the development of " frightfulness " which all the authorities agree in thinking to be only a faint shadow of what the future may produce if the nations proceed again to the test of arms.

I think it is safe to say that if our generation had realised what the Great War was to be, whether for victors or vanquished, there would have been no Great War, but whether another generation will learn of our experience is beyond prophecy, and one must leave it at Grey's " learn or perish." We lived in pre-scientific times. We had enough science to make very deadly engines of war, but not enough to measure their effect. We worked on a mediaeval theory with weapons which blew our theory sky-high. What our successors have to realise is that science turns war into a destructive anarchy in which the defeat of all the combatants is to be presumed. The philosophy of war has always been the philosophy of successful war, and there is no theory which can turn a defeat into a " continuation of policy." The one lesson which our generation can teach to those who come after is that war is the ruin of policy and the way of destruction for all the combatants. It remains

for them, if they wish civilisation to survive, to build up a new opinion on this basis and to organise it for the keeping of the peace. We can only confess that " our " theory—which was the theory of all the world then—and the organisation built on it came in our time to what ought to be its final disaster.

A last thought to pass on is that all the efforts to humanise war and limit its frightfulness broke down in our time, when put to the test. We know now that war cannot be civilised. It goes backward as other institutions go forward, and causes the powers of destruction to outrun the powers of creation. The Great War leaves it an open question whether the scientific age which began in the nineteenth century has on balance been of benefit to mankind. Another generation will certainly not be able to leave that question unanswered.

J. A. SPENDER

LORD OXFORD AND ASQUITH

I am back in the narrow white dining-room of *The Wharf*, with its two garden windows. Sunday luncheon is in progress, and, as is often the case in that room, there are more guests than you might think it could accommodate, and more talk in the air than you would expect even so many to produce. The atmospherics are terrific. Neighbour is not necessarily talking to neighbour, nor, except at brief intervals, is the conversation what is called " general ; " that is to say, three or four people talking and the rest listening. The conversation resembles rather a sort of wild game of pool in which everybody is playing his or her stroke at the same time. One is trying to send an opinion into the top corner pocket farthest from her, the player at which is attempting a close-up

shot at his own end, while anecdotes and comments whizz backwards and forwards, cannoning and clashing as they cross the table. Sometimes a remark will even leap right off it at somebody helping himself at the sideboard, who with back still turned, raises his voice to reply. And not only are half a dozen different discussions taking place simultaneously, but the guests are at different stages of the meal. Some have already reached coffee, others not yet near the sweet; for everyone gets up and helps himself as he finishes a course. Now to get full enjoyment out of these surroundings it was necessary to acquire the knack of carrying on at least two conversations at once while lending an ear to a few others; a knack not so difficult to acquire as perhaps your first visit might have led you to expect. And if I remember what I happen to have been saying at a particular moment on such an occasion, it is on account of a remark which followed. I was shouting about autobiography: "Yes, there are only three motives for writing it, though of course they may be mixed; St. Augustine's, Casanova's, Rousseau's. A man may write his autobiography because he thinks he has found 'The Way' and wishes others to follow, or to tell us what a splendid time he has had and enjoy it again by describing it, or to show—that he was a much better fellow than the world supposed." "I'm glad to hear you say that," said a voice behind me; I turned my head; it came from Mr. Asquith, who was cutting himself a slice of ham. "That," he added, before carrying back his plate to his seat, "is just what I'm now trying to do."

I knew that he was at work on this book, *Memories and Reflections, 1852–1927*. It is noticeable that there is not a line in this book which expresses perplexity or dubitation; not a page in which we can watch him making up his mind. It has been always made up when he puts pen to paper. He explains his motives

and reasons for having acted in such and such a manner, but we are given results, not the processes of deliberation. This is profoundly characteristic of him ; so is the absence from it of all mention of feelings, whether of elation, disappointment, disillusion, resentment, or satisfaction. Yet that he was a man of feeling could not escape the notice of anyone who saw him from a short distance. It is chiefly to bring out the implication of these characteristics which everyone could perceive, that I am now " reviewing " this book. Many who have discussed and described Lord Oxford have not seen the main one.

In all the appreciations written after his death his " impersonal " attitude was made a subject of comment, but amid all the praise lavished upon him there was frequently a suggestion that his master faculties were perhaps, after all, those of the judge or possibly the historian or scholar. That he was extraordinarily impartial, that he was a scholar and would have made an admirable historian was clear to all ; but that he was a scholar, or historian, pitchforked into active life is, I believe, an utterly false reading of him. I knew him during twelve years, and for a considerable part of them I was on terms of affectionate familiarity with him, though never on those of intimacy. This was, at any rate, sufficient to enable me to form a positive opinion about his nature, and my conclusion was that the cast of his intellect and imagination was essentially that of a man of action. Being of a literary turn of mind myself, it was perhaps easier for me to detect the essential difference. Literature, too, requires " detachment," but the sense of proportion in the man of action is different. In the great master of affairs imagination is neither " dreamful nor dramatic." His observation is a process of direct calculation and inference ; he has not the habit " of enacting in

himself other people's inward experience or dwelling on his own." In action, and in the calculations necessary to concluding rightly with a view to action, personal emotions are mostly irrelevant. Men of action often surprise us by the plainness and curtness of their comments. Their sayings may (*vide* the Duke of Wellington) often appear humorous in their seeming neglect of all aspects but one. This trait was very marked in Lord Oxford.

To brush aside what was insignificant and only to attend to the residue was an instinct in him. It may be illustrated by a story of his first meeting during his Paisley campaign, though the story also shows still more forcibly his attitude in the face of silly misrepresentation. There was only a very narrow Liberal majority and the election was a touch-and-go one. He had barely got a hearing for his speech—there was a strong Labour element in the audience, and interruptions had been fierce and frequent. When questions were reached, one man asked him why he had murdered those working men in Featherstone in 1892. His instant answer was : " It was not in ninety-two but ninety-three." A small inaccuracy was the only thing worth correcting in such a charge. And his reply to an American, who, after a somewhat lengthy preamble explaining how interested he was at last to meet him, " after having heard President Wilson, Colonel House, and your wife often talk about you——" " What did my wife say ? " is decidedly in the vein of the Duke of Wellington.

He wrote on August 2, 1914 : " Happily I am quite clear in my mind as to what is right and wrong. (1) We have no obligation of any kind either to France or Russia to give them military or naval help. (2) The despatch of the Expeditionary Force to help France at this moment is out of the question, and would serve no object. (3) We must not forget the

ties created by our long-standing and intimate friendship with France. (4) It is against British interests that France should be wiped out as a Great Power. (5) We cannot allow Germany to use the Channel as a hostile base. (6) We have obligations to Belgium to prevent it being utilised and absorbed by Germany."

Such an entry is not at first sight impressive but, examined, it will be found to contain a complete summary of facts relevant to a possible decision. Note the word "happily"—decision in certain events would be justified.

The more closely his career is examined in future, the more false the charge of "indecision" is likely to appear. On the contrary, as when he peremptorily prevented General French from retiring behind the Seine though the General declared the army to be in hopeless difficulties, or dealt with the Curragh complication, he will be seen to have exhibited at critical moments rapidity of resolution; and, still more often, that rare instinct for "timing" a decisive action correctly so that it should occur at the most effective moment. That this involved, sometimes, delay incomprehensible to the public is, of course, true; but the art of statesmanship, and this is an important part of it, is incomprehensible to them.

His drawback as a leader during times of frenzied anxiety was a concomitant of his two strongest points: his immunity from the contagion of excitement, and his instinct to think things over by himself. There is a passage in one of his later letters in which he says there are three kinds of men: those who can think when they are by themselves—they are the salt of the earth; those who can only think when they are writing and talking; and those who cannot think at all—they, of course, are the majority. He was a man who did his thinking alone. To talk while he was still making up his mind was repugnant to him. In

war, when the urgency of this or that measure is vividly brought home to those in immediate contact with one aspect and everybody is seething with projects and suggestions, self-withdrawn composure is apt to be exasperating, and the habit of postponing discussion to undermine a nervous confidence. Mr. Winston Churchill, in his article on Lord Oxford, gave an example of the surprise it was to find, after imagining that Lord Oxford had dismissed some urgent matter from his mind, that he had all the time thought it over and reached a conclusion upon it. Conversation did not help him, but when he met others in council they found that he was prepared.

I associate this characteristic in affairs with two others observable in his private life: his strong inclination to sidetrack avoidable emotional complications, and his reluctance to express opinions on any subject upon which he did not know his own mind completely. For instance, in his youth he had been interested in philosophy, and he still possessed that respect for thought which only those who have drunk a fair draught at the springs of thought retain. Yet because he did not think his opinion on such points instructed or know his mind upon them, he was unwilling to discuss the Universe or the life of man in its widest aspects. He would show you by a remark or two that he was even more aware than most people who are eager to discuss such problems of the general philosophical bearings of any particular theory, but he did not want to go into it. He had a great aversion from stuffing the blanks in his convictions with provisional thinking. It was the same in literature. He discussed readily only those aspects of it of which he felt he had a thorough comprehension. And since human beings are endless subjects, each one a forest in which it is only too easy to lose one's way, though he would listen with pleasure and amusement to ingenious

interpretations, you felt they were far from impressing him deeply. He liked gossip and the quasi-intellectual discussion of character, but he himself rarely contributed to such discussions anything but the most obvious common sense.

His reluctance, in private as well as public, to discuss what was not yet clear to him seems to me to be the manifestation of a fundamental characteristic —one which I personally admire more than any other —a perfect integrity of mind. The foundation of his character was the adamant stone of intellectual integrity. It made magnanimity natural to him, for *est animi exigui voluptas Ultio* (Revenge is the pleasure of a puny soul). It made it easy for him to put aside personal considerations when the interests either of the nation or his party were concerned. At such junctures the soul of his honour was at stake, and I do not believe that the historian will discover one instance in his long career in which he risked it. (The shameful jettisoning of Haldane was not his work, but was forced upon him by the then inevitable Coalition.)

I have spoken of his mind above as, in my judgement, essentially that of a man of action. Such intellectual integrity is necessary to a man of action who can be trusted to be effective not merely once or twice, but continuously. Yet it also prevented him from touching some of those levers which circumstances may compel a man of action to pull. He could not make an unfair appeal. In the war he lost the confidence of the mob. The change from the Asquith to the Lloyd George *régime* was a change to an appeal to the subconscious and usually the baser side of it, both in the public and in those actively concerned in carrying on the war administratively. He knew all about such appeals, but he could not bring himself to make them. He was out of touch, therefore, with what is instinctive and emotional in human nature,

and especially prominent at such times. In private life and in administrative he shrank from using authority or personal appeal as a weapon to produce conviction, and it was acute pain to himself to speak words which might give pain. After he had indicated the reasonable course he could not bring himself to do more ; it seemed, I expect, like an insult—a disloyalty —to use irrelevant means of persuasion—something certainly impossible where affection or trust existed. His opinion of human nature struck me as being neither high nor low. Where colleagues were concerned it might seem to have often been too high, in this sense, that he did not see (such may be the magnitude of the tasks of a statesman) that there was much difference between mediocrities—A was practically as good a man as B, though B was abler.

I was an " Asquith man " long before I knew him, and I remember what attracted me when, on his appointment to the Premiership, the papers were discussing, as his " one defect," his lack of magnetism, that it was precisely that that attracted *me*. I have no confidence in the steady sagacity of the so-called magnetic. And when I came to know him, the absence of either magnetism or any desire to impress, grew beautiful to me. As a member of the public, I felt he sought our solid advantage and not our ridiculous patronage ; and as a friend, that there was in him that integrity of feeling and thought which is a permanent guarantee of noble actions.

His talk was that of a man who had more faith in facts than theories, more interests in records than conjectures—unless those were fantastic, when he could be amused by the ingenuity and recklessness of other people's opinions. I soon noticed that, though he enjoyed cleverness, he never missed it in a companion whom he liked. He seemed to get more and more fond of people he was used to, and to suffer

comparatively little from boredom, that common scourge of uncommon men. It did not matter if they were always the same. In fact, he seemed to like them to be so ; just as he never got tired of either the books, or the places, or the jokes, or the anecdotes which had once pleased him. He was even like a child in the pleasure he took in having something " over again." This characteristic and the absolute self-sufficiency of his mind (not his heart) struck you. When he *was* bored, however, it appeared to be an unusually acute form of discomfort. Over the wine, after dinner, and under the spell of an unduly explanatory or pretentious talker, sounds which at first resembled considerate murmurs of assent, would gradually prolong themselves into unmistakable moans, terminating at last in a flurried gesture of hospitality and a sudden rise. Complacent long-windedness or attempts to draw him out were apt to produce these symptoms. At dinner, when in danger of being thus submerged, he would catch eagerly at any life-belt of a remark thrown him by one of his children. That he should have enjoyed society, and taken so much of it during his life, might seem incongruous in him, until we realise that he took it as a rest : amiable people, pretty women, bright lights, friendly festivity, and remarks flying about which he could catch and reply to by employing an eighth of his intellect afforded effective distraction ; it was a refreshment. Henry James, coming back once from a luncheon party at Downing Street during the war, remarked on " the extraordinary, the admirable, rigid intellectual economy " which the Prime Minister practised on such occasions.

One word more in conclusion. Lady Oxford, in her preface to *Memories and Reflections*, draws attention to an important fact which is not generally understood : he was an emotional man and a very sensitive

one. Signs of that sensitiveness are his inability to ask for fairer treatment for himself, or to take any step to further the interests of his children. He could not bring himself to do such things. The strength of the emotional side of his nature is known to those he loved, but the following external signs of it are noteworthy. He covered his humiliations with silence, both in public and private. But, after his fall in 1916, though apparently bearing it with the greatest equanimity, the shock produced an attack which, for a few hours, was taken for paralysis ; when his own followers did not take him at his word that it was impossible to work any longer with Mr. Lloyd George, the disappointment struck him down physically. Some time afterwards—I noted it, because it was a rare gleam of self-disclosure—he said, in dating an event, " Ah, that was while I was recovering from my wound." And once I remember, after he lost his seat —the conversation had turned upon metaphor and comparisons—he said to me : " I will show you a comparison in poetry which moves me." He took down a Coleridge and pointed to the lines :

" Like an Arab old and blind
Some caravan has left behind,"

and then rather hurriedly left the room. But despair, whether about himself or public affairs, was to him mere weak-mindedness. He never indulged in pessimism—there again showing one of the traits of the man of action. Whether or not he thought of himself as a great man I could never discover. He probably would have said the term was an exceedingly vague one, and he would certainly not have trusted the reports of introspection on such a point.

DESMOND MACCARTHY

THE PATRIOTISM OF BRITAIN

HISTORY is a story that always leaves off in the middle, though it is the temptation of every historian to discover an end. And, seeing that story-books, if not stories, have got to end somewhere, we can hardly write " finis " more appropriately than on the eve of a catastrophe that threatened the fall, and may conceivably portend the decline, not only of British, but of human civilisation. Conceivably—but assuredly not inevitably !

And yet, unless we have been altogether wrong in our reading of the facts, the Great War, like the Reformation and the French Revolution, was the product of forces that had long been at work, and continued to work after it. Through the mad horror of those years, it was good that we should have had visions of a mental and spiritual rebirth that would have made the sacrifice worth while. It would have been too much to have faced the prospect of mankind, so terribly enfeebled, learning nothing and forgetting nothing, harking complacently back to the collective egotisms, the *Realpolitik* of class and race and nationality, the bankruptcy of faith and ideals, that culminated in civilisation's all but complete suicide.

But we have studied history in vain, unless it has taught us to reinforce hope by patience. We must not look for revolutionary change except as the result of a process as gradual and unhurried as that of growth. One fine morning may suffice to burst the bud, but it takes months to develop the seed into flower. On the soil, enriched by that red rain, the seeds may have been well and truly planted. We can at least water and prepare the ground, waging sharp war upon all things rank and gross in Nature, weeds of cupidity and untruth and all uncharitableness.

The question whose answer spells life or death for civilised man is being put with ever more menacing insistence—are the human mind and spirit capable of being adapted to the requirements of a Machine Age? With blind precipitancy, we have revolutionised our environment; it has yet to be seen whether we can effect a corresponding revolution in ourselves. If the old platitude about human nature being unchangeable is really true, there is nothing for it but to resign ourselves to the doom that has overtaken every species whose circumstances have changed more rapidly than its powers of adaptation. The next experiment in suicide need not lack for completeness.

To face facts is not to counsel pessimism. We know that human nature can be changed because history shows us that it is constantly changing. We have faith that it must and shall be changed, in time to save the bright adventure of our civilisation from ruin. God's image must not be allowed to go the way of the giant lizards, its predecessors.

Instead of talking of the decline of civilisation or the West as if it were something outside ourselves and beyond our control, let us, in words applied to a crisis far less momentous, continue to hope until events compel us to despair. Even a forlorn hope is better than none.

In spite of all guilt and imperfection, it may well be that on British civilisation as expressed in a free Commonwealth of Nations, the fairest hopes of mankind are destined more and more to centre. The discovery that spiritual bonds are more potent than those of force or interest, is one of untold possibilities for the healing of nations. The very League is but an attempt to apply British principles on a world-wide scale.

If this be our high calling, now, more than ever, it behoves us to shape our future in the light and

understanding of our past. Only thus can we hope to attain the patriotism of Britain true to herself because loyal to mankind, a patriotism purged of every selfish and ignoble taint, founded on great principles, supported by great virtues, the love of our country because she is loveable.

In that sense alone may we be permitted to say—Patriotism is enough !

ESMÉ WINGFIELD-STRATFORD

FICTION

THE BRIDGE

At length the all clear was given and the train again began to move. As it did so Denis observed the figure of his travelling companion staggering against the wind in an effort to attain the rearmost carriage, but in his anxiety and haste the old shepherd slipped and fell prostrate upon the platform. The train drew away from him, he was irrevocably left behind and, as they moved out of the station Denis caught a last glimpse, under the gusty flicker of the station lamp, of the perplexed, discomfited face, filled with almost ludicrous desolation. As he sat in his corner, while the train approached the southern edge of the Tay Bridge, Denis reflected with a sombre humour that the other would assuredly be late for his nuptials in the morning. Perhaps it was a lesson meant for him. Yes, he must profit by this strange, unpleasant coincidence. He would not fail Mary on Tuesday !

The train moved on and, at thirteen minutes past seven, it reached the beginning of the bridge. At this point, before entering upon the single line of rails over the bridge, it slowed down opposite the signal cabin, to allow the baton to be passed. Without this exchange it was not permitted to proceed, and, still filled by a sense of misgiving, Denis again lowered his window and looked out, to observe that everything was correct. The force of the gale almost decapitated him but, in the red glare cast by the engine, he discerned, stretching dimly into the distance, the

massive girders of the bridge, like the colossal skeleton of an enormous reptile, but of steel, strong and adamantine. Then, all at once, he saw the signalman descend the steps from his box with consummate care, clutching the rail tightly with one hand. He surrendered the baton to the stoker, and, when he had accomplished this, he climbed back into his cabin, with the utmost difficulty, fighting the wind and being assisted up the last few steps by the hand of a friend held out to him from within.

And now the train moved off again, and entered the bridge. Denis raised his window and sank back in his seat composedly, but, as he was carried past the signalbox, he received the fleeting impression of two pale, terrified faces looking at him from out of it, like ghostly countenances brushing past him in the blackness.

The violence of the gale was now unbounded. The wind hurled the rain against the sides of the train with the noise of a thousand anvils, and the wet snow again came slobbering upon the window panes, blotting out all vision. The train rocked upon the rails with a drunken, swaying oscillation, and although it proceeded slowly, cautiously, it seemed, from the fury and rush of the storm, to dash headlong upon its course. Thus, as it advanced, with the blackness, the noise of the wheels, the tearing rush of the wind, and the crashing of the waves upon the pier of the bridge below, there was developed the sensation of reckless, headlong acceleration.

As Denis sat alone in the silent cabined space of his compartment, tossed this way and that by the jactation, he felt suddenly that the grinding wheels of the train spoke to him. As they raced upon the line he heard them rasp out, with a heavy, despairing refrain: "God help us! God help us! God help us!"

Amidst the blare of the storm this slow, melancholy dirge beat itself into Denis' brain. The certain sense of some terrible disaster began to oppress him. Strangely, he feared, not for himself, but for Mary. Frightful visions flashed through the dark field of his imagination. He saw her, in a white shroud, with sad, imploring eyes, with dank, streaming hair, with bleeding feet and hands. Fantastic shapes oppressed her which made her shrink into the obliterating darkness. Again he saw her grimacing, simpering palely like a sorry statue of the Madonna and holding by the hand the weazened figure of a child. He shouted in horror. In a panic of distress he jumped to his feet. He desired to get to her. He wanted to open the door, to jump out of this confining box which enclosed him like a sepulchre. He would have given, instantly, everything he possessed to get out of the train. But he could not.

He was imprisoned in the train, which advanced inexorably, winding in its own glare like a dark red serpent twisting sinuously forward. It had traversed one mile of the bridge and had now reached the middle span, where a mesh of steel girders formed a hollow tube through which it must pass. The train entered this tunnel. It entered slowly, fearfully, reluctantly, juddering in every bolt and rivet of its frame as the hurricane assaulted, and sought to destroy, the greater resistance now offered to it. The wheels clanked with the ceaseless insistence of the tolling of a passing-bell, still protesting, endlessly : " God help us ! God help us ! God help us ! ".

Then, abruptly, when the whole train lay enwrapped within the iron lamellae of the middle link of the bridge, the wind elevated itself with a culminating, exultant roar to the orgasm of its power and passion.

The bridge broke. Steel girders snapped like

twigs, cement crumbled like sand, iron pillars bent like willow wands. The middle span melted like wax. Its wreckage clung around the tortured train, which gyrated madly for an instant in space. Immediately, a shattering rush of broken glass and wood descended upon Denis, cutting and bruising him with mangling violence. He felt the wrenching torsion of metal, and the grating of falling masonry. The inexpressible desolation of a hundred human voices, united in a sudden, short anguished cry of mingled agony and terror, fell upon his ears hideously, with the deathly fatality of a coronach. The walls of his compartment whirled about him and upon him, like a winding-sheet, the floor rushed over his head. As he spun round, with a loud cry he, too, shouted : " God help us ! " then, faintly, the name : " Mary ! "

Then the train with incredible speed, curving like a rocket, arched the darkness in a glittering parabola of light, and plunged soundlessly into the black hell of water below, where, like a rocket, it was instantly extinguished—for ever obliterated ! For the infinity of a second, as he hurtled through the air, Denis knew what had happened. He knew everything, then instantly he ceased to know. At the same instant as the first, faint cry of his child ascended feebly in the byre at Levenford, his mutilated body hit the dark, raging water and lay dead, deep down upon the bed of the firth.

A. J. CRONIN

THE GHOST-SHIP

FAIRFIELD is a little village lying near the Portsmouth Road about half-way between London and the sea. Strangers who find it by accident now and then, call it a pretty, old-fashioned place ; we who

live in it and call it home don't find anything very pretty about it, but we should be sorry to live anywhere else. Our minds have taken the shape of the inn and the church and the green, I suppose. At all events we never feel comfortable out of Fairfield.

Of course the Cockneys, with their vasty houses and noise-ridden streets, can call us rustics if they choose, but for all that Fairfield is a better place to live in than London. Doctor says that when he goes to London his mind is bruised with the weight of the houses, and he was a Cockney born. He had to live there himself when he was a little chap, but he knows better now. You gentlemen may laugh—perhaps some of you come from London way—but it seems to me that a witness like that is worth a gallon of arguments.

Dull? Well, you might find it dull, but I assure you that I've listened to all the London yarns you have spun to-night, and they're absolutely nothing to the things that happen at Fairfield. It's because of our way of thinking and minding our own business. If one of your Londoners were set down on the green of a Saturday night when the ghosts of the lads who died in the war keep tryst with the lassies who lie in the churchyard, he couldn't help being curious and interfering, and then the ghosts would go somewhere where it was quieter. But we just let them come and go and don't make any fuss, and in consequence Fairfield is the ghostiest place in all England. Why, I've seen a headless man sitting on the edge of the well in broad daylight, and the children playing about his feet as if he were their father. Take my word for it, spirits know when they are well off as much as human beings.

Still, I must admit that the thing I'm going to tell you about was queer even for our part of the world, where three packs of ghost-hounds hunt regularly during the season, and blacksmith's great-grandfather

is busy all night shoeing the dead gentlemen's horses. Now that's a thing that wouldn't happen in London, because of their interfering ways, but blacksmith he lies up aloft and sleeps as quiet as a lamb. Once when he had a bad head he shouted down to them not to make so much noise, and in the morning he found an old guinea left on the anvil as an apology. He wears it on his watch-chain now. But I must get on with my story ; if I start telling you about the queer happenings at Fairfield I'll never stop.

It all came of the great storm in the spring of '97, the year that we had two great storms. This was the first one, and I remember it very well, because I found in the morning that it had lifted the thatch of my pigsty into the widow's garden as clean as a boy's kite. When I looked over the hedge, widow—Tom Lamport's widow that was—was prodding for her nasturtiums with a daisy-grubber. After I had watched her for a little I went down to the *Fox and Grapes* to tell landlord what she had said to me. Landlord, he laughed, being a married man and at ease with the sex. " Come to that," he said, " the tempest has blowed something into my field. A kind of a ship I think it would be."

I was surprised at that until he explained that it was only a ghost-ship and would do no hurt to the turnips. We argued that it had been blown up from the sea at Portsmouth, and then we talked of something else. There were two slates down at the parsonage and a big tree at Lumley's meadow. It was a rare storm.

I reckon the wind had blown our ghosts all over England. They were coming back for days afterwards with foundered horses and as footsore as possible, and they were so glad to get back to Fairfield that some of them walked up the street crying like little children. Squire said his great-grandfather's

great-grandfather hadn't looked so dead-beat since the battle of Naseby, and he's an educated man.

What with one thing and another, I should think it was a week before we got straight again, and then one afternoon I met the landlord on the green and he had a worried face. " I wish you'd come and have a look at that ship in my field," he said to me ; " it seems to me it's leaning real hard on the turnips. I can't bear thinking what the missus will say when she sees it."

I walked down the lane with him, and sure enough there was a ship in the middle of his field, but such a ship as no man had seen on the water for three hundred years, let alone in the middle of a turnip-field. It was all painted black and covered with carvings, and there was a great bay window in the stern for all the world like the Squire's drawing-room. There was a crowd of little black cannon on deck and looking out of her portholes, and she was anchored at each end to the hard ground. I have seen the wonders of the world on picture-postcards, but I have never seen anything to equal that.

" She seems very solid for a ghost-ship," I said, seeing the landlord was bothered.

" I should say it's a betwixt and between," he answered, puzzling it over, " but it's going to spoil a matter of fifty turnips, and missus she'll want it moved." We went up to her and touched her side, and it was as hard as a real ship. " Now there's folks in England would call that very curious," he said.

Now I don't know much about ships, but I should think that that ghost-ship weighed a solid two hundred tons, and it seemed to me that she had come to stay, so that I felt sorry for landlord, who was a married man. " All the horses in Fairfield won't move her out of my turnips," he said, frowning at her.

Just then we heard a noise on her deck, and we looked up and saw that a man had come out of her

front cabin and was looking down at us very peaceably. He was dressed in a black uniform set out with rusty gold lace, and he had a great cutlass by his side in a brass sheath. "I'm Captain Bartholomew Roberts," he said, in a gentleman's voice, "put in for recruits. I seem to have brought her rather far up the harbour."

"Harbour!" cried landlord; "why, you're fifty miles from the sea." Captain Roberts didn't turn a hair. "So much as that, is it?" he said coolly. "Well, it's of no consequence."

Landlord was a bit upset at this. "I don't want to be unneighbourly," he said, "but I wish you hadn't brought your ship into my field. You see, my wife sets great store on these turnips."

The Captain took a pinch of snuff out of a fine gold box that he pulled out of his pocket, and dusted his fingers with a silk handkerchief in a very genteel fashion. "I'm only here for a few months," he said; "but if a testimony of my esteem would pacify your good lady I should be content," and with the words he loosed a great gold brooch from the neck of his coat and tossed it down to landlord. Landlord blushed as red as a strawberry.

"I'm not denying she's fond of jewellery," he said, "but it's too much for half a sackful of turnips." And indeed it was a handsome brooch.

The Captain laughed. "Tut, man," he said, "it's a forced sale, and you deserve a good price. Say no more about it"; and nodding good-day to us, he turned on his heel and went into the cabin. Landlord walked back up the lane like a man with a weight off his mind. "That tempest has blowed me a bit of luck," he said; "the missus will be main pleased with that brooch. It's better than a blacksmith's guinea, any day."

Ninety-seven was Jubilee year, the year of the

second Jubilee, you remember, and we had great doings at Fairfield, so we hadn't much time to bother about the ghost-ship, though anyhow it isn't our way to meddle in things that don't concern us. Landlord, he saw his tenant once or twice when he was hoeing his turnips and passed the time of day, and landlord's wife wore her new brooch to church every Sunday. But we didn't mix much with the ghosts at any time, all except an idiot lad there was in the village, and he didn't know the difference between a man and a ghost, poor innocent ! On Jubilee Day, however, somebody told Captain Roberts why the church bells were ringing, and he hoisted a flag and fired off his guns like a loyal Englishman. 'Tis true the guns were shotted, and one of the round shot knocked a hole in Farmer Johnstone's barn, but nobody thought much of that in such a season of rejoicing.

It wasn't till our celebrations were over that we noticed that anything was wrong in Fairfield. 'Twas shoemaker who told me first about it one morning at the *Fox and Grapes*. "You know my great-uncle?" he said to me.

"You mean Joshua, the quiet lad," I answered, knowing him well.

"Quiet!" said shoemaker indignantly. "Quiet you call him, coming home at three o'clock every morning as drunk as a magistrate and waking the whole house with his noise."

"Why, it can't be Joshua!" I said, for I knew him for one of the most respectable ghosts in the village.

"Joshua it is," said shoemaker; "and one of these nights he'll find himself out in the street if he isn't careful."

This kind of talk shocked me, I can tell you, for I don't like to hear a man abusing his own family, and I could hardly believe that a steady youngster had taken to drink. But just then in came butcher

Aylwin in such a temper that he could hardly drink his beer. " The young puppy ! the young puppy ! " he kept on saying ; and it was some time before shoemaker and I found out that he was talking about his ancestor that fell at Senlac.

" Drink ? " said shoemaker hopefully, for we all like company in our misfortunes, and butcher nodded grimly.

" The young noodle," he said, emptying his tankard.

Well, after that I kept my ears open, and it was the same story all over the village. There was hardly a young man among all the ghosts of Fairfield who didn't roll home in the small hours of the morning the worse for liquor. I used to wake up in the night and hear them stumble past my house, singing outrageous songs. The worst of it was that we couldn't keep the scandal to ourselves, and the folk at Greenhill began to talk of " sodden Fairfield " and taught their children to sing a song about us :

" Sodden Fairfield, sodden Fairfield, has no use for bread-and-butter,
Rum for breakfast, rum for dinner, rum for tea, and rum for supper ! "

We are easy-going in our village, but we didn't like that.

Of course we soon found out where the young fellows went to get the drink, and landlord was terribly cut up that his tenant should have turned out so badly, but his wife wouldn't hear of parting with the brooch, so that he couldn't give the Captain notice to quit. But as time went on, things grew from bad to worse, and at all hours of the day you would see those young reprobates sleeping it off on the village green. Nearly every afternoon a ghost-wagon used to jolt down to the ship with a lading of

rum, and though the older ghosts seemed inclined to give the Captain's hospitality the go-by, the youngsters were neither to hold nor to bind.

So one afternoon when I was taking my nap I heard a knock at the door, and there was parson looking very serious, like a man with a job before him that he didn't altogether relish. " I'm going down to talk to the Captain about all this drunkenness in the village, and I want you to come with me," he said straight out.

I can't say that I fancied the visit much myself, and I tried to hint to parson that as, after all, they were only a lot of ghosts, it didn't very much matter.

" Dead or alive, I'm responsible for their good conduct," he said, " and I'm going to do my duty and put a stop to this continued disorder. And you are coming with me, John Simmons." So I went, parson being a persuasive kind of man.

We went down to the ship, and as we approached her I could see the Captain tasting the air on deck. When he saw parson he took off his hat very politely, and I can tell you that I was relieved to find that he had a proper respect for the cloth. Parson acknowledged his salute and spoke out stoutly enough. " Sir, I should be glad to have a word with you."

" Come on board, sir : come on board," said the Captain, and I could tell by his voice that he knew why we were there. Parson and I climbed up an uneasy kind of ladder, and the Captain took us into the great cabin at the back of the ship, where the bay-window was. It was the most wonderful place you ever saw in your life, all full of gold and silver plate, swords with jewelled scabbards, carved oak chairs, and great chests that looked as though they were bursting with guineas. Even parson was surprised, and he did not shake his head very hard when the Captain took down some silver cups and poured

out a drink of rum. I tasted mine, and I don't mind saying that it changed my view of things entirely. There was nothing betwixt and between about that rum, and I felt that it was ridiculous to blame the lads for drinking too much of stuff like that. It seemed to fill my veins with honey and fire.

Parson put the case squarely to the Captain, but I didn't listen much to what he said; I was busy sipping my drink and looking through the window at the fishes swimming to and fro over landlord's turnips. Just then it seemed the most natural thing in the world that they should be there, though afterwards, of course, I could see that that proved it was a ghost-ship.

But even then I thought it was queer when I saw a drowned sailor float by in the thin air with his hair and beard all full of bubbles. It was the first time I had seen anything quite like that at Fairfield.

All the time I was regarding the wonders of the deep parson was telling Captain Roberts how there was no peace or rest in the village owing to the curse of drunkenness, and what a bad example the youngsters were setting to the older ghosts. The Captain listened very attentively, and only put in a word now and then about boys being boys and young men sowing their wild oats. But when parson had finished his speech he filled up our silver cups and said to parson, with a flourish, "I should be sorry to cause trouble anywhere where I had been made welcome, and you will be glad to hear that I put to sea to-morrow night. And now you must drink me a prosperous voyage." So we all stood up and drank the toast of honour, and that noble rum was like hot oil in my veins.

After that Captain showed us some of the curiosities he had brought back from foreign parts, and we were greatly amazed, though afterwards I couldn't

clearly remember what they were. And then I found myself walking across the turnips with parson, and I was telling him of the glories of the deep that I had seen through the window of the ship. He turned on me severely. " If I were you, John Simmons," he said, " I would go straight home to bed." He has a way of putting things that wouldn't occur to an ordinary man, has parson, and I did as he told me.

Well, next day it came on to blow, and it blew harder and harder, till about eight o'clock at night I heard a noise and looked out into the garden. I dare say you won't believe me, it seems a bit tall even to me, but the wind had lifted the thatch of my pigsty into the widow's garden a second time. I thought I wouldn't wait to hear what widow had to say about it, so I went across the green to the *Fox and Grapes*, and the wind was so strong that I danced along on tip-toe like a girl at the fair. When I got to the inn landlord had to help me shut the door; it seemed as though a dozen goats were pushing against it to come in out of the storm.

" It's a powerful tempest," he said, drawing the beer. " I hear there's a chimney down at Dickory End."

" It's a funny thing how these sailors know about the weather," I answered. " When Captain said he was going to-night, I was thinking it would take a capful of wind to carry the ship back to sea, but now here's more than a capful."

" Ah, yes," said landlord, " it's to-night he goes true enough, and mind you, though he treated me handsome over the rent, I'm not sure it's a loss to the village. I don't hold with gentrice who fetch their drink from London instead of helping local traders to get their living."

" But you haven't got any rum like his," I said, to draw him out.

His neck grew red above his collar, and I was afraid I'd gone too far ; but after a while he got his breath with a grunt.

" John Simmons," he said, " if you've come down here this windy night to talk a lot of fool's talk, you've wasted a journey."

Well, of course, then I had to smooth him down with praising his rum, and Heaven forgive me for swearing it was better than Captain's. For the like of that rum no living lips have tasted save mine and parson's. But somehow or other I brought landlord round, and presently we must have a glass of his best to prove its quality.

" Beat that if you can ! " he cried, and we both raised our glasses to our mouths, only to stop halfway and look at each other in amaze. For the wind that had been howling outside like an outrageous dog had all of a sudden turned as melodious as the carol-boys of a Christmas Eve.

" Surely that's not my Martha," whispered landlord ; Martha being his great-aunt that lived in the loft overhead.

We went to the door, and the wind burst it open so that the handle was driven clean into the plaster of the wall. But we didn't think of that at the time ; for over our heads, sailing very comfortably through the windy stars, was the ship that had passed the summer in landlord's field. Her portholes and her bay-window were blazing with lights, and there was a noise of singing and fiddling on her decks. " He's gone," shouted landlord above the storm, " and he's taken half the village with him ! " I could only nod in answer, not having lungs like bellows of leather.

In the morning we were able to measure the strength of the storm, and over and above my pigsty there was damage enough wrought in the village to keep us busy. True it is that the children had to

break down no branches for the firing that autumn, since the wind had strewn the woods with more than they could carry away. Many of our ghosts were scattered abroad, but this time very few came back, all the young men having sailed with Captain ; and not only ghosts, for a poor half-witted lad was missing, and we reckoned that he had stowed himself away or perhaps shipped as cabin-boy, not knowing any better.

What with the lamentations of the ghost-girls and the grumblings of families who had lost an ancestor, the village was upset for a while, and the funny thing was that it was the folk who had complained most of the carryings-on of the youngsters, who made most noise now that they were gone. I hadn't any sympathy with shoemaker or butcher, who ran about saying how much they missed their lads, but it made me grieve to hear the poor bereaved girls calling their lovers by name on the village green at nightfall. It didn't seem fair to me that they should have lost their men a second time, after giving up life in order to join them, as like as not. Still not even a spirit can be sorry for ever, and after a few months we made up our minds that the folk who had sailed in the ship were never coming back, and we didn't talk about it any more.

And then one day, I dare say it would be a couple of years after, when the whole business was quite forgotten, who should come trapesing along the road from Portsmouth but the daft lad who had gone away with the ship, without waiting till he was dead to become a ghost. You never saw such a boy as that in all your life. He had a great rusty cutlass hanging to a string at his waist, and he was tattooed all over in fine colours, so that even his face looked like a girl's sampler. He had a handkerchief in his hand full of foreign shells and old-fashioned pieces of small money, very curious, and he walked up to the well outside

his mother's house and drew himself a drink as if he had been nowhere in particular.

The worst of it was that he had come back as soft-headed as he went, and try as we might we couldn't get anything reasonable out of him. He talked a lot of gibberish about keel-hauling and walking the plank and crimson murders—things which a decent sailor should know nothing about, so that it seemed to me that for all his manners Captain had been more of a pirate than a gentleman mariner. But to draw sense out of that boy was as hard as picking cherries off a crab-tree. One silly tale he had that he kept on drifting back to, and to hear him you would have thought that it was the only thing that happened to him in his life. "We was at anchor," he would say, " off an island called the Basket of Flowers, and the sailors had caught a lot of parrots and we were teaching them to swear. Up and down the decks, up and down the decks, and the language they used was dreadful. Then we looked up and saw the masts of a Spanish ship outside the harbour. Outside the harbour they were, so we threw the parrots into the sea, and sailed out to fight. And all the parrots were drownded in the sea, and the language they used was dreadful." That's the sort of boy he was, nothing but silly talk of parrots when we asked him about the fighting. And we never had a chance of teaching him better, for two days after he ran away again, and hasn't been seen since.

That's my story, and I assure you that things like that are happening at Fairfield all the time. The ship has never come back, but somehow as people grew older they seem to think that one of these windy nights she'll come sailing in over the hedges with all the lost ghosts on board. Well, when she comes, she'll be welcome. There's one ghost-lass that has never grown tired of waiting for her lad to return. Every

night you'll see her out on the green, straining her poor eyes with looking for the mast-lights among the stars. A faithful lass you'd call her, and I'm thinking you'd be right.

Landlord's field wasn't a penny the worse for the visit, but they do say that since then the turnips that have been grown in it have tasted of rum.

RICHARD MIDDLETON

AT THE RIVER'S EDGE

IT happened to me to spend a winter night in the company of Anastasia.

It was in a village on the border of Connemara ; we sat by the fire, and talked intermittently during our spell of watching. I did not wholly care for Anastasia, but she was companionable, and her interest in others was so abounding that it often overflowed as sympathy ; that she was at all times a sympathetic talker went without saying. In the West of Ireland that is so ordinary a matter as not to be noticeable, until some withering experiences in other lands place it in its proper light. She was, of course, an Irish speaker by nature and by practice, but her English was fluent, and was set to the leisurely chant of West Galway ; in time of need it could serve her purpose like slings and arrows. In all her sixty years she had never been beyond the town of Galway, and she was illiterate, two potent factors in her agreeability.

Everything about her was clumsy, except her large, watchful grey eyes ; I have never seen a cow seat itself in an armchair, but I imagine that it would do so in the manner of Anastasia. She smoothed her clean blue apron over a skirt that was less clean than it, and continued to drop a few pebbles of talk into

the dark pool of the midnight. Like pebbles they sank, and the midnight took them greedily into its deeps, because they were concerned with spiritual things.

" I wouldn't believe in fairies meself, but as for thim Connemara people, they'd believe anything."

Nothing was more certain than that Anastasia did believe in fairies, but it would have been impolite on my part to traverse a statement made to suit the standard of an auditor who could read books, and travelled beyond Galway town.

" Out where me mother's people live, there's a big rock near the sea, and they say the fairies has a house inside in it. They have some owld talk that ye'd hear the children crying when the fairies does be bringing them in it."

Anastasia blew a sigh through her broad nostrils, vaguely religious, compassionate for the darkness of the Connemara people ; to exhibit freely the devoutness which she indeed possessed was a gift bestowed upon her by Nature. I asked her what she thought about the origin of the fairies.

" It's what they say, the fairies was the fallen angels, and when they were threw out of heaven, they asked might they stay on the earth, and they got leave. 'Tis best for me go stir the grool."

In the silence that followed, while the gruel was being stirred, the low yet eager voice of the river outside made itself heard. The hazy full moon stared upon the water, and the water answered with glitter and with swirl, as it fled through the trance of the January night. The Galway river races under its bridges like a pack of white hounds ; this little river, its blood relation, runs like a troop of playing children.

" But there's quare things do happen," resumed Anastasia, sitting down with the caution that comes

of perfect acquaintance with three-legged stools and four-legged stools on hilly mud floors.

" There was a woman near me own village, and she seen me one Sunday evening coming over the road, and a bag of turf on me back, and she said I stood up agin' a big white rock that's in it, as I'd be resting the bag on the rock. Sure not a bit of me was next or nigh the place. But not a bit in the world happened me afther it, thanks be to God."

Anastasia sighed, in modest acceptance of her favoured position.

" It wasn't only two days afther that agin, there was a man from the same village seen me the same way. He thought to go over to a place he had his cattle, to look at them, and he said when he was starting out he seen meself coming over the road, and a bag of turf on me back, and he turned back ; sure he knew I'd tell him how was the cattle."

The man was confident in Anastasia, as he would have been in any other woman of his acquaintance : he knew that she would look at his cattle as she passed, and that she would also be able to tell him how they were ; this was a matter of course in their lives.

" Sure, I wasn't in the place at all, but whatever was in it, the Lord save us, he seen the woman, and he knew well it was meself, and she coming to him, and she in a valley, and it was the fall of the evening, in harvest-time."

Her heavy face had not changed, and the rhythm of her quiet speech had neither hastened nor slackened, yet the reaped fields and the dusk must have been before her eyes, must have seemed inevitable to the story. Better than " dusk " or " twilight," or any other motionless word, was " the fall of the evening " —the dew was in it, and the gentleness, and the folding of wings. There was that in the diction that sum-

moned suddenly to mind the Shunamite, and the child who went out with his father to the reapers. Anastasia had never, I felt sure, heard of the Shunamitish woman, yet, had I read the story to her, she would instantly have understood that strong heart, and its pride and grief and rapture. Human nature was as clear to her as to the other illiterate people of her village and countryside, and, like them, she had the scriptural method of narrative, that curves on its way like running water, and sinks to its one and inevitable channel. I bethought me of the theory that the original Irish race, or some constituent of it, came from a southern shore of the Mediterranean ; and all the while the boots of Anastasia confronted me, planted at the edge of the turf ashes on the hearth, like boulders on a foamy beach.

" But that woman that seen me the first time," she resumed, " she was a little strange that way in her mind, and when she came to live inside here in the town they said she drew a great many of Thim Things round the place. You'd hear them walking round the doors at night. Well, there's many a quare thing like that, and ye wouldn't know——"

The narrative faded out in murmurs that seemed to be both apologetic and religious, intended, I think, to present a proper diplomatic attitude towards all the powers of darkness. Anastasia lived by herself outside the village, in a crooked cabin with a broken door ; she did well to recognise officially the existence of Thim Things. Her brother, over whose establishment she had once reigned, had married, and his wife was not favourable to Anastasia ; that she herself had not married was an unusual state of affairs, but it implied no slur upon her attractions, nor did it imply the blighted love affair. Marriage, not flirtation, is the concern of Anastasia's social circle ; the creature that we indulgently and sympathetically term

Passion is by them flogged to kennel under another name.

Looking at Anastasia, I remembered a summer evening when I went to a Mission Service in a white-washed chapel, and saw the burly Mission Priest standing before the Altar in his soutane, with the biretta forming an uncompromising summit to a square and threatening countenance of the bulldog type. The seatless floor of the chapel was covered with kneeling women and girls, in dun-coloured shawls or fashionable hats ; the men stood at the back and along the walls, where the reds and blues of the Stations of the Cross flared forth their story. Even in their crude presentment of anguish, they seemed to say, " It is sown in weakness," but the oratory of the Missioner was a thunderstorm above them. Young men and young women were not to walk together in woods, or lanes, or after nightfall ; the matter was made very clear, and was illustrated with stories appropriate to it. The audience was eager in the uptake, pliant and sensitive to every grade of thunder.

" I knew a most respectable young man," narrated the Missioner, " and his wife, a decent young girl ; they had a nice young family." The congregation laughed delightedly and sympathetically, and the Missioner glowered upon them. This was not going to be a laughing matter. Soon there was drink in it, and a Protestant somewhere, I think ; worse things followed. " The two of them are burning together in the flames of Purgatory," concluded the Missioner, with ferocity, and rumbled at them like an angry bull. The women swayed and groaned in horror, and ejaculated prayers.

I saw the congregation go home in the dusk, the women walking in parties by themselves, the men silently passing the public-house as if it had Dhroch-hool, which means the Evil Eye.

" There was a Priest that was a relation of me own," continued Anastasia, rising to the surface of her thoughts again, in the manner that always suggested the rhythmic reappearance of a porpoise in a summer swell, " and he was telling me of a woman out near his own place, and she had a daughter that married and lived with her in the house, herself and the husband, and she got great annoyance with them, and they took the land from her. ' Well,' says she to the husband, ' when I die I'll rise out of the grave to punish you for what ye done ' : and it wasn't long after till she died. I dare say they had too much whisky taken, and maybe they didn't bury her the right way ; ye wouldn't know, indeed, but in any case the Priest went taking a walk for himself shortly after, and he went around the graveyard, the way he'd have a quiet place to be reading his exercises. Whatever he seen in it, he wouldn't all out say, but ' I seen plenty,' says he, and sure the coffin was there, and it above the ground, and no doubt at all but he seen plenty besides that. The man then that married the daughter went out, and he buried the coffin, and he got a pain in his finger, and he burying it, and the pain didn't leave him till he died in the course of a few weeks. The daughter was in a bad way too, after he dying ; sure she got fits, and she had them always till she went to a suspinded Priest that lived behind Galway, and he cured her. Sure thim has the power of God, whether they're suspinded or no."

I asked her presently if she had heard of a priest, renowned for his preaching, who had lived in the village forty years before.

" I did, to be sure, though I wasn't a young little girl the same time. He was a great priest, and after he died, it's what the people said, he went through Purgatory like a flash o' lightning ; there wasn't a singe on him. Often me mother told me about a

sermon he preached, and I'd remember of a piece of it, and the way you'd say it in English was, 'Oh, black seas of Eternity, without top nor bottom, beginning nor end, bay, brink, nor shore, how can any one look into your depths and neglect the salvation of his soul ? ' "

The translation came forth easily, with the lilt of metre and the cadence of melancholy. Anastasia looked into the fire and said, after a pause, " 'Twas thrue for him."

I asked her what she thought of the Irish that was being taught now.

" Musha, I wouldn't hardly know what they'd be saying ; and there's an old man that has great Irish —a wayfaring man that does be going the roads —and he says to me, ' Till yestherday comes again,' says he, ' the Irish that they're teaching now will never be like the old Irish.' The Irish were deep-spoken people long ago," continued Anastasia, yawning lamentably ; " it was all love songs they had. The people used to be in love then. Sure, there's no talk of love now."

She said it comfortably, and presently dozed, and I wondered what talk of love she had heard. With the large eyelids closed, her face gained in tranquillity, because the grey eyes were not truly tranquil, they were only slow, with side-glances that revealed a disposition both ruminative and quick. It was not easy to imagine that such glances had ever fallen, abashed, before a fond or daring gaze, or been fused into oneness with it, yet Anastasia would have understood to its nethermost such a gaze ; she could have translated it with Irish phrases and endearments that had the pang of devotion in them—phrases that flash as softly as a grey sea that the sun gazes upon suddenly through slow clouds. What she would not have understood is the physical love, frosted cunningly with spiritual, that is the romance of to-day.

When Anastasia tended the sick, as she did at intervals through the night, she was clumsy in movement yet swift, perceptive yet unmoved, patient but from philosophy rather than from that tenderness that has its heart within the need of its tended one.

The night had clouded over, and when the dawn came it was a long and gentle growth of greyness, without a sunrise in it. The song of the robin trickled through the stillness, like a string of little silver beads across a sad embroidery ; at the other side of the river a bell in the white-washed convent intoned in a clear treble, and christened the day to its faith and purpose. The quiet hopelessness of the sickroom ceased to be the central thing in life ; others were travelling on the same road and would reach the same gate.

Anastasia had gone out to the kitchen, where activities of an intermittent sort had sprung up. A girl was rattling tin cans, and humming a song that I had heard before :

" Oh, I bought my love a dandy cap,
Oh yes, indeed, a dandy cap ;
I bought my love a dandy cap,
With eight and thirty borders.

" Oh, beela shula geelahoo,
Oh, gra machree, for ever you,
Oh, beela shula geelahoo,
Indeed you are my darling.

" Oh, I wish I was in Galway town,
Oh yes, indeed, in Galway town ;
I wish I was in Galway town,
It's there I'd meet my darling."

It was a minor air, that swayed in low and persistent dejection. There was a pause, while the tin cans clanked again in time to a jovial footstep, and I saw the songster at the edge of the river. She slapped

cans on to the water, and the stream plunged into them and pulled them under, and she pulled them forth from it easily, though she was slight with small fine hands. She sat down at the brink and began to scour a wooden bowl with river sand and a wisp of straw, lilting *Lanigan's Ball*, and scouring in time to its elastic rhythm. A young man in a creamy flannel bauneen and a soft black hat came riding down the opposite bank on a bare-backed, yellow Connemara pony, and splashed out into mid-stream (and, incidentally, into the spawning-bed that there resided). The yellow pony stretched forth her neck and laid her black lip on the sliding current. *Lanigan's Ball* did not cease.

" Mary Ellen," said the young man, leaning back with his hand on the mare's quarter while she drew the water up her long throat, " I'm going to be married this Shraft, and I'll give you the preference."

Mary Ellen glanced up at him with ethereal grey eyes, from under wisps of auburn hair.

" Thank ye, Johnny, I'd sooner stay as I am," she replied, as if she were declining the loan of an umbrella, and instantly and blithely resumed the interrupted phrase of *Lanigan's Ball*, with its whirling sand and straw obligato.

The yellow pony splashed and stumbled through the spawning-bed, and returned to the further shore.

" Maybe it's looking for me on Shrove Tuesday you'll be," said her rider, over his shoulder, as he ascended the opposite bank.

Mary Ellen lilted and scoured, and in due season returned to the house.

After her return, conversation arose in the kitchen, and immediately throve ; there was long-drawn laughter, with Anastasia as humorist ; it was comfortable to hear it.

In the grass between the window and the river the

young spikes of the daffodils were grouped like companies of spearmen, resolute in the cold opposition of January. A thorn-tree leaned stiffly over the hastening water, and the robin that had been drinking near its roots shot up, as if tossed from the ground, accomplished a lofty curve, and sank again, in exquisite transitory yielding to the earth-force that would some day defeat it for ever. The low wind gathered purpose, and a mist began to thicken the sky. It went and came, as though it must return to press the house to its bosom, and tell those within of its love and its despondency.

E. Œ. Somerville and Martin Ross

THE BAITING

The bull-ring was well beyond the town, in a green meadow where a brook ran. And though if you'd gone a-walking in that green meadow any other day in the year, to gather lilies or forget-me-nots, or to walk beside the water, folk would have thought it a soft thing to do, it was all right and proper to-day, because they were going to kill a creature there.

The people in the road noticed me, in my plain black, with my face hid in my bonnet. From a good way off I could see the ring, and the bright colours of the gowns and coats all jumbled together, and a deal of sad-colour from the coats of the working men who could seldom afford a best coat save the funeral coat of the family. I could see the bull, a little white one, tied to a staple in the wall of the bull-ring, which was a semi-circle built of rough grey stones. The bright yellow sunshine held them all, as if they were bees in the mid of the honeycombs, and the blue air, the brown water, the green meadow were all so fair, I could not believe blood must be shed on such a day.

I wonder to myself, times, if it was fair, clear weather on Golgotha when Mary looked up at the Cross, and whether there was some small bird singing, and the bees busy in the clover. Ah ! I think it was glass-clear weather, and bright. For no bitter lacked in that cup, and surely one of the bitterest things is to see the cruelty of man on some fair morning with blessing in it.

As I came nearer I saw that, as the custom was, not only all the women of Lullingford were there, but all the children as well. I thought it shame to bring these poor things, that would soon enough know the evil of the world, to see the dogs torn to ribbons and the hapless beasts killed. I said so after to Gideon, but he thought nothing of it.

" Why, you'd make 'em as soft as 'ool," he said. " They mun be brave and well-plucked."

I said I couldna see that it was soft not to like to see a cruel deed, and that it seemed to me to be braver not to like seeing another's pain.

" Well, well, we canna make the world, for it's made already," says Gideon.

There it all was, then, the crowd, the shouting and betting, the yapping and snarling of the dogs, people elbowing and pushing, men crying hot-taters and chestnuts, apples, spiced ale, and gingerbread, children in their white pinnies watching the bull, very skeered, for it was grumbling to itself. Poor thing, it was thinking of its own big blackberry pasture at the back of Callard's Dingle, I make no doubt. It hated neither men nor dogs, and had no grudge against any if only it could be back there, roving the meadows in the dew. There they all were, and there was Kester. I lost sight of him in the crowd, and hastened my steps, with a wonder in my heart the while what he could be doing in such a place. For I thought him to be a different kind of man from all these. Yet such

faith I had in him that I was sure, if he was here, that he was here for good. And something drove me on, so that I must seek him in the crowd, and keep nigh him, as if I was his angel for that day. A poor angel, but God minds not much, I think, what like His angels be, so that they do His work proper. The shepherd's collie that runs home to warn the missus that her man has fallen down the rock is his angel sure enough, though he may be a mongrel of the very worst, with ears as flat as a spaniel.

Blindly and without reason, like the shepherd's dog, I kept close to Kester Woodseaves, yet not so close that he might see me. So it was that I heard all he said to the men who stood round about the ring with their dogs, a bit apart from the crowd. And though they were men of my own countryside, and some of them known to me, yet I must say that there were among them a tuthree very evil faces. The dogs were fierce and ugly, many of 'em with great jowls, snarling and slavering and showing the red of their eyes. Yet if I had been bound to choose between men and dogs, I'd have chosen the dogs. Mostly they were terriers, but there were a good few bulldogs, and of these Grimble's new one was far the worst, with a grin that sent me cold. There were one or two with a lot of mastiff in them, and there were a mort of mongrels.

The men all turned towards Kester when he came up, and Farmer Huglet, the chief of them, called out: "Where's your dawg?"

Mister Huglet was a great raw-looking man who seemed as if he'd come together accidental and was made up of two or three other people's bodies. He was a giant, very nearly, and clumsy, with tremendous long arms, and so big round the middle that tailors who brought their own stuff always charged extra for his clothes. He'd got a mouth like a frog, and a round red snub nose, and such little eyes that they

were lost in the mountains of flesh that made up his face. Whenever he couldna understand anything, he laughed, and his laugh was enough to frighten you. It came pretty often too. Grimble was hand-in-glove with him, and while Huglet stuck his red snub nose in the air, Grimble kept his long pale one down, so between them they didna miss much. They'd each got two dogs.

"Why, it's weaver," says Grimble, "Dunna you know weaver, Huglet?"

"Why, no, we hanna crossed paths afore. My brother-in-law weaves for me, you mind. Well, weaver, where's your dawg?"

"I've got none."

"No dawg? Stand aside, then."

But he stood where he was. It so happed that he was about at the mid of the half-moon of grey stone that made the bull-ring, and the men with the dogs fell away a bit on either hand, so he was alone. Standing there so slim and straight in his green coat, with the airs blowing his hair a bit, so that a lock of it fell o'er his brow, his hat being under arm, he seemed to have nought to do with any there, but to be a part of the fair meadow, that matched his coat. He wore no beard nor whiskers, so you could see the shape and colour and the lines of all his face, which seemed to me to be a face you could never tire of looking on. Times I wonder if heaven will be thus, a long gazing on a face you canna tire of, but must ever have one more glimpse. He had a kind of arrowy look, so that though Huglet towered over him, he seemed to tower over Huglet. He looked round about and said:

"Chaps, I've come to ask ye to stop this."

There was a long, bepuzzled silence. Then Huglet laughed and slapped his thigh, and roared again. Grimble looked at his boots and gave a snigger.

" Well, that's a good un ! " shouted Huglet. " Stop the bull-baiting, oot, young fellow ? "

" Ah. I'd lief stop it."

" And what for would you stop it, dear 'eart ? " asked Grimble in a soft sing-song voice.

" Stop it ? " roars Huglet, " he canna stop it."

" I'd lief it was stopped over all England."

" You'd lief a deal, young man. Why, I tell ye there's bin bull-baiting in England ever since it *was* England ! Take away the good old sport and it wouldna be England ! "

All this he said in the same loud roaring voice.

" I asked ye, what for would ye stop it ? " repeated Grimble, soft and obstinate.

" Because it's a cruel, miserable business."

" It inna cruel. The dawgs like it. They enjoy it. And the bull likes it right well."

Mister Grimble looked down at the trampled grass for all the world as if he was reading the words there.

" What's it matter if they enjoy it or not ? I enjoy it ! " says Huglet. " That's enough, inna it ? "

The other men drew round. For though it was the ordinary thing to hear Mister Huglet shouting fit to burst, it was out of the common to hear him shouting so long at one person. When Huglet shouted like he was doing now, folk said that the person he was shouting at always gave in and went away quiet.

" What be trouble ? " asked Mister Callard, the owner of the bull.

Mister Huglet turned round and spluttered out :

" This here borsted fellow wants to stop the baiting. The baiting, mind, as we all come a many weary mile to see."

" Rising up a great while afore day," puts in Mister Grimble. " Dear now ! And missus and me at such trouble to bring the beast along bright and early. Whatever ails the mon ? "

He looked at Kester as the apothecary will look at a man a long while sick.

" Ah," says the landlord of the *Mug o' Cider*, " I've heard tell of folks as wanted to stop the long kneeling. I've even heard of a tuthree as wanted to stop wars and rumours of wars, but bull-baiting ? Never in life ! Whoever, save a few fratchety parsons, did ever want to stop a baiting ? "

" He must be going a bit simple, poor fellow," says Grimble. " Feel well, weaver ? "

The miller came up and had a look, shook his head, and went away, which was a great deal for the miller to do.

" But what for do ye want to stop it, like ? " says Mister Callard, very puzzled.

" I've told 'em why. Never mind all that. Look ye, Mister Callard, ool ye sell the bull to me ? "

" Sell un ? "

" Ah, I wunna argle and bargle over the price."

" But it wouldna be worth my while. I'll get more, a power, by letting un fight. Win, and I'll be a rich mon. Lose, and I get best butcher's price from the ring owners, seesta ? "

" What ud you make if he won ? "

" Twenty pound."

" I'll give you twenty pound, and you can take the beast away."

" God bless me ! " says Mister Callard, " Oh, God bless me, I'm sure."

He stared at Kester as if he was spirit-struck.

" Bargain ? " says Kester.

Missis Callard, who never spoke but after Callard spoke, and then said the same thing, and never did ought but what she was told to do, came up all in a flusker, leading the bull.

" Take the gentleman's offer, Father ! Take it, my dear ! " she said, all out of breath. " Take

the twenty pound and us'll lead the darling whome."

Callard was so astounded at her daring to speak that he could only keep on saying :

" God bless me ! "

" God bless ye, is it ? " says Huglet, beginning to roar again. " I'll give ye God bless ye if you do any such thing, Callard. Dang me ! Spoil all our sport for twenty pound ! I'll larn ye ! And you too, young man ! "

" Oh, but he mun be worse than sawft or simple, he mun be stark raving mad to offer twenty pound for the little beast and then give back what he's bought," says Grimble. " Oh, I could cry ! Yet the poor chap was all right Monday was a fortnit weaving for us as nice as nice. But he's gone wrong in the yead since, surely to goodness ! Oh, dear me ! "

He wiped his face and seemed quite taken-to.

Kester pulled out his wallet and offered Callard the money. It was pretty well all his uncle left him, I doubt.

By this, Missis Callard had called all the children to her, for they had five children as well as the baby, and she whispered 'em ; and all of a sudden they cried out together, " Take it, Feyther ! Take it, honoured Feyther ! We beseech thee to hear us ! "

At the surprise of that, Mister Callard seemed to be quite moithered, and he reached out his hand to Kester for the money. But Mister Huglet struck it down.

" I wunna be robbed of my sport ! " he said. " Dunna you dare take it, Callard. We want our sport ! "

" Chaps," says Kester, very pleading, " it be pity on so fine a day to set one poor creature to tear another. Devil's work it be. If it's fighting you want, why canna you wrostle, or box man to man ?

Look ye ! To make a bit of sport, I'll take any six of ye on, one after other to wrostle. The one that beats me by most shall take my coat, and the next shall take my hat and weskit. Now then ! "

Nobody said anything, only they shuffled a bit, and looked here and there. Everybody seemed to know that Kester was a very good wrostler, and nobody seemed to take to the job. Mister Grimble looked at Kester as if he hated him. And it was plain, by what came next, that he did, in very truth. For now, having made up his mind not to play second any more to Mister Huglet, he up and said :

" The young man speaks well. Now, I'll fall in with all he says and agree to the stopping of the baiting this day, on one condition."

" Out with it," says Kester.

" That you take on the dawgs yerself."

Mister Grimble gave a spiteful cackling laugh, and Mister Huglet roared agen :

" Got ye there, me lad ! " he shouted. And Grimble said :

" You may love the dumb creatures ooth yer purse, but ye wunna go so far as to love em ooth yer own blood ! "

" Go on with the baiting ! " orders Mister Huglet.

" Tie the beast up agen," says Mister Callard to his missus, who was standing by, eager to hand it over to Kester, so as he could give it back as he said.

" Whose dawg drew first ? "

Mister Huglet took no more notice of Kester, but went on with the arrangements.

" Mister Towler's dawg drew first, and *Mug o' Cider* second," said one of the owners of the bull-ring.

" Come forrard, Towler."

Kester stood very still, eyeing Mister Grimble till he got quite put about. For he didna seem to want to meet Kester's eye.

" That ud be the best bit of sport ever you had, eh, Mister Grimble? " says Kester at last. " To see a man baited like a bull."

" Why, nobody ud be such a fool."

Kester looked round.

" Chaps ! " he says, " if so be as I agree to Mister Grimble's plan and take on the dogs one by one, not to kill 'em, but to put 'em on chain with nought but my bare hands, and they as savage as you like, if I do this at my own risk, will ye give it me in writing as there wunna be another baiting in Lullingford for ten years? And if I fail to put any dog on chain, I've lost and the baiting goes on."

Everybody's tongue was loosed at that.

" God bless me ! "

" Dear to goodness ! "

" Domm it ! "

" Well, that beats all, dang it ! "

" Daze my 'ouns ! "

There was a regular clack of voices.

One or two called out that they wouldna agree to it. But mostly they were very curious to see what would come of it, and as it was known that the parson didna like the baitings and had been werriting the squire to put a stop to them, everybody thought they might be stopped anyway, and so they might as well have the fun, for this was a chance of rare sport, and the like of it had never been seen in the place.

When Mister Huglet could speak for laughing, he explained to all the people what was doing.

" Hands up for it ! " he called out.

All but about a dozen held up their hands.

" Done ! " says Mister Huglet. " And done for, my fine feller ! "

I caught hold of miller's Tim and told him to go to Kester and whisper as Grimble's dog was a new one, and extra bad in temper. But indeed I felt that

neither this nor anything was any manner of use, and I couldna think of aught to do. But one thing I was determined on, I'd keep nigh him, and when he was down I'd rush in and drag him away, and if Grimble interfered it ud be the worse for un. There's none so fierce as a loving woman, and it always seemed a strange thing to me that the Mother of Jesus could keep her hands off the centurion, and it could only have been because her Son had given orders afore. But indeed if it had been me, I think I should have forgot the orders.

Tim came running back, and I saw those strong blue eyes follow and settle on me for a breath. Then I hid behind Missis Callard.

" He knowed it," says Tim. " But obleeged all the same."

I went to the refreshment booth and stole the carving-knife. But almost afore it was hidden under my flounced skirt I saw that there was to be no need of it, anyway for a while. There was to be summat more like a miracle than anything I've seen afore. This was the way of it.

" Go to the mid of the wall," says Huglet, " and fasten the dawgs to the bull chain. And if you fasten either of mine, I'll give ye five shilling, me lad ! Oh, I could bust a-laughing to see anybody be such a fool ! "

" Mister Towler's dawg ! " says the head of the ring. " Ready ! "

They loosed Towler's terrier, the savagest little beast in the place.

" At 'im ! Bite 'im ! " shouts Towler, and I was like to faint.

And then it came to pass.

Kester stepped forward.

" Well, Bingo ! " he says. " Good dog ! "

Bingo stopped, looked at Towler as much as to say

he'd made a mistake, and ran to Kester as pleased as Punch, wagging tail and fawning round.

" We be friends, binna we ? " says Kester.

Towler gave a curse, and Huglet looked as black as night. But nobody could say it wunna fair and square, and some of the better sort laughed and said, " Good for you, lad ! "

It was the same with the *Mug o' Cider* dog, and the next. As the owners came up to fetch them when they were on the chain, they looked very old-fashioned and taken aback.

Kester laughed.

" I like a dog," he says. " Dumb things be my fancy. You couldna know it, but so it is, and I can only see one dog here as inna friend to me, being newcome to these parts."

" Ah," says Grimble, " you wunna play yer May-games with Toby. Indeed to goodness, if you get off with your life you'll do well."

All in a minute I thought of a better thing than the carving-knife, though I kept that in case of need. I'd run to the town for the apothecary, there being no doctor in the place, to have him there in case of harm. There were a sight more dogs yet, for they wouldna let him off any. There met be time if I was quick. So, with the carving-knife still under my dress, I edged out of the crowd, got into the road and ran for dear life. But afore I went I took one look at him I did love, since if I wasna quick enough I might never see him alive again.

He was laughing, and Huglet was leading one of his dogs away. Though Kester didna weave for Huglet, he'd made friends with his dogs on market days, outside the *Mug o' Cider*, seemingly. He'd such a way with animals that a tuthree minutes was enough, and they were friends to him for ever.

And as I looked back, it seemed to me, though I

told myself it must be fancy, that those eyes so live and bright, dwelt on me, and smiled at me, friended me and pled with me, being as are the eyes of a man when he looks long upon his dear acquaintance, who has given her peace for his, her soul to his keeping, and her body for his joy.

But as I ran I said to myself:

"Nay, Prue Sarn, you be nought but his angel, and a poor daggly sort of angel, too."

And all the blue bird's-eye in the hedge banks went into a mist of tears as I ran, and looked no more like flowers, but like a blue tide of sorrow to drown me.

I may say I went over the distance to the town quicker it's been done this long while. I hid the carving-knife in the hedge, for fear of tripping over it. The apothecary's was open, as I thought, for he was a churchwarden, and couldna go agen the parson. I never saw the big green and red bottles look so beautiful, as if they were full of water from Paradise river. Inside there was a pleasant dusk, for the little window was so close-set with liniments and medicines, drenches for horses, simples for cows, plaisters, cordials and bunches of yarbs that you couldna see at all. It smelt very pleasantly of peppermint, yarbs, and soap, and the apothecary looked at me kindly over his spectacles and asked what the matter was.

"Why, sir, it's murder, pretty nigh," I says. "I do beseech you to shut up the shop and come, or such a man as this town never saw afore, nor will again, will be done to death."

He pulled on his boots, good man, at that.

"What remedies must I bring?" he says. "You can tell me the rest as we run."

So I told him summat for dog-bites and summat to bring a man round when he was near death. In a minute he clapped his hat on, and off we went.

" Take a sup of brandy," he says. " You're nigh done."

But I told him, no, only if I fell behind he must hasten on to the bull-ring.

I fell back just afore we got to the carving-knife, and caught up again at the field gate. As we came in I could see an awful struggle going on, for we were only just in time. He'd finished but for Grimble's dog.

As we came up there was a roar. He'd got the dog chained. Then there was another roar, and I saw (oh, my dear love !) that the dog had got him by the throat.

I caught Grimble's shoulder.

" Take yer dog off ! " I said.

Grimble never stirred.

A second of that grip and he as I loved so dear ud be dead and cold.

I rushed forrard, I that had never wilfully hurt any living creature, and as the great beast stood reared with his teeth in my maister's throat, I ran him through the heart.

The blood spurted, and the heavy body fell down all of a heap, and Kester with it.

I pulled him away and dragged the dog's jaws apart. There seemed to be no life in Kester.

" Water ! " I says to Huglet, who chanced to be nighest.

" Fetch water, you murderer ! Brandy, Mister Camlet, please."

He stooped over Kester.

" I mun burn the bite," he said. " Best do it afore we bring him round. But how to heat the iron ? "

I stood up. I cared for nobody. They couldna have been more feared if I'd been a savage queen.

" Six men pick up sticks ! " I says. " And quick about it ! And you, Grimble, find flint and tinder."

" I hanna got one," he muttered.

" Find one ! " I screamed like a wild thing, holding up the knife. " Find one, or——"

The fire was blazing quicker than it takes to tell it. We poured a little brandy down Kester's throat, to keep the spark of life in, then Mister Camlet burnt the bite, and Kester awoke with a shout of agony, for being in a dead swound he hadna been ready for the pain.

" There, there, my dear ! " I says. For the shriek went through my heart. " There, there. It be done now ! None shall touch you now."

Mister Camlet bound him up, and I washed his face with cold water and gave him more brandy.

" Not a deep wound," says Mister Camlet. " We were only just in time, though."

" We couldna help but be in time," I says, " I be his angel for to-day."

And with that the green field swam up afore me and I swounded clean away.

MARY WEBB

THE TEA SHOP

A BUS took him to the West End, where, among the crazy-coloured fountains of illumination, shattering the blue dusk with green and crimson fire, he found the café of his choice, a tea shop that had gone mad and turned Babylonian, a white palace with ten thousand lights. It towered above the older buildings like a citadel, which indeed it was, the outpost of a new age, perhaps a new civilisation, perhaps a new barbarism, and behind the thin marble front were concrete and steel, just as behind the careless profusion of luxury were millions of pence balanced to the last halfpenny. Somewhere in the background, hidden away, behind the ten thousand lights and

acres of white napery and bewildering, glittering rows of teapots, behind the thousand waitresses and cash-box girls and black-coated floor managers and temperamental long-haired violinists, behind the mounds of shimmering bonbons and multi-coloured Viennese pastries, the cauldrons of stewed steak, the vanloads of harlequin ices, were a few men who went to work juggling with fractions of a farthing, who knew how many units of electricity it took to finish a steak-and-kidney pudding and how many minutes and seconds a waitress (five-foot-four in height and in average health) would need to carry a tray of given weight from the kitchen lift to the table in the far corner. In short, there was a warm sensuous vulgar life flowering in the upper storeys and cold science working in the basement. Such was the gigantic tea shop into which Turgis marched, in search not of mere refreshment but of all the enchantment of unfamiliar luxury. Perhaps he knew in his heart that men have conquered half the known world, looted whole kingdoms, and never arrived at such luxury.

The place was built for him.

It was built for a great many other people too, and as usual they were all there. It steamed with humanity. The marble entrance-hall, piled dizzily with bonbons and cakes, was as crowded and bustling as a railway station. The gloom and grime of the streets, the raw air, all November, were at once left behind, forgotten : the atmosphere inside was golden, tropical, belonging to some high midsummer of confectionery. Disdaining the lifts, Turgis, once more excited by the sight, sound, and smell of it all, climbed the wide staircase until he reached his favourite floor, where an orchestra, led by a young Jewish violinist with wandering, lustrous eyes and a passion for tremolo effects, acted as a magnet to a thousand girls. The door was swung open to him by a page ; there

burst, like a sugary bomb, the clatter of cups, the shrill chatter of white-and-vermilion girls, and, cleaving the golden-scented air, the sensuous clamour of the strings; and, as he stood hesitating a moment, half dazed, there came bowing, a sleek, grave man, older than he was, and far more distinguished than he could ever hope to be, who murmured deferentially: "For one, sir? This way, please." Shyly yet proudly Turgis followed him.

That was the snag really, though. This place was so crowded that you had to take the seat they offered you; there was no picking and choosing your company at the table. And as usual, Turgis was not lucky. The vacant seat which he was shown, and which he dare not refuse, was at a table already occupied by three people, and not one of them remotely resembled a nice-looking girl. There were two stout middle-aged women, voluble, perspiring, and happy over cream buns, and a middle-aged man who, no doubt, had been of no great size even before this expedition started, but was now very small and huddled, and gave the impression that if the party stayed there much longer he would shrink to nothing but spectacles, a nose, a collar, and a pair of boots. For the first few minutes Turgis was so disappointed that he was quite angry with these people, hated them. And of course it was impossible to get hold of a waitress. After five minutes, or so, of glaring and waiting, he began to wish he had gone somewhere else. There was a pretty girl at the next table, but she was obviously with her young man, and so fond of him that every now and then she clutched his arm and held it tight, just as if the young man might be thinking of running away. At another table, not far away, were three girls together, two of whom looked very interesting, with saucy eyes and wide smiling mouths, but they were too busy whispering and giggling

to take any notice of him. So Turgis suddenly stopped being a bright youth shooting amorous glances, and became a stern youth who wanted some tea, who had gone there for no other purpose than to obtain some tea, who was surprised and indignant because no tea was forthcoming.

"And mindjew," cried one of the middle-aged women to the other, "I don't bear malice, 'cos it isn't in my nature, as you'll be the first to agree, my dear. But when she let fly with that, I thought to meself, 'All right, my lady, now this time you've gone a bit *too* far. It's my turn.' But mindjew, even then I didn't say what I *could* have said. Not one word about Gravesend crossed my lips to her, though it was there on the tip of my tongue."

Turgis looked at her with disgust. Silly old geezer! At last the waitress came. She was a girl with a nose so long and so thickly powdered that a great deal of it looked as if it did not belong to her, and she was tired, exasperated, and ready at any moment to be snappy. She took the order—and it was for plaice and chips, tea, bread and butter, and cakes: the great tea of the whole fortnight—without any enthusiasm, but she returned in time to prevent Turgis from losing any more temper.

For the next twenty minutes, happily engaged in grappling with this feast, he forgot all about girls, and when the food was done and he was lingering over his third cup of tea and a cigarette, though no possible girls came within sight, he felt dreamily content. His mind swayed vaguely to the tune the orchestra was playing. Adventure would come; and for the moment he was at ease, lingering on its threshold.

From this tropical plateau of tea and cakes he descended into the street, where the harsh night air suddenly smote him.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

THE FARM

" I'LL tell you the story," said Billy the Music, " and here it is :

" A year ago I had a farm in the valley. The sun shone into it, and the wind didn't blow into it, for it was well sheltered, and the crops that I used to take off that land would astonish you.

" I had twenty head of cattle eating the grass, and they used to get fat quick, and they used to give good milk into the bargain. I had cocks and hens for eggs and the market, and there was a good many folk would have been glad to get my farm.

" There were ten men always working on the place, but at harvest-time there would be a lot more, and I used to make them work, too. Myself and my son and my wife's brother (a lout, that fellow !) used to run after the men, but it was hard to keep up with them, for they were great schemers. They tried to do as little work as ever they were able, and they tried to get as much money out of me as they could manage. But I was up to them lads, and it's mighty little they got out of me without giving twice as much for it.

" Bit by bit I weeded out the men, until at last I only had the ones I wanted, the tried and trusty men. They were a poor lot, and they didn't dare to look back at me when I looked at them ; but they were able to work, and that is all I wanted them to do, and I saw that they did it.

" As I'm sitting beside you on this bank to-day I'm wondering why I took all the trouble I did take, and what, in the name of this and that, I expected to get out of it all. I usen't go to bed until twelve o'clock at night, and I would be up in the dawn before the birds. Five o'clock in the morning never

saw me stretching in the warm bed, and every day I would root the men out of their sleep ; often enough I had to throw them out of bed, for there wasn't a man of them but would have slept rings round the clock if he got the chance.

" Of course, I knew that they didn't want to work for me, and that, bating the hunger, they'd have seen me far enough before they'd lift a hand for my good ; but I had them by the hasp, for as long as men have to eat, any man with the food can make them do whatever he wants them to do : wouldn't they stand on their heads for twelve hours a day if you gave them wages ? Aye would they, and eighteen hours if you held them to it.

" I had the idea, too, that they were trying to rob me, and maybe they were. It doesn't seem to matter now whether they robbed me or not, for I give you my word that the man who wants to rob me to-day is welcome to all he can get, and more if I had it."

" Faith, you're the kind man ! " said Patsy.

" Let that be," said Billy the Music.

" The secret of the thing was that I loved money, hard money, gold and silver pieces, and pieces of copper. I liked it better than the people who were round me. I liked it better than the cattle and the crops. I liked it better than myself, and isn't that a queer thing ? I put up with the silliest ways for it, and I lived upside down and inside out for it. I tell you I would have done anything just to get money, and when I paid the men for their labour I grudged them every penny that they took from me.

" It did seem to me that in taking my metal they were surely and openly robbing me, and laughing at me as they did it. I saw no reason why they shouldn't have worked for me for nothing ; and if they had, I would have grudged them the food they ate and the

time they lost in sleeping, and that's another queer thing, mind you ! "

" If one of them men," said Patsy solemnly, " had the spunk of a wandering goat or a mangy dog, he'd have taken a graip to yourself, mister, and he'd have picket your soul out of your body and slung it on a dung-heap."

" Don't be thinking," replied the other, " that men are courageous and fiery animals, for they're not, and every person that pays wages to men knows well that they're as timid as sheep, and twice as timid. Let me tell you, too, that all the trouble was not on their side ; I had a share of it, and a big share."

Mac Cann interrupted solemnly :

" That's what the fox told the goose when the goose said that the teeth hurted him. ' Look at the trouble I had to catch you,' said the fox."

" We won't mind that," said Billy the Music.

" I was hard put to it to make the money. I was able to knock a good profit out of the land and the beasts and the men that worked for me ; and then, when I came to turn the profit into solid pieces, I found that there was a world outside of my world, and it was truly bent on robbing me ; and, what's more, it had thought hard for generations about the best way of doing it. It had made its scheme so carefully that I was as helpless among them people as the labourers were with me. Oh ! they got me, and they squeezed me, and they marched off smiling with the heaviest part of my gain ; and they told me to be a bit more polite or they'd break me into bits, and I was polite, too. Ah ! there's a big world outside the little world, and maybe there's a bigger world outside that, and grindstones in it for all the people that are squeezers in their own place.

" The price I thought fair for the crop was never the price I got from the jobbers. If I sold a cow or a

horse, I never got as much as half of what I reckoned on. There were rings and cliques in the markets everywhere, and they knew how to manage me. It was they who got more than half the money I made, and they had me gripped so that I couldn't get away. It was for these people I used to be out of bed at twelve o'clock at night and up again before the fowls were done snoring, and it was for them I tore the bowels out of my land, and hazed and bedevilled every man and woman and dog that came in sight of me; and when I thought of these market-men with their red jowls and their 'take it or leave it,' I used to get so full of rage that I could hardly breathe.

"I had to take it because I couldn't afford to leave it, and then I'd go home again trying to cut it finer, trying to skin an extra chance profit off the land and workers; and I do wonder now that the men didn't try to kill me or didn't commit suicide. Aye, I wonder that I didn't commit suicide myself by dint of the rage and greed and weariness that was my share of life day and night.

"I got the money anyhow, and, sure enough, the people must have thought I was the devil's self; but it was little I cared what they thought, for the pieces were beginning to mount up in the box, and one fine day the box got so full that not another penny-piece could have been squeezed sideways into it—so I had to make a new box, and it wasn't so long until I made a third box and a fourth one, and I could see the time coming when I would be able to stand in with the market-men and get a good grip on whatever might be going."

"How much did you rob in all?" said Patsy.

"I had all of two thousand pounds."

"That's a lot of money, I'm thinking."

"It is so, and it took a lot of getting, and there was

twenty damns went into the box with every one of the yellow pieces."

" A damn isn't worth a shilling," said Patsy. " You can have them from me at two for a ha'penny, and there's lots of people would give them to yourself for nothing, you rotten old robber of the world ! And if I had the lump of twist back that I gave you a couple of minutes ago, I'd put it in my pocket, so I would, and I'd sit on it."

" Don't forget that you're talking about old things," said Billy the Music.

" If I was one of your men," shouted Patsy, " you wouldn't have treated me that way."

Billy the Music smiled happily at him.

" Wouldn't I ? " said he, with his head on one side.

" You would not," said Patsy, " for I'd have broken your skull with a spade."

" If you had been one of my men," the other replied mildly, " you'd have been as tame as a little kitten ; you'd have crawled round me with your hat in your hand and your eyes turned up like dying duck's, and you'd have said, ' Yes, sir,' and ' No, sir,' like the other men that I welted the stuffing out of with my two fists and broke the spirits of with labour and hunger. Don't be talking now, for you're an ignorant man in these things, although you did manage to steal a clocking hen off me the day I was busy."

" And a pair of good boots," said Patsy triumphantly.

" Do you want to hear the rest of the story ? "

" I do so," said Patsy, " and I take back what I said about the tobacco ; here's another bit of it for your pipe."

" Thank you kindly," replied Billy.

He shook the ashes from his pipe, filled it, and continued his tale.

" On the head of all these things a wonderful thing happened to me."

" That's the way to start," said Patsy approvingly. " You're a good story-teller, mister."

" It isn't so much that," replied Billy, " but it's a good story and a wonderful story."

" The potatoes are nearly done, Mary, agrah ? "

" They'll be done in a short while."

" Hold your story for a few minutes until we eat the potatoes and a few collops of the rabbits, for I tell you that I'm drooping with the hunger."

" I didn't eat anything myself," replied Billy, " since the middle of yesterday, and the food there has no smell to it that's making me mad."

" It's not quite done yet," said Mary.

" It's done enough," replied her father. " Aren't you particular this day ! Pull them over here and share them round, and don't be having the men dying on your hands."

Mary did so, and for five minutes there was no sound except that of moving jaws, and by that time there was no more food in sight.

" Ah ! " said Patsy, with a great sigh.

" Aye, indeed ! " said Billy the Music with another sigh.

" Put on more of the potatoes now," Patsy commanded his daughter, " and be cooking them against the time this story will be finished."

" I wish I had twice as much as I had," said Art.

" You got twice as much as me," cried Patsy angrily, " for I saw the girl giving it to you."

" I'm not complaining," replied Art, " I'm only stating a fact."

" That's all right," said Patsy.

The pipes were lit, and all eyes turned to Billy the Music. Patsy leaned back on his elbow, and blew his cloud.

" Now we'll have the rest of the story," said he.

" This," continued Billy the Music, " is the wonderful thing that happened to me.

" Bit by bit I got fonder of the money. The more I got of it, the more I wanted. I used to go away by myself to look at it and handle it and count it. I didn't store it all in the house ; I only kept enough there to make the people think it was all there, and as every one was watching that and watching each other (for they all wanted to steal it), it was safe enough.

" They didn't know it was mostly copper was in that box, but copper it was, and some silver that I couldn't fit into the other boxes.

" There was a place at the end of the big barn, just underneath the dog's kennel—maybe you remember my dog, Patsy ? "

" A big black-and-white snarly devil of a bull-terrier ? " said Patsy thoughtfully.

" That's him."

" I remember him well," said Patsy. " I fed him once."

" You poisoned him," said Billy the Music quickly.

" That's a hard word to say," replied Patsy, scraping at his chin.

Billy the Music looked very fixedly at him, and he also scraped meditatively at his bristles.

" It doesn't matter now," said he. " That was the dog. I made a place under his kennel. It was well made. If you had pulled the kennel aside you'd have seen nothing but the floor. Down there I kept the three boxes of gold, and while I'd be looking at them the dog would be lurching around wondering why he wasn't allowed to eat people—I was a bit timid with that dog myself—and it was one day while I was handling the money that the thing happened.

" There came a thump on the barn door. The dog

made a noise away down in the heel of his throat and loped across ; he stuck his nose against the crack at the bottom and began to sniff and scratch.

" ' Strangers there,' said I. I put the money away quietly, lifted the kennel back to its place, and went over to open the door.

" There were two men standing outside, and the dog sprang for one of them as if he had been shot out of a gun.

" But the man was quick. He took the beast on the jump, caught him by the chaps, and slung him with a heave of his arm. I don't know where he slung him to ; I never saw the dog alive after that, and I did think it was that jerk killed him."

" Begor ! " said Patsy.

" It must have been within half an hour or so that you gave him the poisoned meat, Patsy."

" It was a lengthy mutton bone," murmured Mac Cann.

" Whatever it was ! " said Billy the Music.

" The men walked in ; they shut the barn door behind them and locked it, for the key was inside whenever I was.

" Well ! I always had the use of my hands and my feet and my teeth, but I had no chance there, so in a few minutes I sat down on the kennel to get my breath back and to mop up the blood that was teeming out of my nose. The two men, I will say, were very quiet with it all—they waited for me.

" One of them was a middle-sized block of a man, and he looked as if his head had been rolled in tar——"

" ' What do you want ? ' said I to themselves, and all the time I was peeping here and there to see if there wasn't a bit of a stick or a crowbar maybe lying handy.

" It was the boyo in the skirt that answered me :

" ' I wanted to have a look at yourself,' said he.

" ' Take your eye-full and go away, for God's sake,' said I.

" ' You dirty thief ! ' said he to me.

" ' What's that for ? " said I.

" ' What do you mean by getting me thrown out of heaven ? ' said he.

" . . . ! Well, mister honey, that was a question to worry any man, and it worried me. I couldn't think what to say to him. ' Begor ! ' said I, and I sneezed out some more of my blood.

" But the lad was stamping mad.

" ' If I could blot you from the light of life without doing any hurt to myself, I'd smash you this mortal minute,' said he.

" For the love of heaven,' said I, ' tell me what I did to yourself, for I never did see you before this day, and I wish I didn't see you now.'

" The bullet-headed man was standing by all the time, and he chewing tobacco.

" ' Have it out with him, Cuchulain,' said he. ' Kill him,' said he, ' and send him out among the spooks.'

" But the other man calmed down a bit, and he came over to me wagging the girl's skirts.

" ' Listen ! ' said he ; ' I'm the Seraph Cuchulain.'

" ' Very good,' said I.

" ' I'm your Guardian Angel,' said he.

" ' Very good,' said I.

" ' I'm your Higher Self,' said he, ' and every rotten business you do down here does be vibrating against me up there. You never did anything in your life that wasn't rotten.

" ' You're a miser and a thief, and you got me thrown out of heaven because of the way you loved money. You seduced me when I wasn't looking. You made a thief of me in a place where it's no fun to

be a robber, and here I am wandering the dirty world on the head of your unrighteous ways. Repent, you beast,' said he, and he landed me a clout on the side of the head that rolled me from one end of the barn to the other.

" ' Give him another one,' said the bullet-headed man, and he chewing strongly on his plug.

" ' What have you got to do with it ? ' said I to him. ' You're not my Guardian Angel, God help me ! '

" ' How dare you ! ' said the bullet-headed man. ' How dare you set this honest party stealing the last threepenny-bit of a poor man ? ' and with that he made a clout at me.

" ' What threepenny-bit are you talking about ? ' said I.

" ' My own threepenny-bit,' said he. ' The only one I had. The one I dropped outside the gates of hell.'

" Well, that beat me ! ' I don't care what you say any longer,' said I, ' you can talk till you're blue and I won't care what you say,' and down I sat on the kennel and shed my blood.

" ' You must repent of your own free will,' said Cuchulain, marching to the door.

" ' And you'd better hurry up, too,' said the other fellow, ' or I'll hammer the head off you.'

" The queer thing is that I believed every word the man said. I didn't know what he was talking about, but I did know that he was talking about something that was real although it was beyond me. And there was the way he said it, too ; for he spoke like a bishop, with fine, shouting words that I can't remember now and the months gone past.

" I took him at his word anyhow, and on the minute I began to feel a different creature ; for, mind you, a man can no more go against his Guardian Angel than he can climb a tree backwards.

" As they were going out of the barn Cuchulain turned to me :

" ' I'll help you to repent,' said he, ' for I want to get back again, and this is the way I'll help you ; I'll give you money, and I'll give you piles of it.'

" The two of them went off then, and I didn't venture out of the barn for half an hour.

" I went into the barn next day, and what do you think I saw ? "

" The floor was covered with gold pieces," said Patsy.

Billy nodded :

" That's what I saw. I gathered them up and hid them under the kennel. There wasn't room for the lot of them, so I rolled the rest in a bit of a sack and covered them up with cabbages. The next day I went in and the floor was covered with gold pieces, and I swept them up and hid them under the cabbages too. The day after that, and the next day, and the day after that again it was the same story. I didn't know where to put the money. I had to leave it lying on the floor, and I hadn't as much as a dog to guard it from the robbers."

" You had not," said Patsy, " and that's the truth."

" I locked the barn ; then I called up all the men ; I paid them their wages, for what did I want with them any longer and I rolling in gold ? I told them to get out of my sight, and I saw every man of them off the land.

" Then I told my wife's brother that I didn't want him in my house any longer, and I saw him off the land. Then I argued my son out of the house, and I told my wife that she could go with him if she wanted to, and then I went back to the barn.

" But, as I told you a minute ago, I was a changed man. The gold was mounting up on me, and I didn't know what to do with it. I could have rolled

in it if I wanted to, and I did roll in it, but there was no fun in that.

" This was the trouble with me—I couldn't count it ; it had gone beyond me ; there were piles of it ; there were stacks of it. It was four feet deep all over the floor, and I could no more move it than I could move a house.

" I never wanted that much money, for no man could want it : I only wanted what I could manage with my hands ; and the fear of robbers was on me to that pitch that I could neither sit nor stand nor sleep.

" Every time I opened the door the place was fuller than it was the last time, and, at last, I got to hate the barn. I just couldn't stand the look of the place, and the light squinting at me from thousands and thousands of gold corners.

" It beat me at last. One day I marched into the house, and I picked up the concertina that my son bought (I was able to play it well myself), and said I to the wife :

" ' I'm off.'

" ' Where are you off ? '

" ' I'm going into the world.'

" ' What will become of the farm ? '

" ' You can have it yourself,' said I, and with that I stepped clean out of the house and away to the road. I didn't stop walking for two days, and I never went back from that day to this.

" I do play on the concertina before the houses, and the people give me coppers. I travel from place to place every day, and I'm as happy as a bird on a bough, for I've no worries and I worry no one."

" What did become of the money ? " said Patsy.

" I'm thinking now that it might have been fairy gold, and, if it was, nobody could touch it."

" So," said Mac Cann, " that's the sort of boys they were ? "

" That's the sort."
" And one of them was your own Guardian Angel ! "
" He said that."
" And what was the other one ? "
" I don't know, but I do think that he was a spook."

JAMES STEPHENS

IN CHARGE

YOU will still find people old-fashioned and ignorant enough to speak of the two sexes as though these were entirely different. Oblivious of Otto Weininger and other authorities, they continue to regard male and female as direct opposites—like black and white, north and south, night and day. Thus I heard somebody at the club a little while ago holding forth with the utmost confidence on masculine and feminine qualities. Men, he said, are more brutal ; they are stupid, tactless, selfish in comparison ; but they will not stoop to the meannesses and basenesses of women. And he wound up with this amazing statement : Women have no moral sense !

" My partner has been called to the Continent on business," said Mrs. Charles Hibbert to the shop customers, " and I hesitate to make important decisions during his absence. Nevertheless——"

Then she consulted a little black book to see the original cost of the bow-fronted cabinet, the claw-legged table, the tapestry chair, or whatever it might be, and after that she named a price. Nothing was marked in plain figures.

She and her husband Charles were truly partners, in the business as well as in the loving bond of matrimony.

The shop stood at the corner of a Mayfair street—

" Dealers in Pictures and Antiques " ; and, started in the amateurish way that is usual with real ladies and gentlemen when they go into trade, it was doing so well as to seem almost professional.

Their system was to buy things very cheap and sell them very dear ; and Charles, after dinner at a restaurant, or even late at night in their bedroom, would discourse upon the other system of selling a great number of things at a small profit. But that system demands capital, large premises, and a wide clientele. At present it was beyond them. At present the motto must be : Wait patiently and make a coup every time the chance comes.

Charles really knew a lot about pictures and furniture. Mrs. Hibbert only pretended to.

She was a tall, elegant woman of thirty-five, with very thin legs, which, of course, were fully displayed. Her thin neck and shoulders were, as a rule, also visible. The thinness of other parts of her could merely be inferred. She had an immense nose, a well-bred drawling voice, and a smile that produced an immediate impression of great natural softness and amiability. On the other hand, as often happens, her face seemed rather hard when in repose, and those dependent on her, such as assistants and servants, said the smile was all humbug. What will not menials say?

Imagine her, then, seated at a huge carved table in the middle of the shop, a bowl of flowers on the table, a fur coat round her shoulders, a long cigarette-holder in her lavishly carmined lips. She rises and shows her thin legs. For to her has entered a shabbily dressed girl with an envelope in her hand and a packet under her arm.

" This is for Mr. Hibbert," said the girl.

" My partner is away in Brussels."

" Oh ! When will he be back ? "

" Not for a week," said Mrs. Hibbert.

The girl seemed crestfallen. She was a pale, care-worn sort of creature. "Then would *you* read father's letter?"

Mrs. Hibbert opened the letter. It was a long rigmarole, but she speedily saw its gist. The writer wanted to borrow money, and he offered a picture as a pledge for repayment.

"We are not pawnbrokers," said Mrs. Hibbert coldly.

"I know, I know," said the girl humbly. "But if you would be so kind"—and she had a little emotional burst. "Oh, madam, I *think* you are kind. Your face is kind."

In fact, the face of Mrs. Hibbert was looking as hard as flint.

She read the letter right through while the girl unpacked the picture. "I am a literary man of good family who has fallen on evil days." He said he was in dire need, too ill to work, too proud to beg, too honest to steal, and so on. Knowing Mr. Charles Hibbert some years ago, he turned to him for the saving mercy of a loan. He had an Old Master of the fifteenth or sixteenth century which was exceedingly valuable, and he wished to borrow on it—the sum of ten shillings.

Her face relaxed and she smiled. The ludicrously small amount after that lengthy preamble amused her. Ten shillings! She looked at the picture and thought it an ugly daub—just a few queer little figures with wizened faces, a blue-green sky, and a lot of decaying varnish. Good or bad, however, it must be worth considerably more than four half-crowns. She said she would make the loan.

The girl, taking the money, had a little gush of gratitude. "Madam, I *knew* you were kind. Oh, I'm glad it was you, and not the gentleman." Then, going, she returned. "Father says the picture isn't

signed. . . . But would it be possible to sell it for us on commission ? "

" My partner must decide as to that," said Mrs. Hibbert.

" I see, I see," said the girl humbly ; and she withdrew.

Then early that same afternoon the shop was visited by a vulgar but wealthy man. His commonness offended Mrs. Hibbert, and she was haughty and dignified until she discovered his richness.

He was stout, grey-haired, red of countenance, and he pointed with his stick at things, talking loudly, and chuckling irritatingly.

" That's not a bad piece," he said, pointing, " but it's in wretched condition. . . . That one's a fake. . . . Oh, ho ! Of course, you'd say it was all right. . . . Sheraton ! Yes, or not. . . . What do you want for that desk ? . . . Oh, ho ! You know how to open your mouth ! "

" I don't understand what you mean," said Mrs. Hibbert, although, of course, she did really. She felt greatly annoyed.

But then the wealth came out and her smiles reappeared. He was Mr. Gantzler, an Australian, staying at Claridge's, father of an only son who had married an American young lady and built a palatial house not far from Boston. The munificent father was donating it with a unique collection of pictures. He had nearly finished, but he could still do with a few real gems.

Then almost at once he saw the Old Master that had been left there as a pledge.

" By jingo, what's that ? " He went straight across to it, took it from the shelf on the wall where she had put it, and held it in coarse and none too clean hands that seemed to shake with excitement. " Do you know what this is ? "

"Well, I know it's very nice," said Mrs. Hibbert drawlingly.

"Nice! Ye gods, what a word! It is a genuine Van Eyck!"

"It isn't signed," said Mrs. Hibbert.

"It is signed all over!" he said loudly. "It shouts its name. Van Eyck! Van Eyck! There was nothing better in the Belgian Exhibition at Burlington House. Genuine, my good lady. I back my opinion. How did it come into your possession?"

She told him breathlessly. His excitement had communicated itself to her now.

"Secure it," he said. "I'll give a thousand pounds for it. Tell the owner immediately"; and he repeated himself. A thousand. He backed his opinion. He was ready with one thousand of the best, in bank-notes, down on that table.

Mrs. Hibbert remained silent. Slightly flushed, more excited than he, she had a feverish meditation.

"Oh, ho!" and he looked at her, chuckling. "I see what you're asking yourself. Where do *you* come in? Well, give the owner five hundred pounds and keep the rest yourself. All's fair in love and war and picture-dealing. Besides, share and share alike *is* fair. . . . Now secure it without delay, and send me word that I may come and fetch it. Write. Don't telephone. Au revoir."

The address of the old literary man was somewhere in Marylebone. Mrs. Hibbert sent a telegram requesting the girl to come at once. They usually closed the shop at 6 P.M., but as the girl had not yet arrived it was kept open to-night. Seven o'clock struck—eight o'clock—then a few minutes later the girl pushed the swing door.

"It's about that picture," said Mrs. Hibbert. "I can't deal with it on commission, but I'll buy it from you outright. I'll give you fifty pounds for it."

" Fifty pounds ! " gasped the girl.

She was in such joy and agitation that she could scarcely hold the pen and write the receipt that Mrs. Hibbert dictated to her as ratification of the sale. Going, she had a fresh burst of gratitude. " Oh, madam——" She took Mrs. Hibbert's bony hand to kiss it.

Mrs. Hibbert smiled at her and, so strange is the human heart, she felt at that moment as if she had really performed a generous action.

When the girl had gone it was late and she felt tired. She despatched a letter by post to Claridge's, telling Mr. Gantzler that the picture was his and he was to bring the money and fetch it away early to-morrow morning.

Then she bolted the door and walked about the shop triumphant, her head high, blowing cigarette smoke upward, thinking of her partner's rapture on his return from Brussels. It was the long-desired coup. Nine hundred and fifty of the best in a single rapid transaction.

Mr. Gantzler did not come for the picture. When she looked at it, the ugliness and seeming inferiority of it gave her a dreadful qualm.

He did not come. She waited until the afternoon and then sent him a note by hand. The message brought back with the note itself was so disquieting that she put on her hat and hurried out of the shop. They knew nothing about him at Claridge's. They had never heard his name at Claridge's.

Feeling rather sick and faint, she took a taxi and drove to that place in Marylebone. It was a poor little tobacconist's shop, not a residence at all ; and there she learned how two people, an oldish, fattish man and a girl, had used it as an address for letters.

" There was a telegram for her yesterday," added

the tobacconist, " and I think she said that was the end. They were going away."

W. B. MAXWELL

THE GREAT EXHIBITION

THE Great Day approached. The Great Day arrived !

But the whole of London was by this time an Exhibition. Foreigners were everywhere—Germans, Turks, Americans, French, and even Chinamen. On every side amusements were springing up. M. Alexis Soyer opened his Restaurant of All the Nations, there was " the Black Band of His Majesty of Tsjaddi with a hundred additional bones," the Musicians of Tongoose, the Troubadours of Far Vancouver, the Theban Brothers, and the most celebrated Band of Robbers from the Desert. Barnum provided a splendid entertainment, whereby for a rather costly ticket a guest was provided with a " bed, a boudoir, and a banquet ; together with one hour's use per diem of a valet and a private chaplain, free admission to theatrical green - rooms, a seat in the House of Commons, and a cigar on the Bench of Judges." Mr. Catlin reopened his Indian Exhibition, and Mr. Wyld would take you on the " Grand Tour of Europe " or a visit to Australia or New Zealand for threepence a time.

But it was enough for Judith and Dorothy simply to view the crowds in the streets. The road to the Crystal Palace was an amazing scene. Trains of waggons lengthened far away, like an Eastern caravan, each waiting for its turn to be unloaded. Omnibuses, carriages, carts, barrows congested the road. The public-houses, of which there were a great number, hung out gay and patriotic flags, and their doors were

crowded with loafers, soldiers, beggars, and women with shawls over their heads. Along the pavement were lined the hawkers shouting their wares, trays filled with bright silvery-seeming medals of the Exhibition, pictures of it printed in gold on "gelatine cards," many barrows with ginger-beer, oranges, and nuts.

Along Rotten Row troops of riders galloped noiselessly over the loose soft ground at the rear of the Crystal Palace, while in front of it an interminable line of carriages drawled slowly past. Close to the rails were mobs of spectators on tip-toe, their necks outstretched, seeking glimpses of progress. All along the building were ladders with painters perched high upon them and walking on the crystal covering which miraculously sustained them. At the end of the building were steam-engines puffing clouds of steam, and amid the wreckage of thousands of packing-cases were giant blocks of granite, huge lumps of coal, great anchors, the ruins of a prehistoric world. The noise, confusion, turmoil—who, asked Dorothy, could describe them? She was given to platitudes, and irritated Judith by insisting that "such a chaos is an emblem of man's energy working to a just end." The Exhibition in fact turned her head a little spiritually, and made her so deeply proud of being a Herries that she seemed to walk like a goddess. All the Herries felt the same, that the Exhibition was their especial work and Queen Victoria the head of the family.

On the Great Day itself, the First of May, the heart of London beat with a pride and exaltation that was to affect the country for at least another fifty years.

Judith, Dorothy, Lady Herries, little Ellis, Adam, Margaret, John, and Elizabeth had, all of them, thanks to old Will's power and position, splendid seats for the opening ceremony.

They started early, and that was wise, for the

carriage was soon involved in a long, wearisome procession of carriages from whose windows every kind of bonnet and hat was poking, and shrill feminine voices exclaiming: "But this is monstrous! We shall miss the Queen! It is really too bad!"

John and Elizabeth were to join the others inside the building and were already there when Lady Herries, dressed in a magnificent purple bonnet and superb Cashmere shawl, her head very much up, led in her little procession. Judith came last, leaning on Adam's arm.

They had excellent places, and the Sight, the Vision, the Glory—this, as Dorothy remarked, "exceeded all Expectations and showed what Man could do when guided by the Divine Will" (Dorothy was not, in her normal Cumberland domesticity, in the least like this. "You are a little over-excited, my dear," Judith had told her that morning.)

Yes, it was superb! Their seats were in one of the galleries, the galleries planted like flower-gardens with bonnets of pink, yellow, and white. The Great Central Glory was the Glass Fountain. Of this Archdeacon Rodney Herries' son, Captain William Herries, R.N., wrote in his *Jolly Tar's Capers* (Western and Mary, 1895): "This glorious fountain in the centre of the building, shining, as the sun's rays came slanting down upon it through the crystal roof, as if it had been carved out of icicles, or as if the water streaming from the fountain had been made suddenly solid and transfixed into beautiful forms. Although but a rough, careless little Middy at the time, I can remember well that, standing beside my father, at that time Archdeacon of Polchester in Glebeshire, tears welled up into my youthful eyes and pride of my country fired my ambition.

"'It is such families as ours in such a country as ours,' I remember my dear father remarking 'that,

under God's Grace, can create, for the benefit of the world, such wonders.' "

It must be confessed that Judith saw it all less romantically. Rodney Herries she had, incidentally, always detested. But nevertheless she was carried away, forgetting years, jealousies, aches, and pains (for this morning she had a little rheumatism). For one thing the noise was terrific. The waiting multitude was quiet enough, but around them, throughout the building, all the machinery had been set in motion—the MACHINERY, key-note of the Exhibition, symbol, relentless, humourless, of the new world that this day, May 1, 1851, was introducing. There were in the machine-room the " self-acting mules," the Jacquard lace machines, the envelope machines, the power looms, the model locomotives, centrifugal pumps, the vertical steam-engines, all of these working like mad, while thousands near by, in their high hats and bonnets, sat patiently waiting, passive, unwitting that the Age of Man on this Planet was doomed !

Judith and Adam, John and Elizabeth, were most certainly unwitting. Judith's little hand was thrust through Adam's thick arm, while John and Elizabeth were holding hands under Elizabeth's shawl. Margaret was thinking of her father and wishing that he were here, Dorothy's mouth was wide open, and Lady Herries was studying a coarse-grained Chambéry gauze near to her and wondering whether she could obtain one like it. Yes, a superb scene ! The canopy above the royal seat adorned with golden cornice and fringe and a small plume of blue and white feathers at each angle, the floors clean and matted, at each corner of the central square stages for illustrious visitors, from the gallery tops magnificent carpets and tapestries hanging, here the Spitalfields Trophy with its gorgeous silks, and there, the supreme triumph for many, the wonderful plaster of Paris statues, so white,

so gleaming, their nudity draped so decently with red cloth. A sob rose in many throats, too, at the sight of the splendid equestrian statues of the Prince and the Queen, so large and life-like that you might imagine at any moment the horses might start to charge down the aisle. (This was Dorothy's fine whispered thought.) Here, to quote Captain William once again : " Behind these was another Fountain " (it appears that he nourished a passion for fountains !) " that made the stream as it rushed up from the centre and divided itself into a hundred drops, flashing in the sun as they fell, look like a shower of silver sparks—a kind of firework of water ; and beside this rose the green plumage of the palm tree embedded in moss, while close at their feet was ranged a bed of flowers, whose tints seemed to have been dyed by the prismatic hues of the water-drops of the neighbouring fountain. Then appeared the old elm trees of the park, looking almost like the lion of the forest caught in a net of glass ; and behind them again was a screen of iron tracery, so light and delicate that it seemed like a lace-work of bronze."

A little later he continues : " but it was when the retinue of a Court began to assemble that the scene became one—perhaps the most—gorgeous in colouring and ever beheld ; for it was seen in the clear light of the transparent roof above. The gold-embroidered bosoms of the officers seemed to be almost alight with the glitter of their ornaments ; there stood all the ministers of state in their glittering suits ; the ambassadors of every country, some in light blues and silver, others in green and gold, others in white, with their bosoms " (incidentally a favourite word of the Captain's) " studded with their many-coloured orders. There was the Chinese mandarin in his red cap with peacocks' feathers dangling behind and his silken robes with quaint devices painted upon them in front

and at the back. There was the turbaned Turk, and the red fez-capped Egyptian; and there were the chocolate-coloured Court suits, with their filigree steel buttons, and long, white embroidered silk waist-coats.

"There was the old DUKE too" (these are the Captain's capital letters) "with his silver hair and crooked back showing most conspicuous amongst the whole. At the back and sides of the throne stood the gentlemen-at-arms, in their golden helmets, with the long plumes of white ribbon-like feathers drooping over them. Beside these were the portly-looking beef-eaters, in their red suits and black velvet caps; and near them were the trumpeters, in their golden coats and close-fitting jockey-caps, with silver trumpets in their hands. Near these were the Aldermen, in their red gowns of office, and the Common-Councilmen in their blue silk gowns, and the Recorder in long powdered Judge's wig, the Archbishop in full lawn sleeves and close curly wig, the Musical Director in his white satin-damask robe and quaint-looking black cap, the heralds in their emblazoned robes, the Garter King-at-Arms in his gorgeous red velvet coat becrusted all over in gold—while round all these were ranged sappers and miners in their red and yellow uniforms; and behind them were seen the dark-blue coats of the police."

And the brave Captain complacently comments: "It was a feast of colour and splendour to sit and gloat over—a congress of all the nations for the most hallowed and blessed of objects—one, perhaps, that made the two old soldiers, as they tottered backwards and forwards across the scene, the most noticeable, because in such a gathering, for such an object, the mind could hardly help looking upon them as the last of the warriors to whom the nation would owe its future greatness. I could not but reflect," the Captain

adds, " that my own family that has been proud to call England its mother for so many centuries had, under God's divine direction, helped sensibly by its honest devotion to duty and its consistent patriotism to bring this Great Country into its supreme world-dominating position."

Then he continues after this little spurt of family pride : " At a few minutes before the appointed hour the royal carriages with their bright liveries were seen to flash past the windows of the northern entrance ; then darted by a troop of the Life Guards, with their steel helmets and breastplates glistening in the sunshine, and immediately after, the glass sides and roof of the Crystal Palace twanged with the flourish of trumpets that announced the arrival of the Queen. At this moment the gates were flung back, and within the crimson vestibule appeared a blaze of gold and bright colours.

" Then advanced the royal retinue, with the ushers and chamberlain in front, bowing as they moved backwards towards the throne ; and after them the Prince leading the Princess Royal, and the Queen with the Prince of Wales, and followed by their Court.

" As the Queen moved onwards with her diamond tiara and little crown of brilliants scintillating in the light, the whole assembly rose, and waving their hats and fluttering their handkerchiefs, they shouted forth peal after peal of welcome."

And here we may leave the excellent Captain in his happy state of obsequious reminiscence. His book is unquestionably of value, quite apart from its Herries interest, and is certainly worthy of a modern reprint. It attained six editions in the 'nineties.

Sad to say, Judith was not at all moved, as was Rodney's son. For one thing the seat on which she was sitting was exceedingly hard, for another she was bothered by the noise of the machines, for another she

was feeling odd in the head, a little as though she had been drinking. And for another she had never, all her life, been impressed very greatly by domesticity : the Queen, the Prince, and their two children appeared to her so dreadfully domestic. That was on her father's side. On her proper Herries side she would have been undoubtedly more deeply impressed had she been quite at her ease. But she was distressed about John, about Adam, and a very little about herself. Most certainly she felt queer, as though there were a weight pressing on her heart, as though, unless she were careful, she would see double. She thought that, in all probability, this glittering and scintillating glass disturbed her. Absurd to build so large a place entirely of glass !

She could not resist, however, some beating of the heart when, as the Queen moved forward, wearing her diamond tiara and crown of brilliants, everyone rose and, waving hats, fluttering handkerchiefs, shouted their cries of welcome. Judith rose, fluttered her handkerchief, shouted with the rest. For a moment she was deeply stirred. The sturdy figure of Victoria appeared to divorce itself from all the world around it, as though it said : " I am lonely. I am a Queen. I represent loneliness, austerity, and power."

She had that quality, was to have it all her life, of sudden dignified remoteness, so that she became a symbol, a promise, a prophecy. Judith, old enough to be that same Queen's grandmother, felt that now. The white head and light-blue coat of the Master of the Queen's Music appeared on the rostrum, he raised his baton, and above what Captain Herries called " the melodious thunder of the organ " the National Anthem—led by the choristers—filled the glass dome and was caught by the light and glitter and flung into the sunny heavens. The Archbishop asked for a blessing (the Machinery frantically responded), the

Queen and Prince walked in procession, and then Her Majesty declared the Exhibition open. And to end once again with Captain William : " Immediately were heard the booming of the hundred guns without, telling the people of the Metropolis that the Great Exhibition of the Industry of All Nations had been formally inaugurated."

SIR HUGH WALPOLE

A VILLAGE CRICKET MATCH

THE crisis was now desperate. The fieldsmen drew nearer and nearer to the batsmen, excepting the youth in the blue jumper. Livingstone balanced himself on his toes. Mr. Shakespeare Pollock hopped about almost on top of the batsmen, and breathed excitedly and audibly. Even the imperturbable Mr. Southcott discarded the piece of grass which he had been chewing so steadily. Mr. Hodge took himself off and put on the Major, who had by now somewhat lived down the quart and a half.

The batsmen crouched down upon their bats and defended stubbornly. A snick through the slips brought a single. A ball which eluded the publisher's gigantic pads brought a bye. A desperate sweep at a straight half-volley sent the ball off the edge of the bat over third-man's head and in normal circumstances would have certainly scored one, and possibly two. But Mr. Harcourt was on guard at third-man, and the batsmen, by nature cautious men, one being old and the sexton, the other the postman and therefore a Government official, were taking no risks. Then came another single off a mis-hit, and then an interminable period in which no wicket fell and no run was scored. It was broken at last disastrously, for the postman struck the ball sharply at Mr. Pollock,

and Mr. Pollock picked it up and, in an ecstasy of zeal, flung it madly at the wicket. Two overthrows resulted.

The scores were level and there were two wickets to fall. Silence fell. The gaffers, victims simultaneously of excitement and senility, could hardly raise their pint pots—for it was past six o'clock, and the front door of the *Three Horseshoes* was now as wide open officially as the back door had been unofficially all afternoon.

The Major, his red face redder than ever and his chin sticking out almost as far as the Napoleonic Mr. Ogilvy's, bowled a fast half-volley on the leg-stump. The sexton, a man of iron muscle from much digging, hit it fair and square in the middle of the bat, and it flashed like a thunderbolt, waist-high, straight at the youth in the blue jumper. With a shrill scream the youth sprang backwards out of its way and fell over on his back. Immediately behind him, so close were the fieldsmen clustered, stood the mighty Boone. There was no chance of escape for him. Even if he had possessed the figure and the agility to perform back-somersaults, he would have lacked the time. He had been unsighted by the youth in the jumper. The thunderbolt struck him in the midriff like a red-hot cannon-ball upon a Spanish galleon, and with the sound of a drumstick upon an insufficiently stretched drum. With a fearful oath Boone clapped his hands to his outraged stomach and found that the ball was in the way. He looked at it for a moment in astonishment and then threw it down angrily and started to massage the injured spot while the field rang with applause at the brilliance of the catch.

Donald walked up and shyly added his congratulations. Boone scowled at him.

"I didn't want to catch the —— thing," he said sourly, massaging away like mad.

" But it may save the side," ventured Donald.

" Blast the —— side," said Boone.

Donald went back to his place.

The scores were level and there was one wicket to fall. The last man in was the blacksmith, leaning heavily upon the shoulder of the baker who was going to run for him, and limping as if in great pain. He took guard and looked round savagely. He was clearly still in a great rage.

The first ball he received he lashed at wildly and hit straight up into the air to an enormous height. It went up and up and up, until it became difficult to focus it properly against the deep, cloudless blue of the sky, and it carried with it the hopes and fears of an English village. Up and up it went and then at the top it seemed to hang motionless in the air, poised like a hawk, fighting, as it were, a heroic but forlorn battle against the chief invention of Sir Isaac Newton, and then it began its slow descent.

In the meanwhile things were happening below, on the terrestrial sphere. Indeed, the situation was rapidly becoming what the French call *mouvementé*. In the first place, the blacksmith forgot his sprained ankle and set out at a capital rate for the other end, roaring in a great voice as he went, " Come on, Joe ! " The baker, who was running on behalf of the invalid, also set out, and he also roared " Come on, Joe ! " and side by side, like a pair of high-stepping hackneys, the pair cantered along. From the other end Joe set out on his mission, and he roared " Come on, Bill ! " So all three came on. And everything would have been all right, so far as the running was concerned, had it not been for the fact that Joe, very naturally, ran with his head thrown back and his eyes goggling at the hawk-like cricket ball. And this in itself would not have mattered if it had not been for the fact that the blacksmith and the baker, also very

naturally, ran with their heads turned not only upwards but also backwards as well, so that they too gazed at the ball, with an alarming sort of squint and a truly terrific kink in their necks. Half-way down the pitch the three met with a magnificent clang, reminiscent of early, happy days in the tournament-ring at Ashby-de-la-Zouche, and the hopes of the village fell with the resounding fall of their three champions.

But what of the fielding side? Things were not so well with them. If there was doubt and confusion among the warriors of Fordenden, there was also uncertainty and disorganisation among the ranks of the invaders. Their main trouble was the excessive concentration of their forces in the neighbourhood of the wicket. Napoleon laid it down that it was impossible to have too many men upon a battlefield, and he used to do everything in his power to call up every available man for a battle. Mr. Hodge, after a swift glance at the ascending ball and a swift glance at the disposition of his troops, disagreed profoundly with the Emperor's dictum. He had too many men, far too many. And all except the youth in the blue silk jumper, and the mighty Boone, were moving towards strategical positions underneath the ball, and not one of them appeared to be aware that any of the others existed. Boone had not moved because he was more or less in the right place, but then Boone was not likely to bring off the catch, especially after the episode of the last ball. Major Hawker, shouting "Mine! mine!" in a magnificently self-confident voice, was coming up from the bowler's end like a battle-cruiser. Mr. Harcourt had obviously lost sight of the ball altogether, if indeed he had ever seen it, for he was running round and round Boone and giggling foolishly. Livingstone and Southcott, the two cracks, were approaching competently. Either of them would catch it easily. Mr. Hodge

had only to choose between them and, coming to a swift decision, he yelled above the din, " Yours, Livingstone ! " Southcott, disciplined cricketer, stopped dead. Then Mr. Hodge made a fatal mistake. He remembered Livingstone's two missed sitters, and he reversed his decision and roared " Yours, Bobby ! " Mr. Southcott obediently started again, while Livingstone, who had not heard the second order, went straight on. Captain Hodge had restored the *status quo*.

In the meantime the professor of ballistics had made a lightning calculation of angles, velocities, density of the air, barometer-readings and temperatures, and had arrived at the conclusion that the critical point, the spot which ought to be marked in the photographs with an X, was one yard to the north-east of Boone, and he proceeded to take up station there, colliding on the way with Donald and knocking him over. A moment later Bobby Southcott came racing up and tripped over the recumbent Donald and was shot head first into the Abraham-like bosom of Boone. Boone stepped back a yard under the impact and came down with his spiked boot, surmounted by a good eighteen stone of flesh and blood, upon the professor's toe. Almost simultaneously the portly wicket-keeper, whose movements were a positive triumph of the spirit over the body, bumped the professor from behind. The learned man was thus neatly sandwiched between Tweedledum and Tweedledee, and the sandwich was instantly converted into a ragout by Livingstone, who made up for his lack of extra weight—for he was always in perfect training—by his extra momentum. And all the time Mr. Shakespeare Pollock hovered alertly upon the outskirts like a Rugby scrum-half, screaming American University cries in a piercingly high tenor voice.

At last the ball came down. To Mr. Hodge it

seemed a long time before the invention of Sir Isaac Newton finally triumphed. And it was a striking testimony to the mathematical and ballistical skill of the professor that the ball landed with a sharp report upon the top of his head. Thence it leapt up into the air a foot or so, cannoned on to Boone's head, and then trickled slowly down the colossal expanse of the wicket-keeper's back, bouncing slightly as it reached the massive lower portions. It was only a foot from the ground when Mr. Shakespeare Pollock sprang into the vortex with a last ear-splitting howl of victory and grabbed it off the seat of the wicket-keeper's trousers. The match was a tie. And hardly anyone on the field knew it except Mr. Hodge, the youth in the blue jumper, and Mr. Pollock himself. For the two batsmen and the runner, undaunted to the last, had picked themselves up and were bent on completing the single that was to give Fordenden the crown of victory. Unfortunately, dazed with their falls, with excitement, and with the noise, they all three ran for the same wicket, simultaneously realised their error, and all three turned and ran for the other —the blacksmith, ankle and all, in the centre and leading by a yard, so that they looked like pictures of the Russian *troika*. But their effort was in vain, for Mr. Pollock had grabbed the ball and the match was a tie.

And both teams spent the evening at the *Three Horseshoes*, and Mr. Harcourt made a speech in Italian about the glories of England and afterwards fell asleep in a corner, and Donald got home to Royal Avenue at one o'clock in the morning, feeling that he had not learnt very much about the English from his experience of their national game.

A. G. MACDONELL

THE LAST MEAL

AFTER seeing Mr. Ventnor off the premises the man Meller returned to his master, whose face looked very odd—" all patchy-like," as he put it in the servants' hall, as though the blood driven to his head had mottled for good the snowy whiteness of the forehead. He received the unexpected order :

" Get me a hot bath ready, and put some pine stuff in it."

When the old man was seated there, the valet asked :

" How long shall I give you, sir ? "

" Twenty minutes."

" Very good, sir."

Lying in that steaming brown fragrant liquid, old Heythorp heaved a stertorous sigh. By losing his temper with that ill-conditioned cur he had cooked his goose. It was done to a turn ; and he was a ruined man. If only—oh ! if only he could have seized the fellow by the neck and pitched him out of the room ! To have lived to be so spoken to ; to have been unable to lift hand or foot, hardly even his voice—he would sooner have been dead ! Yes—sooner have been dead. A dumb and measureless commotion was still at work in the recesses of that thick old body, silver-brown in the dark water, whose steam he drew deep into his wheezing lungs, as though for spiritual relief. To be beaten by a cur like that ! To have a common cad of a pettifogging lawyer drag him down and kick him about ; tumble a name which had stood high, in the dust ! The fellow had the power to make him a byword and a beggar ! It was incredible ! But it was a fact. And to-morrow he would begin to do it—perhaps had begun already. His tree had come down with a

crash ! Eighty years—eighty good years ! He regretted none of them—regretted nothing ; least of all this breach of trust which had provided for his grandchildren—one of the best things he had ever done. The fellow was a cowardly hound, too ! The way he had snatched the bell-pull out of his reach—despicable cur ! And a chap like that was to put " paid " to the account of Sylvanus Heythorp, to " scratch him out of life—so near the end of everything, the very end !" His hand raised above the surface fell back on his stomach through the dark water, and a bubble or two rose. Not so fast—not so fast ! He had but to slip down a foot, let the water close over his head, and " Good-bye " to Master Ventnor's triumph ! Dead men could not be kicked off the Boards of Companies. Dead men could not be beggared, deprived of their independence. He smiled and stirred a little in the bath till the water reached the white hairs on his lower lip. It smelt nice ! And he took a long sniff. He had had a good life, a good life ! And with the thought that he had it in his power at any moment to put Master Ventnor's nose out of joint—to beat the beggar after all, a sense of assuagement and well-being crept over him. His blood ran more evenly again. He closed his eyes. They talked about an after-life—people like that holy woman. Gammon. You went to sleep—a long sleep ; no dreams. A nap after dinner ! Dinner ! His tongue sought his palate ! Yes ! he could eat a good dinner ! That dog hadn't put him off his stroke ! The best dinner he had ever eaten was the one he gave to Jack Herring, Chichester, Thornworthy, Nick Treffry and Jolyon Forsyte at Pole's. Good Lord ! In 'sixty—yes—'sixty-five ? Just before he fell in love with Alice Larne—ten years before he came to Liverpool. That *was* a dinner ! Cost twenty-four pounds for the six of them—and Forsyte an absurdly moderate

fellow. Only Nick Treffry and himself had been three-bottle men ! Dead ! Every jack man of them. And suddenly he thought : " My name's a good one —I was never down before—never beaten ! "

A voice above the steam said :

" The twenty minutes is up, sir."

" All right ; I'll get out. Evening clothes."

And Meller, taking out dress suit and shirt, thought : " Now, what does the old bloomer want dressin' up again for ; why can't he go to bed and have his dinner there ? When a man's like a baby, the cradle's the place for him. . . ."

An hour later, at the scene of his encounter with Mr. Ventnor, where the table was already laid for dinner, old Heythorp stood and gazed. The curtains had been drawn back, the window thrown open to air the room, and he could see out there the shapes of the dark trees and a sky, grape-coloured, in the mild, moist night. It smelt good. A sensuous feeling stirred in him, warm from his bath, clothed from head to foot in fresh garments. Deuce of a time since he had dined in full fig ! He would have liked a woman dining opposite—but not the holy woman ; no, by George !—would have liked to see light falling on a woman's shoulders once again, and a pair of bright eyes ! He crossed, snail-like, towards the fire. There that bullying fellow had stood with his back to it—confound his impudence !—as if the place belonged to him. And suddenly he had a vision of his three secretaries' faces—especially young Farney's—as they would look when the pack got him by the throat and pulled him down. His co-directors, too ! Old Heythorp ! How are the mighty fallen ! And that hound jubilant !

His valet passed across the room to shut the window and draw the curtains. This chap too ! The day he could no longer pay his wages, and had lost the

power to say " Shan't want your services any more " —when he could no longer even pay his doctor for doing his best to kill him off ! Power, interest, independence, all—gone ! To be dressed and undressed, given pap, like a baby in arms, served as they chose to serve him, and wished out of the way—broken, dishonoured ! By money alone an old man had his being ! Meat, drink, movement, breath ! When all his money was gone the holy woman would let him know it fast enough. They would all let him know it, or if they didn't, it would be out of pity ! He had never been pitied yet—thank God ! And he said :

" Get me up a bottle of Perrier Jouet. What's the menu ? "

" Germane soup, sir ; filly de sole ; sweetbread ; cutlet soubees, rum souffly."

" Tell her to give me a *hors-d'œuvre*, and put on a savoury."

" Yes, sir."

When the man had gone, he thought : " I should have liked an oyster—too late now ! " and going over to his bureau he fumblingly pulled out the top drawer. There was little in it—just a few papers, business papers on his Companies, and a schedule of his debts ; not even a copy of his will—he had not made one, nothing to leave ! Letters he had never kept. Half a dozen bills, a few receipts, and the little pink note with the blue forget-me-not. That was the lot ! An old tree gives up bearing leaves, and its roots dry up, before it comes down in a wind ; an old man's world slowly falls away from him till he stands alone in the night. Looking at the pink note, he thought : " Suppose I'd married Alice. . . ." He fumbled the drawer to ; but still he strayed feebly about the room, with a curious shrinking from sitting down, legacy from the quarter of an hour he had been

compelled to sit while that hound worried at his throat. He was opposite one of the pictures now. It gleamed, dark and oily, limning a Scots Grey who had mounted a wounded Russian on his horse, and was bringing him back prisoner from the Balaclava charge. A very old friend—bought in 'fifty-nine. It had hung in his chambers in the Albany—hung with him ever since. With whom would it hang when he was gone? For that holy woman would scrap it, to a certainty, and stick up some Crucifixion or other, some new-fangled high art thing! She could even do that now if she liked—for she owned it, owned every mortal stick in the room, to the very glass he would drink his champagne from; all made over under the settlement fifteen years ago, before his last big gamble went wrong, "*De l'audace, toujours de l'audace!*" The gamble which had brought him down till his throat at last was at the mercy of a bullying hound. The pitcher and the well! At the mercy——! The sound of a popping cork dragged him from reverie. He moved to his seat, back to the window, and sat down to his dinner. By George! They had got him an oyster! And he said:

"I've forgotten my teeth!"

While the man was gone for them, he swallowed the oysters, methodically touching them one by one with cayenne, Chili vinegar, and lemon. Ummm! Not quite what they used to be at Pimm's in the best days, but not bad—not bad! Then seeing the little blue bowl lying before him, he looked up and said:

"My compliments to cook on the oysters. Give me the champagne." And he lifted his trembling teeth. Thank God, he could still put 'em in for himself! The creaming goldenish fluid from the napkined bottle slowly reached the brim of his glass, which had a hollow stem; raising it to his lips, very red between the white hairs above and below, he

drank with a gurgling noise, and put the glass down—empty. Nectar ! And just cold enough !

" I frapped it the least bit, sir."

" Quite right. What's that smell of flowers ? "

" It's from those 'yacinths on the sideboard, sir. They come from Mrs. Larne, this afternoon."

" Put 'em on the table. Where's my daughter ? "

" She's had dinner, sir ; goin' to a ball, I think."

" A ball ! "

" Charity ball, I fancy, sir."

" Ummm ! Give me a touch of the old sherry with the soup."

" Yes, sir. I shall have to open a bottle."

" Very well, then, do ! "

On his way to the cellar the man confided to Molly, who was carrying the soup :

" The Gov'nor's going it to-night ! What he'll be like to-morrow I dunno."

The girl answered softly :

" Poor old man, let um have his pleasure." And, in the hall, with the soup tureen against her bosom, she hummed above the steam, and thought of the ribbons on her new chemises, bought out of the sovereign he had given her.

And old Heythorp, digesting his oysters, snuffed the scent of the hyacinths, and thought of the St. Germain, his favourite soup. It wouldn't be first-rate, at this time of year—should be made with little young home-grown peas. Paris was the place for it. Ah ! The French were the fellows for eating, and—looking things in the face ! Not hypocrites—not ashamed of their reason or their senses !

The soup came in. He sipped it, bending forward as far as he could, his napkin tucked in over his shirt-front like a bib. He got the bouquet of that sherry to a T, his sense of smell was very keen to-night ; rare old stuff it was—more than a year since he had tasted

it—but no one drank sherry nowadays, hadn't the constitution for it! The fish came up, and went down; and with the sweetbread he took his second glass of champagne. Always the best, that second glass—the stomach well warmed, and the palate not yet dulled. Umm! So that fellow thought he had him beaten, did he? And he said suddenly:

"The fur coat in the wardrobe, I've no use for it. You can take it away to-night."

With tempered gratitude the valet answered:

"Thank you, sir; much obliged, I'm sure." So the old buffer had found out there was moth in it!

"Have I worried you much?"

"No, sir; not at all, sir—that is, no more than reason."

"Afraid I have. Very sorry—can't help it. You'll find that, when you get like me."

"Yes, sir; I've always admired your pluck, sir."

"Um! Very good of you to say so."

"Always think of you keepin' the flag flyin', sir."

Old Heythorp bent his body from the waist.

"Much obliged to you."

"Not at all, sir. Cook's done a little spinach in cream with the soubees."

"Ah! Tell her from me it's a capital dinner, so far."

"Thank you, sir."

Alone again, old Heythorp sat unmoving, his brain just narcotically touched. "The flag flyin'—the flag flyin'!" He raised his glass and sucked. He had an appetite now, and finished the three cutlets, and all the sauce and spinach. Pity! he could have managed a snipe—fresh shot! A desire to delay, to lengthen dinner, was strong upon him; there were but the *soufflé* and the savoury to come. He would have enjoyed, too, someone to talk to. He had always

been fond of good company—been good company himself, or so they said—not that he had had a chance of late. Even at the Boards they avoided talking to him, he had noticed for a long time. Well ! that wouldn't trouble him again—he had sat through his last Board, no doubt. They shouldn't kick him off, though ; he wouldn't give them that pleasure—had seen the beggars hankering after his chairman's shoes too long. The *soufflé* was before him now, and lifting his glass, he said :

" Fill up."

" These are the special glasses, sir ; only four to the bottle."

" Fill up."

The servant filled, screwing up his mouth.

Old Heythorp drank, and put the glass down empty with a sigh. He had been faithful to his principles, finished the bottle before touching the sweet—a good bottle—of a good brand ! And now for the *soufflé* ! Delicious, flipped down with the old sherry ! So that holy woman was going to a ball, was she ! How deuced funny ! Who would dance with a dry stick like that, all eaten up with a piety which was just disappointment ? Ah ! yes, lots of women like that —had often noticed 'em—pitied 'em too, until you had to do with them, and they made you as unhappy as themselves, and were tyrants into the bargain. And he asked :

" What's the savoury ? "

" Cheese remmykin, sir."

His favourite.

" I'll have my port with it—the 'sixty-eight."

The man stood gazing with evident stupefaction. He had not expected this. The old man's face was very flushed, but that might be the bath. He said feebly :

" Are you sure you ought, sir ? "

" No, but I'm going to."

" Would you mind if I spoke to Miss Heythorp, sir ? "

" If you do, you can leave my service."

" Well, sir, I don't accept the responsibility."

" Who asked you to ? "

" No one, sir."

" Well, get it, then ; and don't be an ass."

" Yes, sir." If the old man were not humoured he would have a fit, perhaps !

And the old man sat quietly staring at the hyacinths. He felt happy, his whole being lined and warmed and drowsed—and there was more to come ! What had the holy folk to give you compared with the comfort of a good dinner ? Could they make you dream, and see life rosy for a little ? No, they could only give you promissory notes which would never be cashed. A man had nothing but his pluck—they only tried to undermine it, and make him squeal for help. He could see his precious doctor throwing up his hands : " Port after a bottle of champagne—you'll die of it ! " And a very good death too—none better. A sound broke the silence of the closed-up room. Music ? His daughter playing the piano overhead. Singing too ! What a trickle of a voice ! Jenny Lind ! The Swedish nightingale—he had never missed the nights when she was singing—Jenny Lind !

" It's very hot, sir. Shall I take it out of the case ? "

Ah ! The ramequin !

" Touch of butter, and the cayenne ! "

" Yes, sir."

He ate it slowly, savouring each mouthful ; had never tasted a better. With cheese—port ! He drank one glass, and said :

" Help me to my chair."

And settled there before the fire, with decanter and glass and hand-bell on the little low table by his side, he murmured :

" Bring coffee, and my cigar, in twenty minutes."

To-night he would do justice to his wine, not smoking till he had finished. As old Horace said :

> " aequam memento rebus in arduis
> servare mentem."

And, raising his glass, he sipped slowly, spilling a drop or two, shutting his eyes.

The faint silvery squealing of the holy woman in the room above, the scent of hyacinths, the drowse of the fire, on which a cedar log had just been laid, the feeling of the port soaking down into the crannies of his being, made up a momentary Paradise. Then the music stopped ; and no sound rose but the tiny groans of the log trying to resist the fire. Dreamily he thought : " Life wears you out, wears you out. Logs on a fire ! " And he filled his glass again. That fellow had been careless ; there were dregs at the bottom of the decanter and he had got down to them ! Then as the last drop from his tilted glass trickled into the white hairs on his chin, he heard the coffee-tray put down, and taking his cigar he put it to his ear, rolling it in his thick fingers. In prime condition ! And drawing a first whiff, he said :

" Open that bottle of the old brandy in the sideboard."

" Brandy, sir ? I really daren't, sir."

" Are you my servant or not ? "

" Yes, sir, but——"

A minute of silence, then the man went hastily to the sideboard, took out the bottle, and drew the cork. The tide of crimson in the old man's face had frightened him.

" Leave it there."

The unfortunate valet placed the bottle on the little table.

"I'll have to tell her," he thought; "but if I take away the port decanter and the glass, it won't look so bad." And, carrying them, he left the room.

Slowly the old man drank his coffee, and the liqueur of brandy. The whole gamut! And watching his cigar-smoke wreathing blue in the orange glow, he smiled. The last night to call his soul his own, the last night of his independence. Send in his resignations to-morrow—not wait to be kicked off! Not give that fellow a chance!

A voice which seemed to come from far off said:

"Father! You're drinking brandy! How *can* you—you know it's simple poison to you!"

A figure in white, scarcely actual, loomed up close. He took the bottle to fill up his liqueur glass, in defiance; but a hand in a long white glove, with another dangling from its wrist, pulled it away, shook it at him, and replaced it in the sideboard. And, just as when Mr. Ventnor stood there accusing him, a swelling and churning in his throat prevented him from speech; his lips moved, but only a little froth came forth.

His daughter had approached again. She stood quite close, in white satin, thin faced, sallow, with eyebrows raised, and her dark hair frizzed—yes! frizzed—the holy woman! With all his might he tried to say: "So you bully me, do you—you bully me *to-night*!" but only the word "So" and a sort of whispering came forth. He heard her speaking. "It's no good your getting angry, Father. After champagne—it's wicked!" Then her form receded in a sort of rustling white mist; she was gone; and he heard the spluttering and growling of her taxi, bearing her to the ball. So! She tyrannised and bullied, even before she had him at her mercy, did

she? She should see! Anger had brightened his eyes; the room came clear again. And slowly raising himself he sounded the bell twice, for the girl, not for that fellow Meller, who was in the plot. As soon as her pretty black and white-aproned figure stood before him, he said:

"Help me up."

Twice her soft pulling was not enough, and he sank back. The third time he struggled to his feet.

"Thank you; that'll do." Then, waiting till she was gone, he crossed the room, fumbled open the sideboard door, and took out the bottle. Reaching over the polished oak, he grasped a sherry glass; and holding the bottle with both hands, tipped the liqueur into it, put it to his lips and sucked. Drop by drop it passed over his palate—mild, very old, old as himself, coloured like sunlight, fragrant. To the last drop he drank it, then hugging the bottle to his shirt-front, he moved, snail-like, to his chair, and fell back into its depths.

For some minutes he remained there motionless, the bottle clasped to his chest, thinking: "This is not the attitude of a gentleman. I must put it down on the table—on the table;" but a thick cloud was between him and everything. It was with his hands he would have to put the bottle on the table! But he could not find his hands, could not feel them. His mind see-sawed in strophe and antistrophe: "You can't move!"—"I will move!" "You're beaten."—"I'm not beat." "Give up."—"I won't." That struggle to find his hands seemed to last for ever—he "must" find them! After that—go down—all standing—after that! Everything round him was red. Then the red cloud cleared just a little, and he could hear the clock—"tick-tick-tick"; a faint sensation spread from his shoulders down to his wrists, down his palms; and yes—he could feel the

bottle ! He redoubled his struggle to get forward in his chair ; to get forward and put the bottle down. It was not dignified like this ! One arm he could move now ; but he could not grip the bottle nearly tight enough to put it down. Working his whole body forward, inch by inch, he shifted himself up in the chair till he could lean sideways, and the bottle slipping down his chest, dropped slanting to the edge of the low stool-table. Then with all his might he screwed his trunk and arms an inch farther, and the bottle stood. He had done it—done it ! His lips twitched into a smile ; his body sagged back to its old position. He had done it ! And closed his eyes.

At half-past eleven the girl Molly, opening the door, looked at him and said softly : " Sirr ! there's some ladies, and a gentleman ! " But he did not answer. And, still holding the door, she whispered out into the hall :

" He's asleep, miss."

A voice whispered back :

" Oh ! just let me go in, I won't wake him unless he does. But I do want to show him my dress."

The girl moved aside ; and on tiptoe Phyllis passed in. She walked to where, between the lamp-glow and the fire-glow, she was lighted up. White satin —her first low-cut dress—the flush of her first supper party—a gardenia at her breast, another in her fingers ! Oh ! what a pity he was asleep ! How red he looked ! How funnily old men breathed ! And mysteriously, as a child might, she whispered :

" Guardy ! "

No answer ! And pouting, she stood twiddling the gardenia. Then suddenly she thought, " I'll put it in his buttonhole ! When he wakes up and sees it, how he'll jump ! "

And stealing close, she bent and slipped it in. Two faces looked at her from round the door ; she heard

Bob Pillin's smothered chuckle; her mother's rich and feathery laugh. Oh! How red his forehead was! she touched it with her lips; skipped back, twirled round, danced silently a second, blew a kiss, and like quicksilver was gone.

And the whispering, the chuckling, and one little outpealing laugh rose in the hall.

But the old man slept. Nor until Meller came at his usual hour of half-past twelve, was it known that he would never wake.

JOHN GALSWORTHY

ESSAYS AND LITERARY CRITICISM

A PIECE OF CHALK

I REMEMBER one splendid morning, all blue and silver, in the summer holidays, when I reluctantly tore myself away from the task of doing nothing in particular, and put on a hat of some sort and picked up a walking-stick, and put six very bright-coloured chalks in my pocket. I then went into the kitchen (which, along with the rest of the house, belonged to a very square and sensible old woman in a Sussex village), and asked the owner and occupant of the kitchen if she had any brown paper. She had a great deal ; in fact, she had too much ; and she mistook the purpose and the rationale of the existence of brown paper. She seemed to have an idea that if a person wanted brown paper he must be wanting to tie up parcels ; which was the last thing I wanted to do ; indeed, it is a thing which I have found to be beyond my mental capacity. Hence she dwelt very much on the varying qualities of toughness and endurance in the material. I explained to her that I only wanted to draw pictures on it, and that I did not want them to endure in the least ; and that from my point of view, therefore, it was a question not of tough consistency, but of responsive surface, a thing comparatively irrelevant in a parcel. When she understood that I wanted to draw she offered to overwhelm me with note-paper, apparently supposing that I did my notes and correspondence on old brown-paper wrappers from motives of economy.

I then tried to explain the rather delicate logical

shade, that I not only liked brown paper, but liked the quality of brownness in paper, just as I liked the quality of brownness in October woods, or in beer, or in the peat-streams of the North. Brown paper represents the primal twilight of the first toil of creation, and with a bright-coloured chalk or two you can pick out points of fire in it, sparks of gold, and blood-red and sea-green, like the first fierce stars that sprang out of divine darkness. All this I said (in an off-hand way) to the old woman; and I put the brown paper in my pocket along with the chalks, and possibly other things. I suppose every one must have reflected how primeval and how poetical are the things that one carries in one's pocket; the pocket-knife, for instance, the type of all human tools, the infant of the sword. Once I planned to write a book of poems entirely about the things in my pocket. But I found it would be too long; and the age of the great epics is past.

. . . . . .

With my stick and my knife, my chalks and my brown paper, I went out on to the great downs. I crawled across those colossal contours that express the best quality of England, because they are at the same time soft and strong. The smoothness of them has the same meaning as the smoothness of great cart-horses, or the smoothness of the beech-tree; it declares in the teeth of our timid and cruel theories that the mighty are merciful. As my eye swept the landscape, the landscape was as kindly as any of its cottages, but for power it was like an earthquake. The villages in the immense valley were safe, one could see, for centuries; yet the lifting of the whole land was like the lifting of one enormous wave to wash them all away.

I crossed one swell of living turf after another,

looking for a place to sit down and draw. Do not, for heaven's sake, imagine I was going to sketch from Nature. I was going to draw devils and seraphim, and blind old gods that men worshipped before the dawn of right, and saints in robes of angry crimson, and seas of strange green, and all the sacred or monstrous symbols that look so well in bright colours on brown paper. They are much better worth drawing than Nature ; also they are much easier to draw. When a cow came slouching by in the field next to me, a mere artist might have drawn it ; but I always get wrong in the hind legs of quadrupeds. So I drew the soul of the cow, which I saw there plainly walking before me in the sunlight ; and the soul was all purple and silver, and had seven horns and the mystery that belongs to all the beasts. But though I could not with a crayon get the best out of the landscape, it does not follow that the landscape was not getting the best out of me. And this, I think, is the mistake that people make about the old poets who lived before Wordsworth, and were supposed not to care very much about Nature because they did not describe it much.

They preferred writing about great men to writing about great hills ; but they sat on the great hills to write it. They gave out much less about Nature, but they drank in, perhaps, much more. They painted the white robes of their holy virgins with the blinding snow, at which they had stared all day. They blazoned the shields of their paladins with the purple and gold of many heraldic sunsets. The greenness of a thousand green leaves clustered into the live green figure of Robin Hood. The blueness of a score of forgotten skies became the blue robes of the Virgin. The inspiration went in like sunbeams and came out like Apollo.

. . . . . .

But as I sat scrawling these silly figures on the brown paper, it began to dawn on me, to my great disgust, that I had left one chalk, and that a most exquisite and essential chalk, behind. I searched all my pockets, but I could not find any white chalk. Now, those who are acquainted with all the philosophy (nay, religion) which is typified in the art of drawing on brown paper, know that white is positive and essential. I cannot avoid remarking here upon a moral significance. One of the wise and awful truths which this brown-paper art reveals, is this, that white is a colour. It is not a mere absence of colour ; it is a shining and affirmative thing, as fierce as red, as definite as black. When (so to speak) your pencil grows red-hot, it draws roses ; when it grows white-hot, it draws stars. And one of the two or three defiant verities of the best religious morality, of real Christianity for example, is exactly the same thing ; the chief assertion of religious morality is that white is a colour. Virtue is not the absence of vices or the avoidance of moral dangers ; virtue is a vivid and separate thing, like pain or a particular smell. Mercy does not mean not being cruel or sparing people revenge or punishment ; it means a plain and positive thing like the sun, which one has either seen or not seen. Chastity does not mean abstention from sexual wrong ; it means something flaming, like Joan of Arc. In a word, God paints in many colours ; but He never paints so gorgeously, I had almost said so gaudily, as when He paints in white. In a sense our age has realised this fact, and expressed it in our sullen costume. For if it were really true that white was a blank and colourless thing, negative and non-committal, then white would be used instead of black and grey for the funeral dress of this pessimistic period. We should see city gentlemen in frock coats of spotless silver satin, with top hats

as white as wonderful arum lilies. Which is not the case.

Meanwhile I could not find my chalk.

. . . . . .

I sat on the hill in a sort of despair. There was no town nearer than Chichester at which it was even remotely probable that there would be such a thing as an artist's colourman. And yet, without white, my absurd little pictures would be as pointless as the world would be if there were no good people in it. I stared stupidly round, racking my brain for expedients. Then I suddenly stood up and roared with laughter, again and again, so that the cows stared at me and called a committee. Imagine a man in the Sahara regretting that he had no sand for his hour-glass. Imagine a gentleman in mid-ocean wishing that he had brought some salt water with him for his chemical experiments. I was sitting on an immense warehouse of white chalk. The landscape was made entirely out of white chalk. White chalk was piled mere miles until it met the sky. I stooped and broke a piece off the rock I sat on : it did not mark so well as the shop chalks do ; but it gave the effect. And I stood there in a trance of pleasure, realising that this Southern England is not only a grand peninsula, and a tradition and a civilisation ; it is something even more admirable. It is a piece of chalk.

G. K. CHESTERTON

MACBETH

MACBETH starts off by bringing before us the very powers of evil themselves, personified in figures of grisly vivacity, hideously blithe in their confidence of success : a confidence the more shocking because the

witches, in that snatch of their infernal conversation with which the play opens, do not even allude to their hopes. It is merely their tone that instantly sets the key for all that is to follow. Ten lines of lyrical dialogue, and the action is in full career. No other play sweeps our imaginations at once into the full strength of its current like this. From the very first word of it, we know, or at least feel, that the powers of evil are to have their will with the life of a man. Their temptation is the most devilish possible : what Macbeth dare not even desire is suddenly and awfully made to " appear " as the thing fated for him : all he has to do is to act accordingly.—Of course ! Once induce him to act, and the thing *is* thereby fated : it has been done !—All falls out as the witches prophesied. Macbeth acts, and has his ambition : but the witches did not tell him what he now finds out—that this is to descend alive into hell. Egged on by his wife, his first atrocious treachery, the murder of the King, gives him the vulgar aggrandisement he desires : but a whole series of crimes must maintain it, each more futile than the last, each more patently ignoble in its motive. And when at last his own destruction stares at him, his life is not merely drencht in wickedness ; it has ceased to have any meaning ; it has become a phantasmagoria of horrible nonsense : a tale told by an idiot.

This is the process of evil in the tragedy : and it is wholly in Macbeth. The killing of Duncan and the other murders are evil in themselves, certainly ; but it is with the evil they are to Macbeth that the tragedy is concerned and our interest engaged. And not merely with the evil they are to Macbeth : the evil has become Macbeth himself, the very life of him. And in so doing it has provided itself with a perfect counterpart of good. For note how the two partners in crime react to their guilt. It is (with profound

psychological truth) the hard calculating realist, the unimaginative matter-of-fact business-like instigator—it is Lady Macbeth who shatters and gives in to the strain of horror and danger she has brought upon herself. But Macbeth goes on enduring to the last : the sensitive highly-strung Macbeth, the fearfully imaginative man, who can see the whole infamy of his crime as soon as he has thought of it, and anticipates all the possibility of its failure ; the man who sees visionary emblems of intended crime and the ghosts of crime committed, as clearly as if they were commonplace reality ; the man who instantly translates the witches' greeting into the thought of murder, instantly begins devising, has it all complete in his mind, and then has to be forced on to do the thing he has pledged himself to do : and as he goes out on his hideous business, looks on at himself, as if he were watching a figure in a drama, moving " with Tarquin's ravishing strides " towards his victim, while he feels the very earth he treads on repudiate its complicity : this is the person who stands up to the end, who grandly looks despair in the face, and dies fighting, unsubdued. It is not merely that he becomes more daring and resolute in action, the more desperate his affairs become : the whole vitality of the man becomes incandescent. Infinitely keener than Lady Macbeth's is his suffering ; and the more he suffers, the more capable of suffering he becomes, and the more he steels himself to endure : *that* is what the singular ability of his personal life has become. And when Lady Macbeth dies, and he realises that he is alone in the dreadful world he has created for himself, the unspeakable abyss suddenly opens beneath him. He has staked everything and lost ; he has damned himself for nothing ; his world suddenly turns into a blank of imbecile futility. And he seizes on the appalling moment and masters even this : he masters it by *knowing* it absolutely and

completely, and by forcing even this quintessence of all possible evil to live before him with the zest and terrible splendour of his own unquenchable mind :

" To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more : it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."

There is no depth below that ; that is the bottom. Tragedy can lay hold of no evil worse than the conviction that life is an affair of absolute inconsequence. There is no means anywhere : that is the final disaster ; death is nothing after that. And precisely by laying hold of this and relishing its fearfulness to the utmost, Macbeth's personality towers into its loftiest grandeur. Misfortune and personality have been until this a continual discord : but now each has reached its perfection, and they unite. And the whole tragic action which is thus incarnate in the life of Macbeth—what is it but the very polar opposite to the thing he proclaims ? For we see not only what he feels, but the personality that feels it ; and in the very act of proclaiming that life is " a tale told by an idiot, *signifying nothing*," personal life announces its virtue, and superbly *signifies itself*. That, so far as it can be reduced to abstract words, is the action of *Macbeth*. But it is no abstract meaning, but the poem as an actual whole, that lives in our minds : *there* is the shapely order and intense connexion of things that can absorb even Macbeth's " tale told by an idiot " in the sense of

a final significance. And what is this significance? Nothing but the completely organised and focussed unity of the poem's total impression; and that is nothing but the figure and person of Macbeth himself: in him the whole poem lives and has its meaning. In his unanalysable quality as an individual we recognise a symbol of life itself, creating and enduring —yes, and dreadfully relishing—its own tragic destiny.

LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE

LORD CANTILUPE'S POLITICAL FAITH

"WHY I went into politics? Why did I? I'm sure I don't know. Certainly I wasn't intended for it. I was intended for a country gentleman, and I hope for the rest of my life to be one; which, perhaps, if I were candid, is the real reason of my retirement. But I was pushed into politics when I was young, as a kind of a family duty; and once in it's very hard to get out again. I'm coming out now because, among other things, there's no longer any place for me. Toryism is dead. And I, as you justly describe me, am a Tory. But you want to know why? Well, I don't know that I can tell you. Perhaps I ought to be able to. Remenham, I know, can and will give you the clearest possible account of why he is a Liberal. But then Remenham has principles; and I have only prejudices. I am a Tory because I was born one, just as another man is a Radical because he was born one. But Remenham, I really believe, is a Liberal, because he has convinced himself that he ought to be one. I admire him for it, but I am quite unable to understand him. And, for my own part, if I am to defend, or rather to explain myself, I can only do so by explaining my prejudices. And really I am glad to have the opportunity of doing so, if only

because it is a satisfaction occasionally to say what one thinks; a thing which has become impossible in public life.

"The first of my prejudices is that I believe in inequality. I'm not at all sure that that is a prejudice confined to myself—most people seem to act upon it in practice, even in America. But I not only recognise the fact, I approve the ideal of inequality. I don't want, myself, to be the equal of Darwin or of the German Emperor; and I don't see why anybody should want to be my equal. I like a society properly ordered in ranks and classes. I like my butcher or my gardener to take off his hat to me, and I like, myself, to stand bareheaded in the presence of the Queen. I don't know that I'm better or worse than the village carpenter; but I'm different; and I like him to recognise that fact, and to recognise it myself. In America, I am told, every one is always informing you, in everything they do and say, directly or indirectly, that they are as good as you are. That isn't true, and if it were, it isn't good manners to keep saying it. I prefer a society where people have places and know them. They always do have places in any possible society; only, in a democratic society, they refuse to recognise them; and, consequently, social relations are much ruder, more unpleasant, and less humane than they are, or used to be, in England. That is my first prejudice; and it follows, of course, that I hate the whole democratic movement. I see no sense in pretending to make people equal politically when they're unequal in every other respect. Do what you may, it will always be a few people that will govern. And the only real result of the extension of the franchise has been to transfer political power from the landlords to the trading classes and the wire-pullers. Well, I don't think the change is a good one. And that brings me to my second prejudice, a prejudice

against trade. I don't mean, of course, that we can do without it. A country must have wealth, though I think we were a much better country when we had less than we have now. Nor do I dispute that there are to be found excellent, honourable, and capable men of business. But I believe that the pursuit of wealth tends to unfit men for the service of the state. And I sympathise with the somewhat extreme view of the ancient world that those who are engaged in trade ought to be excluded from public functions. I believe in government by gentlemen ; and the word gentleman I understand in the proper, old-fashioned English sense, as a man of independent means, brought up from his boyhood in the atmosphere of public life, and destined either for the army, the navy, the Church, or Parliament. It was that kind of man that made Rome great, and that made England great in the past ; and I don't believe that a country will ever be great which is governed by merchants and shopkeepers and artisans. Not because they are not, or may not be, estimable people ; but because their occupations and manner of life unfit them for public service.

" Well, that is the kind of feeling—I won't call it a principle—which determined my conduct in public life. And you will remember that it seemed to be far more possible to give expression to it when first I entered politics than it is now. Even after the first Reform Act—which, in my opinion, was conceived upon the wrong lines—the landed gentry still governed England ; and if I could have had my way they would have continued to do so. It wasn't really parliamentary reform that was wanted ; it was better and more intelligent government. And such government the then ruling class was capable of supplying, as is shown by the series of measures passed in the 'thirties and 'forties, the new Poor Law and the Public Health Acts and the rest. Even the repeal of the Corn Laws shows

at least how capable they were of sacrificing their own interests to the nation ; though otherwise I consider that measure the greatest of their blunders. I don't profess to be a political economist, and I am ready to take it from those whose business it is to know that our wealth has been increased by Free Trade. But no one has ever convinced me, though many people have tried, that the increase of wealth ought to be the sole object of a nation's policy. And it is surely as clear as day that the policy of Free Trade has dislocated the whole structure of our society. It has substituted a miserable city-proletariat for healthy labourers on the soil ; it has transferred the great bulk of wealth from the country-gentlemen to the traders ; and in so doing it has more and more transferred power from those who had the tradition of using it to those who have no tradition at all except that of accumulation. The very thing which I should have thought must be the main business of a statesman—the determination of the proper relations of classes to one another—we have handed over to the chances of competition. We have abandoned the problem in despair, instead of attempting to solve it ; with the result, that our population—so it seems to me—is daily degenerating before our eyes, in physique, in morals, in taste, in everything that matters ; while we console ourselves with the increasing aggregate of our wealth. Free Trade, in my opinion, was the first great betrayal by the governing class of the country and themselves, and the second was the extension of the franchise. I do not say that I would not have made any change at all in the parliamentary system that had been handed down to us. But I would never have admitted, even implicitly, that every man has a right to vote, still less that all have an equal right. For society, say what we may, is not composed of individuals but of classes ; and by classes it ought to be represented. I would

have enfranchised peasants, artisans, merchants, manufacturers, as such, taking as my unit the interest, not the individual, and assigning to each so much weight as would enable its influence to be felt, while preserving to the landed gentry their preponderance. That would have been difficult, no doubt, but it would have been worth doing ; whereas it was, to my mind, as foolish as it was easy simply to add new batches of electors, till we shall arrive, I do not doubt, at what, in effect, is universal suffrage, without having ever admitted to ourselves that we wanted to have it.

" But what has been done is final and irremediable. Henceforth, numbers, or rather those who control numbers, will dominate England ; and they will not be the men under whom hitherto she has grown great. For people like myself there is no longer a place in politics. And really, so far as I am personally concerned, I am rather glad to know it. Those who have got us into the mess must get us out of it. Probably they will do so, in their own way ; but they will make, in the process, a very different England from the one I have known and understood and loved. We shall have a population of city people, better fed and housed, I hope, than they are now, clever and quick and smart, living entirely by their heads, ready to turn out in a moment for use everything they know, but knowing really very little, and not knowing it very well. There will be fewer of the kind of people in whom I take pleasure, whom I like to regard as peculiarly English, and who are the products of the country-side ; fellows who grow like vegetables, and, without knowing how, put on sense as they put on flesh by an unconscious process of assimilation ; who will stand for an hour at a time watching a horse or a pig, with stolid moon-faces as motionless as a pond ; the sort of men that visitors from town imagine to be stupid because they take five minutes to answer a

question, and then probably answer by asking another; but who have stored up in them a wealth of experience far too extensive and complicated for them ever to have taken account of it. They live by their instincts, not their brains; but their instincts are the slow deposit of long years of practical dealings with Nature. That is the kind of man I like. And I like to live among them in the way I do—in a traditional relation which it never occurs to them to resent, any more than it does to me to abuse it. That sort of relation you can't create; it has to grow, and to be handed down from father to son. The new men who come on to the land never manage to establish it. They bring with them the isolation which is the product of cities. They have no idea of any tie except that of wages; the notion of neighbourliness they do not understand. And that reminds me of a curious thing. People go to town for society; but I have always found that there is no real society except in the country. We may be stupid there, but we belong to a scheme of things which embodies the wisdom of generations. We meet not in drawing-rooms, but in the hunting-field, on the county-bench, at dinners of tenants or farmers' associations. Our private business is intermixed with our public. Our occupation does not involve competition; and the daily performance of its duties we feel to be itself a kind of national service. That is an order of things which I understand and admire, as my fathers understood and admired it before me. And that is why I am a Tory; not because of any opinions I hold, but because that is my character. I stood for Toryism while it meant something; and now that it means nothing, though I stand for it no longer, still I can't help *being* it. The England that is will last my time; the England that is to be does not interest me; and it is as well that I should have nothing to do with directing it.

" I don't know whether that is sufficient account of the question I was told to answer ; but it's the best I can make, and I think it ought to be sufficient. I always imagine myself saying to God, if He asks me to give an account of myself : ' Here I am, as you made me. You can take me or leave me. If I had to live again I would live just so. And if you want me to live differently, you must make me different.' I have championed a losing cause, and I am sorry it has lost. But I do not break my heart about it. I can still live for the rest of my days the life I respect and enjoy. And I am content to leave the nation in the hands of Remenham, who, as I see, is all impatience to reply to my heresies."

G. Lowes Dickinson

CAESAR'S FUNERAL

Editor after editor has condemned Brutus' speech as poor and ineffective, and most of them have then proceeded to justify Shakespeare for making it so. It is certainly not meant to be ineffective, for it attains its end in convincing the crowd. Whether it is poor oratory must be to some extent a matter of taste. Personally, accepting its form as one accepts the musical convention of a fugue, I find that it stirs me deeply. I prefer it to Antony's. It wears better. It is very noble prose. But we must, of course, consider it first as a part of the setting out of Brutus' character. Nothing—if the speech itself does not—suggests him to us as a poor speaker ; nor, at this moment of all others, would he fail himself. But we know the sort of appeal he would, deliberately, if not temperamentally, avoid. Shakespeare has been accused, too, of bias against the populace. But is it so ? He had no illusions about them. As a popular dramatist he

faced their inconstant verdict day by day, and came to write for a better audience than he had. He allows Brutus no illusions, certainly.

" Only be patient till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear."

This is the authentic voice of your republican aristocrat who is at no pains, either, to disguise his disdain.

" Be patient till the last.
Romans, countrymen and lovers ! hear me for my cause ; and be silent, that you may hear."

For the tone belies the words ; nor is such a rapping on the desk for " quiet, please " the obvious way into the affections of the heady crowd. He concedes nothing to their simplicity.

" Censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may be the better judge."

But the compliment, one fears, is paid less to them than to his own intellectual pride. It is wasted in any case, if we may judge by the third and fourth citizens.

" Let him be Caesar,
Caesar's better parts
Shall be crown'd in Brutus."

He has won them ; not by what he has said, in spite of it rather ; but by what he is. The dramatic intention, and the part the crowd plays in it, is surely plain. Men in the mass do not think, they feel. They are as biddable as children, and as sensitive to suggestion. Mark Antony is to make it plainer.

Antony has entered, and stands all friendless by Caesar's bier. Brutus descends, the dialogue shifting from prose to easy verse as he shakes free of the

enthusiasm, and departs alone. His austere renouncing of advantage should show us how truly alone.

Antony makes no glib beginning; he protests, indeed, that he has nothing to say. He tries this opening and that, is deprecatory, apologetic.

> " The noble Brutus
> Hath told you Caesar was ambitious.
> If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
> And grievously hath Caesar answered it."

But he is deftly feeling his way by help of a few platitudes to his true opening, and alert for a first response. He senses one, possibly, upon his

> " He was my friend; faithful and just to me "

—for that was a human appeal. But he knows better than to presume on a success; he returns to his praise of the well-bepraised Brutus. He embellishes the tune with two grace-notes; one of sentiment; the other of greed. More praise of Brutus and yet more! But the irony of this will out, and he checks himself. Irony is a tricky weapon with an audience uncertain still. Nor will too much nice talk about honour serve him; that sort of thing leaves men cold. A quick turn gives us

> " I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
> But here I am to speak what I do know,"

and, by the hammering monosyllables of the last line, he is warming to his work, and feels his hearers warming to him.

One may so analyse the speech throughout and find it a triumph of effective cleverness. The cheapening of the truth, the appeals to passion, the perfect carillon of flattery, cajolery, mockery, and pathos, swinging to a magnificent tune, all serve to make it a model of what popular oratory should be. In a

school for demagogues its critical analysis might well be an item in every examination paper. That is one view of it. By another, there is nothing in it calculated or false. Antony feels like this; and, on these occasions, he never lets his thoughts belie his feelings, that is all. And he knows, without stopping to think, what the common thought and feeling will be where reason and sentiment will touch bottom—and if it be a muddy bottom what matter !—because he is himself, as we said, the common man raised to the highest power. So, once in touch with his audience, he can hardly go wrong.

How easy he makes things for them ! No abstract arguments :

" But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar.
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will."

We pass now, however, to a less ingenuous, more ingenious, phase of the achievement. Those—it is strange there should be any—who range themselves with the mob and will see in Antony no more than the plain blunt man of his own painting, have still to account for this slim manipulator of Caesar's will that Shakespeare paints. It is tempting, no doubt, to make men dance to your tune when the thing is done so easily. When they stand, open-eared and open-mouthed, how resist stuffing them with any folly that comes handy ? And as there is no limit, it would seem, to their folly and credulity, greed and baseness, why not turn it all to good account—one's own account ? Antony is not the man, at any rate, to turn aside from such temptation. Is he less of a demagogue that Caesar's murder is his theme, and vengeance for it his cause ? Does poetic eloquence make demagogy less vicious—or, by chance, more ? Shakespeare's Antony would not be complete without this juggling with Caesar's will.

What so impresses the unlearned as the sight of some document? He does not mean to read it. They are Caesar's heirs. There, he never meant to let that slip! Trick after trick of the oratorical trade follows. The provocative appeal to the seething crowd's self-control tagged to the flattery of their generous hearts, the play with the mantle, which they "all do know," that soft touch of the "summer's evening" when Caesar first put it on! Self-interest well salted with sentiment, what better bait can there be? Much may be done with a blood-stained bit of cloth!

"Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabbed;
And as he pluck'd his cursèd steel away,
Mark how the blood of Caesar followed it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no."

If our blood were still cold the simile might sound ridiculous, but it thrills us now.

"This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell."

How fine it sounds! How true, therefore, by the standards of popular oratory, it is! There is poetic truth, certainly, in that ingratitude; and as for Pompey's statue, if it did not actually run blood, it might well have done.

"O! what a fall was there, my countrymen;
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.

O ! now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity. . . ."

What were Brutus' tributes to their wisdom compared to this ? Antony has won their tears, and has but to seal his success by showing them the very body of Caesar, and to endorse it with

" Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable. . . ."

for irony is a potent weapon now.

The peroration is masterly, a compendium of excitement. We have again the false restraint from passion, the now triumphant mockery of these honourable men, of their wisdom, their good reasons and their private grief; again the plain blunt man's warning against such oratorical snares as the subtle Brutus set ; and it is all rounded off with magnificent rhythm, the recurrent thought and word flung like a stone from a sling.

" . . . but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Caesar that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny."

And to what end ? To the routing of the conspirators from Rome, truly. A good counter-stroke. But the first victim of Antony's eloquence, as Shakespeare takes care to show us, is the wretched Cinna the poet, who has had nothing to do with Caesar's murder at all. The mob beat him limb from limb, as children tear a rag doll. Nor does knowledge of his innocence hinder them.

" ' Truly, my name is Cinna.'
' Tear him to pieces ; he's a conspirator.'

'I am Cinna, the poet; I am Cinna, the poet.'

'Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.'

'I am not Cinna the conspirator.'

'It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.'"

Well, we have had Antony's fine oratory and we may have been, and should have been, stirred by it. But if we have not at the same time watched him, and ourselves, with a discerning eye, and listened as well with a keener ear, the fault is none of Shakespeare's. He draws no moral, does not wordily balance the merits of this cause against that. He is content to compose for the core of his play, with an artist's enjoyment, with an artist's conscience in getting the balance true, this ironic picture; and finally, to set against the high tragedy of the murder of Caesar a poor poetaster's wanton slaughter.

HARLEY GRANVILLE-BARKER

WALKING

IF I have praised wine in Italy, by how much more shall I praise tea in England!—the charmed cup that prolongs the pleasure of the walk and its actual distance by the last, best spell of miles. Before modern times there was Walking, but not the perfection of Walking, because there was no tea. They of old time said, "The traveller hasteth towards evening," but it was then from fear of robbers and the dark, not from the joy of glad living as with us who swing down the darkling road refreshed by tea. When they reached the forest of Arden, Rosalind's spirits and Touchstone's legs were weary—but if only Corin could have produced a pot of tea, they would

have walked on singing till they found the Duke at dinner. In that scene Shakespeare put his unerring finger fine on the want of his age—tea for walkers at evening.

Tea is not a native product, but it has become our native drink, procured by our English energy at sea-faring and trading, to cheer us with the sober courage that fits us best. No, let the swart Italian crush his grape ! But grant to me, ye Muses, for heart's ease, at four o'clock or five, wasp-waisted with hunger and faint with long four miles an hour, to enter the open door of a lane-side inn, and ask the jolly hostess if she can give me three boiled eggs with my tea—and let her answer " yes." Then for an hour's perfect rest and recovery, while I draw from my pocket some small, well-thumbed volume, discoloured by many rains and rivers, so that some familiar, immortal spirit may sit beside me at the board. There is true luxury of mind and body ! Then on again into the night if it be winter, or into the dusk falling or still but threatened—joyful, a man remade.

Then is the best yet to come, when the walk is carried on into the night, or into the long, silent, twilight hours which in the northern summer stand in night's place. Whether I am alone or with one fit companion, then most is the quiet soul awake ; for then the body, drugged with sheer health, is felt only as a part of the physical nature that surrounds it and to which it is indeed akin ; while the mind's sole function is to be conscious of calm delight. Such hours are described in Meredith's *Night Walk* :

" A pride of legs in motion kept
Our spirits to their task meanwhile,
And what was deepest dreaming slept :
The posts that named the swallowed mile ;
Beside the straight canal the hut

Abandoned ; near the river's source
Its infant chirp ; the shortest cut ;
The roadway missed were our discourse ;
At times dear poets, whom some view
Transcendent or subdued evoked . . .
But most the silences were sweet ! "

Indeed the only reason, other than weakness of the flesh, for not always walking until late at night, is the joy of making a leisurely occupation of the hamlet that chance or whim has selected for the night's rest. There is much merit in the stroll after supper, hanging contemplative at sunset over the little bridge, feeling at one equally with the geese there on the common and with the high gods at rest on Olympus. After a day's walk everything has twice its usual value. Food and drink become subjects for epic celebration, worthy of the treatment Homer gave them. Greed is sanctified by hunger and health. And as with food, so with books. Never start on a walking tour without an author whom you love. It is criminal folly to waste your too rare hours of perfect receptiveness on the magazines that you may find cumbering the inn. No one, indeed, wants to read long after a long walk, but for a few minutes, at supper or after it, you may be in the seventh heaven with a scene of *Henry IV*, a chapter of Carlyle, a dozen " Nay, Sirs " of Dr. Johnson, or your own chosen novelist. Their wit and poetry acquire all the richness of your then condition, and that evening they surpass even their own gracious selves. Then, putting the volume in your pocket, go out, and godlike watch the geese.

On the same principle it is good to take a whole day off in the middle of a walking tour. It is easy to get stale, yet it is a pity to shorten a good walk for fear of being tired next day. One day off in a well-chosen hamlet, in the middle of a week's " hard," is

often both necessary to the pleasure of the next three days, and good in itself in the same kind of excellence as that of the evening just described. All day long, as we lie *perdu* in wood or field, we have perfect laziness and perfect health. The body is asleep like a healthy infant—or, if it must be doing for one hour of the blessed day, let it scramble a little ; while the powers of mind and soul are at their topmost strength and yet are not put forth, save intermittently and casually, like a careless giant's hand. Our modern life requires such days of " anti-worry," and they are only to be obtained in perfection when the body has been walked to a standstill.

George Meredith once said to me that we should " love all changes of weather." That is a true word for walkers. Change in weather should be made as welcome as change in scenery. " Thrice blessed is our sunshine after rain." I love the stillness of dawn, and of noon, and of evening, but I love no less the " winds austere and pure." The fight against fiercer wind and snowstorm is among the higher joys of Walking, and produces in shortest time the state of ecstasy. Meredith himself has described once for all in the *Egoist* the delight of Walking soaked through by rain. Still more in mist upon the mountains, to keep the way, or to lose and find it, is one of the great primaeval games, though now we play it with map and compass. But do not, in mountain mist, " lose the way " on purpose, as I have recommended to vary the monotony of less exciting walks. I once had eight days' walking alone in the Pyrenees, and on only one half-day saw heaven or earth. Yet I enjoyed that week in the mist, for I was kept hard at work finding the unseen way through pine forest and gurgling Alp, every bit of instinct and hill-knowledge on the stretch. And that one half-day of sunlight, how I treasured it ! When we see the mists sweeping up to play with us as we

walk the mountain crests, we should " rejoice," as it was the custom of Cromwell's soldiers to do when they saw the enemy. Listen while you can to the roar of waters from behind the great grey curtain, and look at the torrent at your feet tumbling the rocks down gully and glen, for there will be no such sights and sounds when the mists are withdrawn into their lairs, and the mountain, no longer a giant half seen through clefts of scudding cloud, stands there, from scree-foot to cairn, dwarfed and betrayed by the sun. So let us " love all changes of weather."

I have now set down my own experiences and likings. Let no one be alarmed or angry because his ideas of Walking are different. There is no orthodoxy in Walking. It is a land of many paths and no-paths, where everyone goes his own way and is right.

G. M. TREVELYAN

THE WORLD OF DICKENS

WHAT remains, then, of a world thus emptied of religion, thought, science? I reserve the answer for a minute or two. But I start my approach to it thus. Be the world of Dickens what you will, he had the first demiurgic gift, of entirely believing in what he created. The belief may be as frantic as you will: for any true artist it is the first condition. Well, this remains: nobody has ever doubted that, in the preface to *David Copperfield*, he wrote the strict truth:

" It would concern the reader little, perhaps, to know how sorrowfully the pen is laid down at the end of a two-years' imaginative task; or how an Author feels as if he were dismissing some portion of himself into the shadowy world, when a crowd of all creatures of his brain are going from him for ever. Yet I had nothing else to tell unless indeed I were

to confess (which might be of less moment still) that no one can ever believe this Narrative in the reading more than I believed it in the Writing."

Well, there, Gentlemen—just there and so simply—you have the first condition of a work of art—its own creator is so possessed that he thoroughly believes in it. As Henry James once said to me (I recall the words as nearly as I can), " Ah yes, how jollily the little figures dance under the circle of the lamp, until *Good-bye*, and off they go, to take their chance of the dark." Having that, you have artistic sincerity: of which I wonder, as experience enlarges, how many faults it cannot excuse—or indeed " What is the fault it cannot excuse." All that remains of the merely artistic secret has been summarised by Mr. Saintsbury:

" It cannot have taken many people of any competence in criticism very long to discover where, at least in a general way, the secret of this ' new world ' of Dickens lies. *It lies of course in the combination of the strictest realism of detail with a fairy-tale unrealism of general atmosphere.* The note of one or the other or both is sometimes forced and then there is a jar: in the later books this is frequently the case. But in *Pickwick* it hardly ever occurs: and, therefore, to all happily fit persons the ' suspension of disbelief,' to adopt and shift Coleridge's great dictum from verse to prose fiction, is, except in the case of some of the short inset stories, never rudely broken. Never, probably, was there a writer who knew or cared less about Aristotle than Dickens did. If he had spoken of the father of criticism, he would probably have talked—one is not certain that he has not sometimes come near to talking—some of his worse stuff. But certainly when he did master it (which was often) nobody ever mastered better than Dickens, in practice, the Aristotelian doctrine of the impossibility rendered probable or not improbable."

Well, there you have the artistic secret of Dickens' world accurately given and not by me. *It lies in the combination of the strictest realism of detail with a fairy-tale unrealism of general atmosphere.*

Let me give you to illustrate this a single instance out of many. In his Christmas story, *The Perils of Certain English Prisoners*—an adventurous story of the sort that Stevenson loved and some of you make the mistake of despising—a handful of a British garrison with their women and children in a stockaded fort in South America tensely await an attack of pirates hopelessly outnumbering them. Now listen to one paragraph. (It is a corporal of Marines who tells it.)

"'Close up here, men, and gentlemen all!' said the sergeant. 'A place too many in the line.' The pirates were so close upon us at this time that the foremost of them were almost before the gate. More and more came up with a great noise and shouting loudly. When we believed from the sound that they were all there, we gave three English cheers. The poor little children joined, and were so fully convinced of our being at play, that they enjoyed the noise, and were heard clapping their hands in the silence that followed. . . ."

Defoe within his limits does that sort of thing to perfection. But then Defoe's world observes the limits of the 'real' (as we absurdly call anything that is not spiritual), has little emotion, scintillates scarce a glimmer of humour. Dickens handles it in a phantasmagoric world, charged even to excess with emotion, and is not in the least afraid to employ it—I quote Mr. Saintsbury again: "Of invading those confines of nonsense which Hazlitt proudly and wisely claimed as the appanage and province of every Englishman. I need but to instance a writer whose acquaintance Hazlitt had not the joy to make nor

Lamb—woe upon the divisions of time!—Lewis Carroll —in whom both would have revelled for his insane logicality of detail—or if you prefer it, I will fall back upon Lear's Nonsense Books or even upon *A Midsummer Night's Dream*—to convince you that, as a nation, we have this appanage: and if it bewilder a foreigner, or he deride it, why then we will give him a look, and pass. Yes. But there is something else. What else—no mere artistic secret ties this phantasmagoric world to ours and makes it universal with ours, conterminous and so real? It is no dodge or trick of artistry that can work so incredible a feat—that can open our hearts to such beings as Dick Swiveller and Mrs. Gamp (whom in private life you or I would avoid like the plague), to enjoy their company, to hang on every word they utter. It must be some very simple catholic gift, thus to unite the unreal with the real, thus to make brothers and sisters of all men and women, high or low."

It is: nor shall I delay you by elaborate pretence to search for it. For I know; and you know, or will recognise it as soon as I utter the word. It is *Charity*; the inestimable gift of Charity that Dickens flings over all things as his magic mantle, so that, whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge it shall vanish away; and whether there be little critics tormented about Dickens' style in the folds of that mantle they shall be folded and hushed: "That it may please Thee to preserve all that travel by land or by water, all women labouring of child, all sick persons, and young children; and to show Thy pity upon all prisoners and captives. That it may please Thee to defend, and provide for, the fatherless children, and widows, and all that are desolate and oppressed." *That* is the last secret of Dickens: and *that* is what George Santayana

means when he writes : " If Christendom should lose everything that is now in the melting-pot, human life would still remain amiable and quite adequately human. I draw this comforting assurance from the pages of Dickens."

SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH

STYLE

AMIDST all the discussion about origins, backgrounds, lines of development, influences, MS. sources, and what not, it seems necessary to call attention to one or two elementary facts about literature and art. The first is that the art of the past exists to be enjoyed : it does not exist to be annotated, nor does it exist to provide intellectual gymnastics for those who have nothing better to do. And the essential enjoyment which it gives comes from a quality that is independent of period. I read a book or look at a picture primarily because it has something to say to me at this present moment. Therefore all the knowledge I acquire of the author and his age is adventitious and purely supplementary. It will no doubt add in some degree to the enjoyment which the simple reading or viewing gives, but it will certainly not be a substitute for that enjoyment. English people should scarcely need reminding of this, for their greatest poet remains a practically unknown figure. Does anyone really believe that the discovery of the full facts of Shakespeare's life would add anything essential to the appeal of the plays ? Did Garrick's audiences, who were spared the knowledge of the mass of Shakespearean criticism available in later times, enjoy the plays any less than we do ? Did the eighteenth-century reader of the " incorrect " Shakespearean texts of Rowe or Pope miss a great deal

through not having access to the versions prepared by the Cambridge editors of our day?

Another point on which it seems necessary to insist is that a writer or an artist works primarily for his own time. This is, of course, a commonplace, but current modes of literary study largely neglect it. The artistic product, like the intellectual product, of any age is the individual response of the artist to the circumstances of his time. In a sense all art is journalism. The greatest artists reach beyond their age to the mind of timeless humanity; but even in them the transitory mingles with the permanent and the appeal which they make varies from generation to generation. In the lesser men the transitory predominates. By laborious historical research we may be able to recapture something of the spirit that produced their work; we may think ourselves back into an alien culture, we may even be able to induce in ourselves a feeble glow of the emotion which the first audience experienced; but the game is scarcely worth the candle. If Spenser's poetry cannot be read by most people to-day, it is because he has nothing to say to the twentieth century; and no amount of critical exposition will help him. A Donne may find a second audience three centuries after his death. A Blake or an El Greco may miss recognition by his contemporaries and come into his own much later; such solitary spirits born out of due season must wait until the whirligig of time brings in a temper of mind with which they are sympathetic. Even the feeble poet may once by a fortunate chance touch the lyre to immortal music. Gray gave us the *Elegy*, and Drayton the sonnet, "Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part." But these exceptional cases only serve to enforce the fact that most of the work of the minor artists of the past as well as some of the work of the major artists has only an antiquarian interest. We

like to think of the best work of the "immortals" as standing four-square against the storms of criticism and the winds of fashion; but unless we are unusually proof against cant it is very easy to exaggerate the aesthetic appeal even of these masterpieces to people to-day.

Inevitably, all the works of art that are remembered possess the quality of style, hence those who spend much time with the masterpieces of the past tend to be greatly preoccupied with this matter of style. Manner even comes to be exalted to an equality with matter. Pure style—which does not exist, of course—has indeed a charm of its own, just as a room preserved with the furnishings of another age appeals to us even although the human creatures that should inhabit it have long vanished from the scene and the glow of life has departed. But no artist worth his salt is ever concerned with style as such. He is striving to express something; style is that which appears when the effort is successful. What is said is the reality; how it is said is an accident—though from another point of view the "what" and the "how" are identical. The enduring quality of a work of art inheres therefore in its subject-matter. Unfortunately—as we have seen—it is hard indeed to preserve subject-matter from decay; men, manners, opinions change; style, which seems to prolong life, may in reality only serve to embalm a corpse. The poetry of Pope has died, not because of a change of fashion but because of deficiency in its intellectual and emotional content: brilliance of wit could not save it. The plays of Oscar Wilde will survive—if they do survive—because there is permanent import in their criticism of human nature: if this permanent element is lacking, the coruscation of paradox and epigram is a vain thing. Shakespeare has no "style" except in his inferior passages where the supreme artist is nodding.

M. Alderton Pink

INNOVATIONS IN POETRY

FOR my own part, I am one of those who believe that no innovation is quite so startling as it appears to its own contemporary generation ; that all poetry at one time went under the probably rather scornful designation of " modern " ; and that in every age there were those who lamented the decadence of the art. Sir Philip Sidney observed that he had " just cause to make a pitiful defence of poor Poetry, which from being almost the highest estimation of learning, was fallen to be the laughing-stock of children," and Wordsworth complained of " the gaudiness and inane phraseology of many modern writers," and of " the triviality and meanness, both of thought and language, which some of my contemporaries have introduced into their metrical compositions." I believe, for instance, that Donne must have surprised and probably shocked his contemporaries just as much as Mr. Eliot, let us say, surprises us ; but to us Donne wears a definitely seventeenth-century air, as the portraits in a picture-gallery have what we would call an Elizabethan face, or a Georgian face, though by what means we are so certain of our own chronology we could not very easily tell. It is a question of perspective, of getting sufficiently far away. I believe that poetry is a continuous stream, rather than a series of lakes connected only by a tenuous trickle, or by a cataract which we call Blake, or Mallarmé, or Walt Whitman, as the case may be. A stream with windings certainly, flowing through various landscapes : now past broad lawns and Palladian mansions, now through dark ravines overhung by ruined castles and ivy-mantled towers, now widening out again between calm pastures, but always the same stream, though fed by many tributaries. This is probably only another way

of expressing a belief in action and reaction, the swing of the pendulum, the positive and the negative, or whatever term we may choose for the sake of convenience, and to go farther into the question now would involve an examination into the old dispute as to what poetry really is, in what quality and degree it differs from prose, even so-called poetic prose, examinations for which we have no time, even though they would not be wholly irrelevant to the purpose of my argument and inquiry. I am assuming, therefore, that we are more or less agreed upon the nature of poetry—that we speak, in fact, the same language when we speak of poetry—and I am assuming also, as the very title of my essay indicates, that we are to work on the assumption that poetry *has* some future before it—a point upon which opinion does not appear to be always unanimous. But it must be admitted from the start that the field of poetry has recently been so much enlarged that we are now compelled to recognise as poetry—or at least as subjects which the poets themselves deem proper material for the exercise of their craft—many regions of human experience, many subtleties of human perception, which would have caused our forefathers to shudder and to exclaim. We have come to recognise that no subject is, in itself, more "poetic" than any other subject, and that to talk about "the province of poetry" is nonsense. No subject, however rough, however slight, however common, and above all, however intellectualised, is to be rejected; all is to be grist to the poetic mill. This, I think, is one of the first differences to be observed; one of the first, and perhaps one of the best; one of the best, I mean, in the sense of being one of the most enriching; for if we are to regard poetry as a living thing, as a growing thing, and not as a mere hobby for the student and the dilettante, we cannot do otherwise than welcome

any tendency to push back the frontiers of the poet's estate, to vary the landscape through which the stream of poetry flows. It must, however, be confessed that what we have gained upon the one count we have lost upon another. I am not now speaking of what many people consider the loss to poetic diction ; not of the uncouth phraseology and halting metres which grate upon so many ears. Of diction—that is to say, of the surface texture—I shall have to speak presently, though briefly ; what I am now concerned with is something far more fundamental ; it is the very stuff out of which poetry is to be made. Against our gain must be set a loss. It is true that many humbler and many subtler aspects of life now find their expression in poetry, but there is one aspect which is, to-day, entirely omitted, and that is, unfortunately, the aspect which has given us, in the past, the noblest poetry of our language. I refer to what may best be defined as the attitude of soul, without which poetry may be charming, fantastic, elegant, even interesting, but without which it can never rise to the heights which, according to general acceptance, are the noblest it can aspire to touch.

It is impossible to imagine, even after allowing for changes of diction, a Gray's *Elegy* or an *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality*, still less a *Prelude* or a *Paradise Lost*, as the product of the early twentieth century. It may be argued that we have no great poetry to-day because we have no great poets ; that is a perfectly defensible argument. Still, I do not believe that even a great poet, were one to arise, could or would move upon the plane or breathe the air of Milton and of Wordsworth. This is simply another way of saying that sublimity has gone out of fashion. Or I might say, again, that we have no passion because we have no convictions. And it is very difficult to see what is to take the place of that passion which in the past, and

according to the temperament of the writer, has clothed itself in the garments of reverence, awe, and faith. We have nothing but doubt and uncertainty—both negative elements ; and above all we have, over-developed, that destructive sense of proportion—destructive to poetry, I mean—which we are pleased to call our sense of humour. It has been frequently suggested of late, indeed, that science might provide some material for poetry, but although this idea seems plausible and fertile enough at first sight, on second thoughts it is apparent that it represents only a very journalistic conception. I allude to it, and to the fact that such a suggestion has been made, merely to support my contention that something, some constructive meaning, some ideal, if you like to call it that, is lacking in the poetry of to-day, and that the critics have felt the lack of it, and are casting round for something which may take the place of the quality which I characterised as reverence, awe, and faith. And when I say faith, I need scarcely say that I do not necessarily mean religious faith ; I mean what I can only call passion—that sense that some things *are* more important than other things ; and by that I do not mean, again, the fine frenzy, but a quieter, deeper thing, which is unaffected by our sense of humour, and expresses itself without the deterrent fear of ridicule.

V. SACKVILLE-WEST

THE PURPOSE OF EDUCATION

EDUCATION ought to teach us how to be in love always and what to be in love with. The great things of history have been done by the great lovers, by the saints and men of science and artists, and the problem of civilisation is to give every man a chance of being a

saint, a man of science, or an artist. But this problem cannot be attempted, much less solved, unless men desire to be saints, men of science, and artists. And if they are to desire that continuously and consciously they must be taught what it means to be these things. We think of the man of science or the artist, if not of the saint, as a being with peculiar gifts, not as one who exercises, more precisely and incessantly perhaps, activities which we all ought to exercise. It is a commonplace now that art has ebbed away out of our ordinary life, out of all the things which we use, and that it is practised no longer by workmen, but only by a few painters and sculptors. That has happened because we no longer recognise the aesthetic activity as an activity of the spirit and common to all men. We do not know that when a man makes anything he ought to make it beautiful for the sake of doing so, and that when a man buys anything he ought to demand beauty in it, for the sake of that beauty. We think of beauty if we think of it at all as a mere source of pleasure, and therefore it means to us ornament added to things for which we can pay extra as we choose. But beauty is not an ornament to life, or to the things made by man. It is an essential part of both. The aesthetic activity, when it reveals itself in things made by men, reveals itself in design, just as it reveals itself in the design of all natural things. It shapes objects as the moral activity shapes actions, and we ought to recognise it in objects and value it, as we recognise and value the moral activity in actions. And as actions empty of the moral activity are distasteful to us, so should objects be that are empty of the aesthetic activity. But this is not so with most of us. As we do not value the aesthetic activity in ourselves, so we do not value it, do not even recognise it or the lack of it, in the work of others. The artist, of whatever kind, is a man

so much aware of the beauty of the universe that he must impart the same beauty to whatever he makes. He has exercised his aesthetic activity in the discovery of beauty in the universe before he exercises it in imparting beauty to that which he makes. He has seen things in that relation which is beauty before he can himself produce that relation in his own work, whatever it may be. And just as he sees that relation for its own sake, so he produces it for its own sake and satisfies the desire of his spirit in doing so. And we should value his work, we should desire that relation in all things made by man if we too had the habit of seeing that relation in the universe, and if we knew that, when we see it, we are exercising an activity of the spirit and satisfying a spiritual desire. And we should know also that work without beauty means unsatisfied spiritual desire in the worker; that it is waste of life and a common evil and danger, like thought without truth or action without righteousness.

ARTHUR CLUTTON-BROCK

REMEDYING WORLD FINANCE

THE course of lectures which you have evoked, Sir Halley, is drawing to an end. If once again you ask me just what, practically, I should do about the crisis, I answer with another question : " Who do you think you are talking to ? " I make that answer not as a schoolboy retort but because I cannot tell you what, practically, I should do until you tell me what powers I am supposed to possess. Actually, as an academic economist not in the counsels of any Government, unconnected with any Government, I cannot do anything at all. I can only try to clear my own mind, and talk when people ask me to talk, and write occasionally, and vote every five years or so at a

General Election. If I were Chancellor of the Exchequer, there would be certain things which I could do and which therefore I should try to do. There would be others that I could not do and therefore should not attempt. I should have different powers and, therefore, should set out to do something different if I were Sir Josiah Stamp, or the Governor of the Bank of France, or the Prime Minister of England, or the President of the United States. I should direct my thoughts to something different, again, if I were a world dictator. Which of these people am I supposed to be in your supposed question? What I would set out to do depends upon the answer.

I propose to give myself the answer, and assume that I am a world dictator. That is just as easy for me as being the Prime Minister of England and just as likely for me as being President of the United States. The way of escape from world crises is barred and doubly barred—by disagreement among economists, and by lack of international will among Governments. Only a world dictator could break his way out now. But I need to be rather more than a mere political dictator. I must be an Aladdin with a magical lamp, with you, perhaps, as a spirit who could work miracles for me, could work the miracle of making all the Governments of the world suddenly and equally sensible. I do not, of course, mean that they need be sensible for all time, but just until we have got things straight again. And I do not mean to go on being a dictator for all time; that would be a dreadful prospect. We have somehow to rebuild a world that will run equably and freely by itself. What miraculous changes ought to be here and now, to bring back to us an economic system that can be worked smoothly not by superhuman people, but by ordinary people, not by exceptional Governments, but by the kind of Governments that we are likely to get?

I am going to ask you, Sir Halley, as you sit there presiding over us, kindly to imagine yourself to be a miracle-working spirit, able to do or get done all that I think should be done in the world to make economic life more stable. What tasks should I give you, in what order?

I have no doubt about the first two tasks. First, you would go and tell all the Governments concerned to drop here and now the whole business of war debts and reparations. Those international obligations arising out of the war are just a continuation of war. They block the way to international co-operation, and are among the worst rigidities of our economic system. They have no moral sanction; they are not like other obligations. Psychologically and economically they are evil.

Second, you would go and tell all the Governments from me that they have to abolish tariffs, not of course suddenly, for that, in high tariff countries, would cause devastation, but under a scheme by which automatically year by year, throughout the world, all tariff walls would slowly sink back into the ground. With them would go all systems of export bounties, surtaxes and the rest, by which one country tries to get richer at the expense of others. One might need a twenty-year plan to allow time for the industry of each country to readjust itself and put the human race in a position to make the best of Nature's gifts throughout the world.

Those would be your first two tasks. Two days—if I may reckon in biblical days—two days of easy work. For your third day I would send you out to get all the Governments to deal with insurance against unemployment. They have one and all made a mess of that, though they have gone wrong in opposite directions. Some, like America, have done just nothing at all; have not thought of insuring till

their house was on fire. Others, like our own, having started on a good scheme, have spoiled it by weakness and sloppiness, have let people get unemployment money without being in any true sense unemployed at all, have made their scheme such that it profited employers and trade unions to make employment more casual, less regular than it need be. All that is foolishness on one side, as the American attitude is foolishness and heartlessness on the other side. Each country needs a plan by which everybody has an income of sorts when the industrial system of that country, whatever it may be, cannot keep him busy. But no country should have the kind of plan that promotes and encourages unemployment. From this third task you will see that I contemplate some irregularity of employment, even in a reformed world. I do so because all progress means change, and all change means sometimes dislodging individuals from their chosen occupations ; it may mean, in the interests of the community, subjecting them to an interval of idleness till they can find fresh work. No country need have unemployment on the scale that we have had it since the war, but some provision for unemployment is as necessary as provision for sickness or old age.

Those are your first three days of work as miracle-working genie attending on myself as world dictator—abolition of war debts and reparations, scaling down to abolition of tariffs, proper organisation of insurance against unemployment. The first two tasks are easy ; they need hardly any thought at all. The third task would take a little thinking out, but not much. There is no real difficulty about any of them, given the will to put them through.

But when you come back to the morning of the fourth day, untired and eager, asking to be told your next task, you would find that now at last we have to

face a real problem. We have to decide an issue of tremendous difficulty. We have to decide between different ways of organising the work of the world and the only two ways we know of do not work properly. I should not be ready on that fourth day to tell you what to do next. I should have to make arrangements for finding out. I should set up a Commission of four or five just and wise persons well skilled in economics to advise me. If this were a national affair, I would be tempted to choose my five distinguished predecessors on this platform. But I am just a little afraid of one or two of them ; and anyhow the Commission should draw in the best economic brains of all the world, not of one island. To that Commission, however formed, I would give a double task. " First," I should say, " work out for me a plan for stabilising the production of the world on a capitalistic basis, on the present basis of guiding production by prices." That means, " Work out a plan for abolishing the anarchy of purchasing power, but keeping the liberty of production and exchange. Tell me how it can be done, what change it means in what we do now. Tell me, even if it means abolishing credit creation by banks altogether, going back to cash without credit superstructure at all, or means internationalising currency completely, making the central bank of every country a subordinate branch of some great international institution."

That is the first half of the Commission's job. The second half is to give me a plan for stabilising production on a socialistic basis, a plan for guiding production directly by use, and not through the intermediary of prices. " Give me such a plan," I would say, " if you can, even though it means abolishing individual wealth as well as individual poverty. But, and this is essential, you must show me that your second plan can be reconciled with progress and with freedom." The

Commissioners, of course, would visit Russia, and you would go with them, to do the miracle of making sure that they got at the truth. In a land on which terror has once lain like a poisonous mist truth does not grow easily.

It would clearly be the end of the fifth day before those Commissioners would come back ; they would need two full days for their two tasks. They would have some hard imaginative thinking to do, for they would be making a new financial foundation for our economic life. When they came back I should have to decide between their plans—at least I should have to decide, if they came back with two plans, that each seemed workable. If the Commissioners came back and said, " There is only one of these plans that we are sure will work, smoothly and freely and progressively," of course I would have to choose that one, whichever of the two it was. But if each plan seemed equally workable, or each open to equal doubt, I would choose the capitalistic one for trial. For if the capitalistic plan does not work, at worst we get another crisis like the present, whereas if the socialistic plan does not work we may destroy things of more importance than economic welfare.

One way or the other, by noon of the sixth day I should decide, and in the afternoon you would carry out my decisions. Then, Sir Halley, you and I would both slip gladly out of our dictatorship, out of our miracle-working clothes, to be ourselves again, with no more power to work miracles, with no miracles needing to be done. And the seventh day would bring a world re-made, re-made in economics, but otherwise a world where we could feel at home, a world of work and rest, of personal striving and success and failure, of good luck and bad luck but some chance for all, a world of other human beings like ourselves.

SIR WILLIAM BEVERIDGE

THE FUTURE OF THE EARTH

APART from accidents, we have seen that if the solar system is left to the natural course of evolution, the earth is likely to remain a possible abode of life for something of the order of a million million years to come.

This is some five hundred times the past age of the earth, and over three million times the period through which humanity has so far existed on earth. Let us try to see these times in their proper proportion by the help of yet another simple model. Take a postage stamp, and stick it on to a penny. Now climb Cleopatra's Needle and lay the penny flat, postage-stamp uppermost, on top of the obelisk. The height of the whole structure may be taken to represent the time that has elapsed since the earth was born. On this scale, the thickness of the penny and postage-stamp together represents the time that man has lived on earth. The thickness of the postage-stamp represents the time he has been civilised, the thickness of the penny representing the time he lived in an uncivilised state. Now stick another postage-stamp on top of the first to represent the next 5000 years of civilisation, and keep sticking on postage-stamps until you have a pile as high as Mont Blanc. Even now the pile forms an inadequate representation of the length of the future which, so far as astronomy can see, probably stretches before civilised humanity, unless an accident cuts it short. The first postage-stamp was the past of civilisation ; the column higher than Mont Blanc is its future. Or, to look at it in another way, the first postage-stamp represents what man has already achieved ; the pile which outtops Mont Blanc represents what he may achieve, if his future achievement is proportional to his time on earth.

Yet we have seen that we cannot count on such a length of future with any certainty. Accidents may happen to the race as to the individual. Celestial collisions may occur ; shrinking into a white dwarf, the sun may freeze terrestrial life out of existence ; bursting out as a nova it may scorch our race to death. Accident may replace our Mont Blanc of postage-stamps by a truncated column of only a fraction of the height of Mont Blanc. Even so, there is a prospect of tens of thousands of millions of years before our race. And the human mind, as apart from the mind of the mathematician, can hardly distinguish clearly between such a period as this and the million million years to which we may look forward if accidents do not overtake us. For all practical purpose the only statement that conveys any real meaning is that our race may look forward to occupying the earth for a time incomparably longer than any we can imagine.

Looked at in terms of space, the message of astronomy is at best one of melancholy grandeur and oppressive vastness. Looked at in terms of time, it becomes one of almost endless possibility and hope. As denizens of the universe we may be living near its end rather than its beginning, for it seems likely that most of the universe had melted into radiation before we appeared on the scene. But as inhabitants of the earth, we are living at the very beginning of time. We have come into being in the fresh glory of the dawn, and a day of almost unthinkable length stretches before us with unimaginable opportunities for accomplishment. Our descendants of far-off ages, looking down this long vista of time from the other end, will see our present age as the misty morning of the world's history ; our contemporaries of to-day will appear as dim heroic figures who fought their way through jungles of ignorance, error, and superstition to discover

truth, to learn how to harness the forces of Nature, and to make a world worthy for mankind to live in. We are still too much engulfed in the greyness of the morning mists to be able to imagine, however vaguely, how this world of ours will appear to those who will come after us and see it in the full light of day. But by what light we have, we seem to discern that the main message of astronomy is one of hope to the race and of responsibility to the individual—of responsibility because we are drawing plans and laying foundations for a longer future than we can well imagine.

SIR JAMES JEANS

NOTES

The Gentle Shakespeare. From " Shakespeare's England," by Sir Walter Raleigh.

Sir Walter Raleigh (1861–1922) was educated at the City of London School and at London and Cambridge Universities. He was Professor of English Literature at Aligarh, India, and later at Liverpool, Glasgow, and Oxford. He died of typhoid fever contracted while flying to Baghdad in order to get data for the official history of the Air Force which he was invited to write and of which he completed the first volume.

A writer of Elizabethan temper, who combined sanity, sensibility, and wit in the highest degree, Sir Walter Raleigh is likely to take permanent rank among the great critics of English literature.

P. 4, ll. 13–14. *The wonderful pleading for mercy by Portia :*

The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath : it is twice blessed ;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes :
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest : it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown ;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway ;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself ;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy ;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

ll. 13–15. *The wonderful pleading for mercy . . . by Isabella :*

No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does. . . .
Alas ! alas !
Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once ;
And He that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgement, should
But judge you as you are ? O think on that,
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

l. 16. *The hunted deer in " As You Like It " :*

To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish ; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting ; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase :

l. 17. *The hunted hare in " Venus and Adonis " :*

And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles,
How he outruns the wind, and with what care
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles :
The many musets through the which he goes,
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell :
And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer :
Danger deviseth shifts : wit waits on fear :

For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out ;
Then do they spend their mouths : Echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies.

By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still :
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear ;
And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell.

Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way ;
Each envious brier his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay :
For misery is trodden on by many,
And being low, never reliev'd by any.

The Sack of Rome. From " Henry VIII," by Francis Hackett. Francis Hackett's " Henry VIII " was one of the earliest and most discerning choices of the Book Society, which undertakes to recommend to its members the best books as they appear.

In May 1526 the Pope, France, Milan, Venice, and Florence concluded the Holy League of Cognac, " under the protection of Henry of England," against Charles V. This coalition boded ill for the Emperor, who was threatened by the Turks in the East, and whose troops, moreover, were in a mutinous condition from want of pay and food. The members of the League, however, were not hearty in the common cause and met with reverses in 1526. Next year, Charles sent more troops, Spanish and German, to Italy. This army marched on Rome, in the attack on which the general, Bourbon, was killed. The city was sacked. The event may be said to close the period of the former greatness of Italy, which ceased to be the centre of the new learning and of art.

P. 6, l. 14. *Wolsey :* Thomas Wolsey, the son of an Ipswich butcher, became Archbishop of York (1514), a Cardinal and Chancellor (1515), and Papal legate. His chief interest lay in foreign politics, in which he gave prominence to the principle of the " balance of power." He depended for his position entirely on the favour of Henry VIII, and fell when he failed to secure that monarch's divorce from Catharine of Aragon. He died at Leicester when on his way to trial at London.

Warham : William Warham (*c.* 1450–1532) became Chancellor and Archbishop of Canterbury, resigning

the former office in 1515. He assisted Wolsey as assessor during the secret inquiry into the validity of Henry's marriage with Catharine. In the divorce proceedings he adopted an attitude compliant with Henry's wishes, but later opposed the King's religious changes.

P. 7, l. 5. *Bourbon :* Charles, Duke of Bourbon (1490–1527), Constable of France. He fought at Marignano (1515), but quarrelled with Francis I and went over to the Emperor. His march on Rome, ending in his own death, and the sack of the city are generally believed to have been a conscious device to satisfy his starving troops with the rich Roman plunder.

l. 19. *Ciboria :* plural of " Ciborium," the receptacle in which, in the Roman Catholic Church, the Host is kept.

P. 8, l. 6. *Castel Sant' Angelo :* a circular fortress on the bank of the Tiber begun by the Roman Emperor Hadrian (A.D. 117–138) as a mausoleum for himself and his successors. It later became the mediaeval citadel of Rome.

l. 12. *Benvenuto Cellini :* (1500–1571), an Italian artist, metal-worker, and sculptor, who did much work for Clement VII. His boast of having killed Bourbon occurs in his racy autobiographical " Memoirs."

l. 14. *Falstaff :* The reference is to " Henry IV," Pt. 1, V., IV., in which Falstaff stabs the dead Hotspur and then swears that he himself killed the rebel.

Napoleon. From " Napoleon," by Hilaire Belloc.

Hilaire Belloc (1870), essayist, historian, poet, and novelist, was the son of a French father and an English mother. He was educated at the Oratory School, Edgbaston, served as driver in the 8th Regiment of French Artillery, and completed his education at Balliol College, Oxford. As a writer Hilaire Belloc is as versatile as he is brilliant.

P. 11, l. 21. *Marengo :* a village in North Italy, the scene of Napoleon's victory over the Austrian commander Melas (1800), which regained Lombardy for France. Together with Moreau's victory at Hohenlinden it ended the French Revolutionary Wars, and was " the birthday of the First Empire."

Austerlitz : an Austrian town, now in Czechoslovakia, near which Napoleon fought his first great battle as a supreme commander, December 2, 1805. The

Austrians were utterly defeated and the Third Coalition broken.

l. 22. *Friedland:* a town of Prussia, scene of the battle in which Napoleon defeated the Russian army under Bennigsen in 1807.

l. 25. *Bautzen:* in East Saxony. Napoleon here came into conflict with an allied army of Russians and Prussians. The battle, though a tactical victory, was a strategical failure, and the Allies were able to retire in good order.

l. 26. *Leipzig:* also in Saxony, scene of the "Battle of the Nations." Napoleon was defeated by the allied forces of Europe and lost 20,000 men, but saved himself from utter failure by a hasty retreat.

P. 12, l. 14. *Michelet:* Jules Michelet (1798–1874), French historian and zealous Republican. His chief work was an "Histoire de France." He was a vivid and imaginative writer, but strongly prejudiced in his religious and political outlook.

l. 21. *Fourth Dynasty:* Napoleon's attempt to found a Fourth Empire of the West and to vest it in his own heirs is regarded by Ludwig as the chief cause of his downfall, denying as it did the principle of equality of opportunity which had enabled him to become Emperor.

l. 25. *Clovis:* (*c.* 466–511), hereditary King of the Salian Franks. By a series of wars and murders, he became sole king of all the Frankish tribes, and was the true founder of the Frankish monarchy. Baptized in 496, he owed much of his success to his alliance with the Church.

l. 29. *Charlemagne:* or Charles the Great (742–814), King of the Franks. He was crowned Holy Roman Emperor by the Pope on Christmas Day, 800, since when there has been a continual struggle for supremacy between the lay and the spiritual heads of Europe.

P. 13, l. 2. *Capetian:* a line of French kings founded by Hugh Capet (elected King of the Franks 987) and continuing until displaced by the Republic.

l. 16. *Rohan:* The name of one of the most illustrious of the feudal families of France.

l. 17. *Murat:* Joachim Murat (1767–1815), Napoleon's most dashing cavalry commander, who, though the son of an innkeeper, rose to be King of Naples.

l. 21. *Eylau:* town in East Prussia, where Napoleon defeated the Russians and Prussians in 1807.

P. 14, l. 34. *Ligurian Hills:* a range in North Italy over which Napoleon had to pass during his Italian campaign of 1796–1797.

l. 36. *Lodi:* where Napoleon, showing great personal courage, defeated the Austrians and became master of Lombardy. This engagement was the "prototype of the Napoleonic battle."

P. 15, l. 2. *Rivoli, Mantua, Arcole.* At Arcole and Rivoli Napoleon inflicted severe defeats on the Austrians. He took Mantua after a long siege (June 1796–February 1797).

The Duke of Wellington. From "The Duke," by Philip Guedalla.

Philip Guedalla (1889–1944) was educated at Rugby and Oxford, where he became President of the Union. He practised for a time as a barrister, served as legal adviser to the War Office and Ministry of Munitions, and stood for Parliament as a Liberal. Among his various publications his lives of Lord Palmerston and the Duke of Wellington are conspicuously brilliant.

P. 15, l. 15. *The War:* In 1808 Napoleon attempted to make Spain a dependency of France by putting his brother Joseph on the throne, against the will of its people. England took advantage of the discontent, and the Peninsular War opened in the same year. The English used Portugal as their base, maintaining communications with England by virtue of their command of the sea. Wellington confined his activities to well-planned raids across Spain, gaining decisive victories —Talavera, Salamanca, Vittoria—and enhancing our military reputation. Finally, Napoleon's armies being weakened by his necessities in Russia and Germany, Wellington in 1813 advanced northwards, and crossing the Pyrenees early in 1814 combined with the Austrians, Russians, and Prussians, who entered France from the East, in securing Napoleon's downfall.

l. 18. *Lowry Cole:* one of Wellington's divisional commanders.

l. 24. *Alava:* Don Miguel Ricardo de Alava (1770–1843), Spanish general and statesman. After accepting Joseph Bonaparte in 1808, he went over to the national independent party. At this time he was Spanish commissary at Wellington's headquarters. Later he became a brigadier-general, and is said to have been

the only man who was present at both Trafalgar and Waterloo.

P. 17, l. 20. *Fuente Guinaldo :* a town in the province of Leon, Spain, 10 miles from Fuentes de Oñoro.

P. 19, l. 6. *Vedeties :* mounted sentinels stationed in advance of the pickets to watch an enemy and give notice of danger.

l. 10. *Redingote grise :* [Fr.] grey, double-breasted outside coat (*redingote* is a French corruption of the English "riding-coat"). Napoleon always dressed simply, as had Peter the Great and Frederick the Great before him. His only luxury in dress was clean linen, which he put on several times a day.

l. 20. *Almeida :* a town in Portugal. Wellington laid siege to it in 1811. After he had repulsed Masséna's attempt to relieve it at Fuentes de Oñoro, the city fell.

l. 29. *Fuentes de Oñoro :* town in Spain 15 miles from Almeida.

P. 21, l. 17. *Beira :* a province of Northern and Central Portugal.

P. 23, l. 15. *Kitty :* Catherine Pakenham, an Irish lady, whom Wellington (then Sir Arthur Wellesley) married in 1806.

l. 16. *Lowry Cole :* See note above.

l. 25. *Burgos :* a town in Old Castile which Wellington attempted to take, after occupying Madrid. He failed, however, and had to retire to Portugal.

P. 23, l. 37–p. 24, l. 1. *Mr. Canning's views about the Catholics :* At this time the Roman Catholics suffered under many disabilities, *e.g.* they were not allowed to sit in Parliament or on municipal councils. Canning supported their emancipation. When Wellington became Prime Minister in 1828 he opposed all liberal measures, but, when the agitation grew, he gave way, and Roman Catholic Emancipation was carried in April 1829.

Gladstone. From "Eminent Victorians," by Lytton Strachey.

Giles Lytton Strachey, LL.D. (1880–1932), was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and made a wide reputation on the publication in 1918 of "Eminent Victorians," four brilliant and roguish studies of Cardinal Manning, Florence Nightingale, Dr. Arnold, and General Gordon. Strachey's finest book in this line is probably his Life of Queen Victoria. A reaction

has now set in against his method of treating history as material for artistic creation rather than for the purpose of scientific record; his work nevertheless remains unique. He is probably at his best, though that is not the rôle in which he became famous, as a critic of English and French literature.

P. 24, ll. 22–23. *The penultimate period of his enormous career:* Gladstone (1809–1898) had retired from politics in 1874, devoting himself to classical studies. In 1880 he emerged from retirement and returned to power as Prime Minister, concentrating chiefly on the Irish problem. In 1885 he left office, largely because of his conduct in the case of General Gordon, but again became Premier, for six months, in 1886. From August 1886 to August 1892 the Conservatives were in office, but in the latter year, Gladstone, then in his eighty-third year, became Prime Minister for a fourth time. After failing to secure the passage of his second Home Rule Bill, he resigned his office in 1894, and spent the remaining four years of his life in retirement at Hawarden.

ll. 27–28. *His great rival:* Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield (1804–1881), the Conservative leader.

P. 25, l. 20. *The Elements:* The ancients believed that the human body, like everything else in the Universe, was made up of the four elements—earth, air, fire, and water, each man's character being determined by the relative proportion of each element in him.

> " His life was gentle, and the elements
> So mix'd in him, that nature might stand up
> And say to all the world 'This was a man!' "

Antony, speaking of the dead Brutus in "Julius Caesar," V. v.

l. 27. *Chimeras:* The chimera was a mythical monster represented as vomiting flames and, usually, as having the head of a lion, the body of a goat, and the tail of a dragon—hence, an incongruous union or medley.

The Storm. From "Undertones of War," by Edmund Blunden.

Edmund Blunden (1896) poet and critic, was educated at Christ's Hospital and Oxford, and served in France during the war with the Royal Sussex Regiment, being awarded the Military Cross. After the war he became Professor of English Literature in Tokio University,

and is now Fellow and Tutor in English Literature at Merton College, Oxford. He was awarded the Hawthornden Prize in 1922 and the Royal Society of Literature medal (Arthur Benson Foundation) in 1930.

P. 27, ll. 10–11. *Note it, recording Angel, or spirit of Sterne:* "The recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropp'd a tear upon the word." Sterne's "Tristram Shandy," V. VIII.

l. 13. *L'Illustration:* the equivalent in France of "The Illustrated London News."

P. 28, l. 1. *Flammenwerfer:* "flame-projector," a device borrowed by the Germans from the Greek fire of the Byzantines, and used by them, and subsequently by most armies, in the First World War. It is based on the principle of the blow-pipe lamp.

P. 30, l. 9. *Débitants:* retail dealers.

P. 32, l. 37–p. 33, l. 1. *The sere and yellow:*

My way of life
Is fall'n into the sere, the yellow leaf.
"Macbeth," V. III. 22.

P. 37, l. 32. *Angelus:* the Angelus bell is rung at morning, noon, and evening to give notice of a service commemorating the Incarnation and beginning with the words "Angelus Domini nuntiavit Mariae."

The "Lusitania." From "This was My World," by Viscountess Rhondda.

Viscountess Rhondda is Vice-chairman of the "Time and Tide" Publishing Company and Director of the Cambrian Collieries, Ltd. She has written the life of her father, "D. A. Thomas, Viscount Rhondda." When Lord Rhondda was made a Viscount special remainder was given to his daughter in the event of his having no son. "This was my World" is one of the frankest and most vigorous biographies of the time.

P. 44, l. 7. *My father:* Lord Rhondda was Food Controller during the war.

l. 8. *Llanwern:* Lord Rhondda's country seat by the Severn in Monmouthshire.

P. 58, l. 11. *Camber:* slope.

Lenin. From "The Aftermath," by Winston Churchill.

The Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, P.C., C.H., statesman,

orator, and author, has served as First Lord of the Admiralty, 1911–1915, Secretary of State for War, 1918–1921, Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1924–1929, and Prime Minister and Minister of Defence, 1940 to 1945. His history of the First World War, "The World Crisis," is the most brilliant and readable of all records of those years, and it is a testimony to his inexhaustible energy that he has been able to write so much and so well during a supremely active political career.

P. 62, l. 31. *Karl Marx:* (1818–1883), German Socialist and Ph.D. (Berlin). In 1847 he published the "Communist Manifesto." On being expelled from Prussian territory he went to London, where he spent the rest of his life. He was for some years the moving spirit of the International Working Men's Association. In 1867 he published "Das Kapital," the Bible of the German Socialists and of the Russian Bolsheviks, which had the same influence as Darwin's work.

l. 32. *Mahomet:* (571–632), prophet and founder of the Mahometan religion. The date (622) of his flight from Mecca to Medina is the beginning of the Mahometan calendar. Within nine years of that event Mahomet had imposed his creed by force of arms on Mecca and Arabia and had begun to encroach on the Byzantine Empire.

P. 64, l. 5. *Populists:* members of the American "People's Party," formed in 1891, and advocating increase of currency, public ownership, and operation of railroads, telegraphs, an income tax, limitation in ownership of land, etc.

l. 11. *Tamerlane:* or Timur (1336–1405), the famous Eastern conqueror. After making himself king at Samarkand he conquered Persia and Caucasia, and invaded India, Syria, and China.

l. 11. *Jenghiz Khan:* (1162–1227), Mongol emperor and one of the world's greatest conquerors. After twice overrunning China he started on his great career of conquest in 1219. He drove the Turks before him into South-East Europe, and ravaged South Russia and North India.

l. 24. *Capercailzie:* the largest European game-bird.

P. 65, l. 30. *Kremlin:* the citadel of Moscow, a large enclosure containing imperial palaces, churches, and an arsenal, now the seat of the Soviet government.

War Guilt. From " Life, Journalism, and Politics," by J. A. Spender.

J. Alfred Spender (1862–1942) was editor of the " Westminster Gazette " from 1896 to 1922, and under his editorship the " Westminster " exercised great influence in the cause of Liberalism. In collaboration with Cyril Asquith he wrote the life of Lord Oxford and Asquith.

P. 69, l. 17. *Lost provinces :* Alsace and Lorraine. They were originally part of the Holy Roman Empire, but France secured them in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Germany regained them in 1871, but lost them again to France as a result of the First World War. The provinces have been a bone of contention for centuries : indeed, the struggle can be traced back to the conflicts of the East and West for the Middle Kingdom, Lotharingia (=Lorraine), after the break-up of Charlemagne's Empire in the ninth century.

l. 33. *Massingham :* Henry William Massingham (1860–1924), British journalist, editor of the " Nation " since 1907. During the First World War the foreign circulation of his paper was suppressed, but the ban was removed in 1917. He was also the author of " The London Daily Press " and " Labour and Protection."

P. 70, l. 32. *Ultima ratio :* last resort, final argument, *i.e.* force.

P. 71, l. 21. *Triple Alliance :* of Germany, Austria, and Italy formed in 1882, and afterwards renewed.

P. 72, l. 24. *Poincaré :* Raymond Poincaré became Prime Minister of France in January 1912. At the outbreak of the First World War he was President, having attained that office in January 1913 and retaining it till 1920. While in power, he tried to cement the friendships and strengthen the alliances of France.

Isvolsky : Alexander Petrovitch Isvolsky (1856–1919), Russian statesman. From 1906 to 1910 he was Minister of Foreign Affairs. He then became Ambassador to France, but was the real head of his country's policy until the outbreak of the First World War. " His policy was a sequence of cruel illusions, for which the people had to pay."

l. 26. *Morocco :* Until 1905, European influence in Morocco was confined mainly to France and Spain. In that year, however, Germany complained that she was being " ignored," and began to take an interest in

Moroccan affairs. Various small quarrels occurred between Germany and France. In October 1910 a revolt began round Fez, and spread rapidly. In March 1911 the town was besieged, and, at the plea of the consuls, and also of the Sultan himself, a French expedition relieved the town.

Lord Oxford and Asquith. From "The Life of Lord Oxford and Asquith," by Desmond MacCarthy.

Desmond MacCarthy (1878), critic and journalist, was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge. He was editor of "Life and Letters," and succeeded Sir Edmund Gosse as chief literary critic on "The Sunday Times."

P. 77, ll. 20–21. *The Wharf:* Asquith's country-house at Sutton Courtney, Oxfordshire.

P. 78, l. 21. *St. Augustine:* St. Augustine of Hippo, one of the greatest Christian saints. A pagan till 387, he passed through great intellectual and spiritual conflicts. He recounts his experience in the "Confessions."

Casanova: (1725–1798), an Italian adventurer—alchemist, cabalist, and spy—who visited every court in Europe, but always had to vanish after a brief period of felicity. His memoirs are unmatched as a confession of rascality.

l. 22. *Rousseau:* (1712–1778), the French writer and philosopher, whose best known works are "Le Contrat Social," "La Nouvelle Héloïse," and the "Confessions." He lived a wandering life, hounded from place to place by the forces of conservatism, and the results of his own misconduct; but saved from penury by the charity of liberal nobles.

P. 80, l. 13. *Paisley campaign:* In 1918 Asquith lost his seat at East Fife, which he had held since 1886. He was returned for Paisley in 1920.

l. 27. *President Wilson:* (1856–1924). In 1912 and 1916, as Democratic candidate, Wilson was elected President of the United States. The chief events of his term of office, besides the First World War, were women's suffrage and prohibition. He was practically the founder of the League of Nations.

l. 28. *Colonel House:* (1858–1938), American diplomatist. During and after the First World War he represented the United States Government in many conferences, and was for long a close associate of President Wilson.

l. 29. *My wife :* Asquith's second wife, Miss Margaret ("Margot") Tennant, whom he married in 1894.

P. 83, l. 13. *est animi exiguique voluptas Ultio :* minuti semper et infirmi est animi exiguique voluptas ultio. Juvenal, Satire xiii.

l. 20. *Haldane:* Richard Burdon Haldane, 1st Viscount (1856–1928), British statesman and philosopher. In 1905 he became Liberal Secretary for War, and in 1912 Lord Chancellor. Previous visits to Germany and his interest in German philosophy brought upon him a quite unjustified suspicion of pro-Germanism.

P. 85, l. 29. *Henry James :* See note on page 208, line 7.

P. 86, l. 8. *1916 :* In December 1916 Lloyd George supplanted Asquith as Prime Minister on the grounds that the war needed to be carried on more vigorously.

l. 18. *After he lost his seat :* At the election of 1918 Lloyd George swept the country with an appeal for the maintenance of the Coalition, and Asquith, sharing in the general wreck of the Liberal Party, lost his seat of East Fife which he had held throughout his parliamentary career.

l. 23. "*Like an Arab . . .*" *:* the opening lines of Coleridge's "Love's Apparition and Evanishment." The exact version is :

> "Like a lone Arab, old and blind,
> Some caravan had left behind."

The Patriotism of Britain. From "A History of British Civilisation," by Esmé Wingfield-Stratford.

Esmé Wingfield-Stratford, D.Sc., F.R.Hist.Soc., was educated at Eton and King's College, Cambridge, of which he is now a Fellow. He served during the First World War in the Kent Regiment. In 1930 he published "The Victorian Tragedy," and in 1931 "They that take the Sword." As a writer he is distinguished for the pungency and irony of his style in which he expresses a lofty, sensitive, and individual conception of history.

P. 87, l. 22. *Realpolitik :* the conduct of human, and especially international, relations, on motives of interest and expediency only. The substitution, in world affairs, of unlimited realism for limited idealism. This principle was first set forth by Machiavelli in his "Prince" (1532) and attained its fullest strength in pre-1914 Germany, of which Bismarck had made it the driving force.

l. 34. *Things rank and gross in nature :* " Hamlet," Act I. ii. 136.

P. 88, l. 33. *The . . . League :* The Covenant of the League of Nations was drawn up at the Peace Conference in Paris, and was unanimously accepted by the representatives of the Allied and Associated Powers on April 28, 1919. The League was an attempt to secure permanent world peace by the establishment of the principle of justice in international disputes, the conception of justice being founded on the opinion of an assembly representative not of the rulers but of the peoples of the world.

The Bridge. From " Hatter's Castle," by A. J. Cronin.

A. J. Cronin was a doctor by profession, and only embarked on literature after he had retired from his medical career. " Hatter's Castle," his first novel, brought him fame : it is a painful work, but of remarkable strength, and the character of James Brodie, the monstrous hatter, is an exceedingly powerful creation.

The bridge over the River Tay at Dundee in Scotland, which was blown down in the terrific winter gale of 1879, was only a slight iron structure. It was replaced by a bridge of a vastly more substantial type.

P. 94, l. 6. *Baton :* a staff used as a signal on a single line of railway.

P. 95, l. 33. *Lamellae :* plates.

P. 96, l. 7. *Torsion :* twisting, wrenching.

l. 12. *Coronach :* funeral cry, dirge.

The Ghost-Ship. From " The Ghost-Ship and Other Stories," by Richard Middleton.

The life of Richard Middleton (1882–1912), poet and story-writer, was compounded of " gaiety, fantasy, poverty, and neuralgia." His short story, " The Ghost-Ship," has been hailed by some critics as one of the greatest in the language. All his five published works, " Poems and Songs " (2 volumes), " Monologues," " The Day before Yesterday," " The Ghost-Ship and Other Stories," appeared after his death in 1912, when, completely destitute, he committed suicide in Brussels.

P. 99, l. 2. *The battle of Naseby :* Cromwell defeated Charles I decisively at the Battle of Naseby near Rugby in 1645.

P. 101, l. 15. *Shotted :* loaded with shot.

P. 102, l. 5. *Senlac :* the Sussex hill near Hastings where the Battle of Hastings was fought.
P. 105, l. 33. *Gentrice :* gentry, nobility.

At the River's Edge. From " Strayaways," by E. Œ. Somerville and Martin Ross.

Miss Edith Œnone Somerville (1861), master of the West Carbery Foxhounds, and her cousin Violet Martin (" Martin Ross ") (1865–1911), have written a number of incomparable books in collaboration dealing with the charm and humour and pathos of Irish life. The book with which they first made a wide reputation, " Some Experiences of an Irish R.M.," was published in 1899, and is written, like all their works, in prose of extraordinary perfection.

P. 109, l. 12. *Connemara :* in Galway, West Ireland.
P. 112, ll. 1–2. *The Shunamite, and the child who went out with his father to the reapers :* See 2 Kings iv.
P. 113, l. 6. *Soutane :* a cassock.

The Baiting. From " Precious Bane," by Mary Webb.

Mary Webb (1883–1927) only achieved popular fame after her death. For many years she had published novels of the highest quality, but these were appreciated only by a small number of connoisseurs. By praising her work in a public speech Lord Baldwin, at the time Prime Minister, secured her wide recognition, as Lord Oxford first drew attention to Lytton Strachey and Mr. Gladstone to Mrs. Humphry Ward.

P. 119, l. 16. *'Ool :* wool.
P. 120, l. 18. *Tuthree :* two or three.
l. 20. *Slavering :* saliva dripping.
l. 26. *Mort :* lot.
P. 122, l. 31. *Borsted :* burst, term of contempt.
P. 123, l. 7. *Fratchety :* quarrelsome, scolding.
l. 19. *Argle and bargle :* argue and bargain.
l. 23. *Seesta :* do you see ?
l. 35. *Flusker :* fluster.
P. 124, l. 28. *Moithered :* wandering, dazed.
P. 125, l. 22. *Ooth :* with.
P. 129, l. 9. *Daggly :* wet, bedraggled.
l. 25. *Yarbs :* herbs.

The Tea Shop. From " Angel Pavement," by J. B. Priestley.

J. B. Priestley (1894), novelist, essayist, and dramatist, was born at Bradford, and was educated at Bradford and

Cambridge. During the First World War he served with the Duke of Wellington's and Devon Regiments. He has written critical studies of Peacock and George Meredith, and a number of striking plays, and by the publication of "The Good Companions," "Angel Pavement," "Faraway," and "They Walk in the City," has established himself as one of the most popular and successful of present-day novelists, and one whose work lays claim to be considered as permanent literature. The "Postscripts" which he broadcast during 1940 did much to hearten the nation during the darkest days of war.

The Farm. From "The Demi-Gods," by James Stephens.

James Stephens (1882), Irish novelist and poet, is also author of "The Crock of Gold," "Songs from the Clay," "Deirdre," "In the Land of Youth," and other works. His "Collected Poems" appeared in 1926.

P. 137, l. 5. *Graip:* fork.

P. 140, l. 10. *Collops:* pieces, chunks.

P. 143, l. 21. *Cuchulain:* a hero of Irish mythology. He is supposed to have been the nephew of Conchubar, King of Ulster, and to have lived in the first century. His feats of valour, including the defence of Ulster single-handed against the Queen of Connaught, were proverbial. The name is pronounced Cuhoo'lin.

l. 23. *Spooks:* ghosts, spirits.

In Charge. From "Like Shadows on the Wall," by W. B. Maxwell.

Captain W. B. Maxwell (*d.* 1938), late chairman of the Society of Authors, and late of the Royal Fusiliers, was one of the most popular and prolific of modern novelists. "The Guarded Flame," "General Mallock's Shadow," "Spinster of this Parish," and "We Forget because We Must," were among his chief successes.

P. 150, l. 17. *Sheraton:* a style of furniture developed in England in the eighteenth century by Thomas Sheraton.

P. 151, ll. 3-4. *It is a genuine Van Eyck!* Hubert and his brother Jan Van Eyck, the early Flemish painters, painted in collaboration till the death of Hubert in 1426, and it was they who perfected the art of mixing colours with oil. Several portrait-pictures by Jan Van Eyck can be seen in the National Gallery, London.

The Great Exhibition. From " The Fortress," by Sir Hugh Walpole.

Hugh Walpole (1884–1941), novelist and critic, son of the late Rt. Rev. E. H. S. Walpole, Bishop of Edinburgh, was educated at King's School, Canterbury, and Emmanuel College, Cambridge. During the First World War he served with the Russian Red Cross. Many of his earlier novels, notably " Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill," " Fortitude," and " The Duchess of Wrexe," gained him a wide popularity and his more massive works, " Rogue Herries," " Judith Paris," " The Fortress," and " Vanessa " further enhanced his reputation. He was knighted in 1937.

A Village Cricket Match. From " England, their England," by A. G. Macdonell.

A. G. Macdonell (1895–1941) made a considerable hit in 1933 with " England, their England," which was his first book: it is a humorous, light-hearted, and perspicacious satire on typical aspects of English national life.

P. 162, l. 25. *Midriff:* diaphragm.

P. 163, l. 18. *The chief invention of Sir Isaac Newton:* Sir Isaac Newton first propounded his theory of universal gravitation in the first book of his " Philosophiae Naturalis Principia Mathematica," published in 1687.

P. 164, ll. 6–7. *In the tournament-ring at Ashby-de-la-Zouche:* Ashby-de-la-Zouche, in Leicestershire, was a famous tournament ground in the Middle Ages: a tournament held there is described in " Ivanhoe," chapter vii.

P. 165, ll. 9–10. *Status quo:* the existing situation.

l. 11. *Ballistics:* throwing of missiles.

l. 21. *Abraham-like bosom:* St. Luke xvi. 23.

l. 31. *Ragout:* stew.

P. 166, l. 25. *Troika:* vehicle drawn by three horses abreast.

The Last Meal. From " The Stoic," by John Galsworthy.

John Galsworthy, O.M. (1867–1933), educated at Harrow and New College, Oxford, achieved an equal reputation as playwright and novelist. His " Strife," " Justice," and " Loyalties," are among the finest of modern English plays, and " The Forsyte Saga," in which he pictures the life of upper middle class society in the later Victorian and Edwardian periods, is likely to remain a classic.

P. 170, l. 17. *Soubees :* for *soubise*, a sauce made from onions and melted butter.

P. 171, l. 3. *Limning :* portraying.

ll. 7-8. *The Albany :* well-known bachelor chambers near Piccadilly.

P. 172, l. 3. *Frapped :* artificially cooled.

P. 175, ll. 27–28. *Jenny Lind :* Johanna Maria Lind, known as Jenny Lind, the famous soprano, was born at Stockholm, and appeared in England at Her Majesty's Theatre with immense success in 1847.

l. 31. *Ramequin :* a preparation of cheese with bread-crumbs, or a puff paste.

A Piece of Chalk. From " Tremendous Trifles," by G. K. Chesterton.

G. K. Chesterton (1874–1936), educated at St. Paul's School and the Slade School of Art, was famous for his brilliance and wit allied to great common sense and good-humour. He was a prolific writer on literary and social subjects, and was a poet and dramatist as well as an essayist and critic. " The Napoleon of Notting Hill," "The Innocence of Father Brown," and the play "Magic" are especially notable among his numerous works.

P. 183, l. 13. *Rationale :* explanation.

P. 185, ll. 20–21. *The old poets who lived before Wordsworth :* Although Nature is described exquisitely in English poetry — especially by Milton — before Wordsworth, Wordsworth was the first English poet to invest Nature with a supernatural and mystical significance.

Macbeth. From " The Idea of Great Poetry," by Lascelles Abercrombie.

Professor Lascelles Abercrombie (1881–1938), Hon. D.Litt. Cambridge, was Professor of English Literature at Leeds University, and Goldsmiths' Reader in English at Oxford University. He published poems and plays, and among his works of criticism his " Romanticism " and " The Idea of Great Poetry " were especially notable.

Lord Cantilupe's Political Faith. From "A Modern Symposium," by G. Lowes Dickinson.

G. Lowes Dickinson was educated at Charterhouse and at King's College, Cambridge, of which he became a Fellow. He died in 1932. "The Greek View of

Life," "Letters from John Chinaman," "A Modern Symposium," and "The Magic Flute," are among the best known of his works. He was an ardent lover of peace, and wrote critically of the method of settling international disputes by war. It is probable that Lowes Dickinson will take a high rank among the prose writers of his generation.

P. 191, l. 20. *Toryism:* The Tories grew out of the Court Party, who in Charles II's reign upheld the royal absolutism. The name "Tory," meaning an Irish outlaw or robber, was applied to them by the Country Party, which wished to limit the powers of the throne. After the Revolution of 1688–1689, the Tories could no longer uphold absolute monarchy but aimed at maintaining, as far as possible, the authority and influence of the Crown and the Established Church. After the Reform Bill of 1832 (see note below), the name Tory began to be replaced by that of Conservative, and the party to stand merely for the maintenance of the established order in Church and State.

l. 25. *Liberal:* The Country Party or Whigs, which, in Charles II's reign, upheld Parliamentary authority, also began to change its name after 1832, becoming known as the Liberal Party, and supporting a change towards democracy.

l. 27. *Radical:* in general, one who advocates radical and sweeping changes in laws and methods of government with the least delay, especially changes deemed to equalise, or remedy evils arising from, social conditions. In England Radicals have been the extremists of the Liberal Party.

P. 192, l. 9. *Darwin:* Charles Robert Darwin (1809–1882), enunciated clearly for the first time the theories of evolution and the survival of the fittest.

P. 193, ll. 27–28. *The first Reform Act:* passed in 1832. Hitherto Parliament had represented only the upper classes, and many seats were controlled by a very few voters. The Reform Bill reorganised the representation and extended the right to vote. It was a victory for the middle class, for the artisans in the towns and the agricultural labourers still remained without the franchise, which was not granted to them till during the last quarter of the nineteenth century.

l. 36. *Poor Law:* that of 1834. It checked the practice of outdoor relief, and forced small neighbouring parishes

(hence known as " Unions ") to combine in keeping a common workhouse.

Public Health Acts : passed in 1875.

l. 37. *The rest :* e.g. assistance of national education, abolition of slavery, Factory Acts (1833).

Repeal of the Corn Laws : the Corn Laws imposed a duty on imported corn. The growth of population at the time of the Industrial Revolution made it impossible to feed all the people with English corn alone. The duties kept prices at a high level, and, while farmers and landlords profited, the lower classes starved. Cobden and Bright led the movement for reform, and, in 1846, Peel's ministry repealed the Corn Laws.

P. 194, l. 6. *Free Trade :* commerce not subjected to burdens or restrictions of any kind, as by duties or tariff regulations.

l. 30. *Extension of the franchise :* the second Reform Bill of 1867 was mainly an extension of the first, but the franchise was still restricted to householders. In 1884 a Franchise Bill was passed which extended the vote to agricultural labourers. The most recent alteration of the franchise was the introduction of votes for women aged 21 or more, abolishing the previous age limit of 30. Only then was universal adult suffrage established in England.

Caesar's Funeral. From " Prefaces to Shakespeare," by H. Granville-Barker.

Harley Granville-Barker (1877–1946), dramatist, critic, actor, and producer, had latterly abandoned practical work in the theatre for literature. " The Voysey Inheritance " and " The Madras House " are among the best known of his plays, and his productions of Shakespeare in London, especially of " Twelfth Night," in 1911, are remembered by all who saw them as pre-eminent.

The famous funeral speeches of Brutus and Antony are as follows :

BRUTUS. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers ! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear ; believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe : censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Caesar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Caesar was no less

than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer : Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live all free men? As Caesar loved me, I weep for him ; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it ; as he was valiant, I honour him ; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love ; joy for his fortune ; honour for his valour ; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

ALL. None, Brutus, none.

BRUTUS. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Caesar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol ; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY *and others, with* CAESAR'S *body*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony : who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth ; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

. . . . . .

ANTONY. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears ;
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them ;
The good is oft interred with their bones ;
So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Caesar was ambitious :
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—
For Brutus is an honourable man ;
So are they all, all honourable men—
Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me :
But Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill.
Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept :
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse : was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause :
What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him?
O judgement ! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me ;
My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

Walking. From " Clio, a Muse, and Other Essays," by G. M. Trevelyan.

Professor G. M. Trevelyan (1876), son of Sir George Trevelyan, nephew of Lord Macaulay, was educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge, and is Professor of History at Cambridge. He has written notably upon George Meredith and Garibaldi, and his more recent " History of England," " England under Queen Anne," and " Blenheim," have achieved both popular and academic success.

P. 203, l. 31. *When they reached the forest of Arden . . . :* " As You Like It," Act II.

P. 204, l. 8. *Swart :* swarthy.

P. 206, l. 23. *Meredith himself has described . . . in the Egoist :* " The Egoist," by George Meredith (1828–1909), is a subtle and remorseless study of a single aspect of a refined form of selfishness.

P. 207, l. 10. *Scree-foot :* scree is a stone or heap of rocky débris, and sometimes used of a whole mountain-side as with the Screes at Wastwater.

Cairn : a heap of stones erected as a memorial.

The World of Dickens. From "Charles Dickens and Other Victorians," by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch.

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch (1863–1944), critic and novelist, had been Professor of English Literature at Cambridge University since 1912. He had always set himself, like the late Professor Sir Walter Raleigh, to bring literature to the test of real life. He was a Cornishman by birth, and his home was at Fowey.

l. 23. *Demiurgic:* creative.

P. 208, l. 7. *As Henry James once said to me:* Henry James, the novelist, was born in New York of Irish and Scottish ancestry, but lived twenty years in London and in 1898 settled in Rye.

l. 15. *Mr. Saintsbury:* Professor George Saintsbury, the distinguished and omniscient critic of English and European literature, was Professor of English Literature for twenty years at Edinburgh University: he died at Bath in 1933.

P. 209, l. 31. *Phantasmagoric:* shifting, imaginary, and illusive.

P. 210, l. 4. *Lear's Nonsense Books:* Edward Lear wrote "The Book of Nonsense" (1846), to please the grandchildren of the Earl of Derby. This book did much to establish the popularity of the limerick.

Style. From "If the Blind Lead," by M. Alderton Pink.

M. Alderton Pink is also author of "Procrustes, or The Future of English Education," "A Realist Looks at Democracy," which made a mark as an intrepid and clear-sighted criticism of the system of modern democratic government, and "Social Reconstruction."

P. 211, ll. 29–30. *Did Garrick's audiences, who were spared the knowledge of the mass of Shakespearean criticism . . . :* David Garrick produced a large number of Shakespeare's plays at Drury Lane Theatre, in the management of which he joined Lacy in 1747.

l. 34. *Rowe and Pope:* Nicholas Rowe edited Shakespeare in 1709, dividing up the plays for the first time into Acts and Scenes; Pope's edition was published in 1725.

P. 212, l. 26. *Blake:* the symbolic, impressionistic, and mystical spirit both of Blake's poetry and designs is clearly in accordance with tendencies later than those of the eighteenth century, in which he was born. His

earliest poems were published in 1783, " The Ghost of Abel " in 1822.

El Greco ; El Greco, born in Crete, settled in Spain about 1577. His principal works, religious pictures and portraits, are in Madrid. His bizarre colour schemes and distorted forms are so much more in keeping with the tendencies of certain modern taste that it is not surprising if it is only recently that he has come to be regarded as a very great painter.

P. 213, ll. 30–31. *The plays of Oscar Wilde . . . :* " Lady Windermere's Fan," " A Woman of No Importance," and " The Importance of Being Earnest " are the best known of the sparkling comedies in which Wilde satirises the foibles of society.

Innovations in Poetry. From " Some Tendencies of Modern Poetry," by V. Sackville-West.

The Hon. V. Sackville-West, novelist and poet, daughter of the 3rd Baron Sackville, is married to the Hon. Harold Nicolson, the biographer and critic. Her poem " The Land " gained the Hawthornden Prize in 1927, and her novel " The Edwardians," published in 1930, won a wide reputation. In 1946 she published " The Garden," poetic counterpart of " The Land."

P. 214, ll. 17–18. *Donne must have surprised . . . his contemporaries :* John Donne (1573–1631), Dean of St. Paul's, was the first and probably greatest of the so-called " metaphysical " poets : his poetry has a daring and rugged grandeur, and is full of twisted and intellectual notions which remain nearly as startling to the modern as they must have been to the seventeenth-century reader.

ll. 18–19. *As Mr. Eliot . . . surprises us :* Mr. T. S. Eliot, a director of Faber and Faber, is a poet with a wide reputation for work of an unconventional nature : among his published works are " The Sacred Wood," " The Waste Land," " An Essay on Poetic Drama," " Dante," " Murder in the Cathedral " and " East Coker."

l. 28. *Mallarmé :* the French poet (1842–1898) who wrote " L'Après-midi d'un Faune."

Walt Whitman : The poetry of Walt Whitman, who was born in New York in 1819, is written for the most part in an unconventional form which varies between verse and rhythmical prose. Whitman treated social,

moral, and political themes in his verse, and was the poetic champion of intellectual freedom.

l. 31. *Palladian:* after the neo-classic style of Andrea Palladio, a sixteenth-century Italian architect.

The Purpose of Education. From " The Ultimate Belief," by Arthur Clutton-Brock.

Arthur Clutton-Brock (1868–1924), in addition to being Art Critic of " The Times," made a reputation, especially during the War, by his books on Christianity and the philosophy of the spirit. He excelled in expressing profound ideas in extremely simple language.

Remedying World Finance. From " The World's Economic Crisis," by Sir William Beveridge.

Sir William Beveridge, K.C.B., the famous economist, was Director of the London School of Economics and Political Science, 1919–1937. In his earlier days he was leader-writer to " The Morning Post." He was first Chairman of Employment Exchanges, and during the First World War he was Director of Labour Exchanges under the Board of Trade, Assistant General Secretary to the Ministry of Munitions, and became Permanent Secretary in the Ministry of Food. He submitted in 1942, at the invitation of the Government, " The Beveridge Report," a comprehensive scheme for social and economic reform.

P. 219, ll. 22-23. *The course of lectures which you have evoked, Sir Halley . . . :* This extract is taken from one of a course of six lectures delivered by six economists in 1931 under the Halley Stewart Trust, founded in 1924 " for research towards the Christian Ideal in all Social Life." Sir Halley Stewart, Vice-chairman of the London Brick Co. and Forders, was the Founder and First Chairman of this Trust.

P. 220, l. 7. *Sir Josiah Stamp:* afterwards Lord Stamp, Chairman of the L.M.S. Railway, and a Director of the Bank of England. He was killed in an air-raid in 1941.

P. 223, ll. 10–11. *My five distinguished predecessors on this platform:* Sir Arthur Salter, Director of the Economic and Finance Section of the League of Nations; Sir Josiah Stamp (see previous note); J. M. Keynes, Fellow and Bursar of King's College, Cambridge, member of Economic Advisory Council; Sir Basil Blackett, a Director of the Bank of England; and Henry Clay, Economist to Securities Management Trust.

The Future of the Earth. From "The Universe Around Us," by Sir James Jeans.

Sir James Jeans (1877–1946): Professor of Astronomy in the Royal Institution. His works on astronomy, especially "The Universe Around Us," "The Mysterious Universe," and "The Stars in their Courses," have made a very wide appeal.

P. 225, l. 13. *Cleopatra's Needle:* one of the two obelisks, each of which was called Cleopatra's Needle after Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt. They were originally moved from Heliopolis to Alexandria. One is now in New York, and the other on the Thames Embankment in London.

l. 25. *Mont Blanc:* the highest mountain in the Alps, 15,781 feet high.

P. 226, l. 6. *A nova:* a new star which appears suddenly and, after shining brightly for a time, disappears again.

ESSAY QUESTIONS

1. *The Gentle Shakespeare.* " Shakespeare's works are not the eccentricities of a solitary genius : they are the creed of England." Discuss and illustrate.

2. *The Sack of Rome.* Estimate the literary qualities of this passage as an example of narrative art.

3. *Napoleon.* " Men and nations fail by the same powers as those by which they rise." Discuss with reference to Napoleon.

4. *The Duke of Wellington.* Contrast the Duke of Wellington as a military commander as described by Philip Guedalla with Napoleon as described in the previous extract by Hilaire Belloc.

5. *Gladstone.* " Compared with Disraeli's, Mr. Gladstone's attitude towards life strikes one as that of an ingenuous child." Discuss.

6. *The Storm.* Contrast twentieth-century warfare as described in " The Storm " with ancient and medieval warfare.

7. *The " Lusitania."* " All is fair in war." Consider this proposition with reference to the sinking of the *Lusitania.*

8. *Lenin.* " He alone could have led Russia into the enchanted quagmire ; he alone could have found the way back to the causeway." Consider how the present condition of the Russian people might have been improved had Lenin not died when he did.

9. *War Guilt.* " The Great War arose out of a state of opinion which regarded war as a legitimate and normal method of promoting national interests ; and to prevent opinion slipping back into that atmosphere is perhaps the greatest task before the coming generation." Discuss with reference to the international situation in Europe at the present time and in the light of the Second World War.

10. *Lord Oxford and Asquith.* From the material supplied in this study of Lord Oxford estimate his qualifications for being Prime Minister of England at a crisis of her history, and contrast him in that capacity with Mr. Lloyd George.

11. *The Patriotism of Britain.* " God's image must not be allowed to go the way of the giant lizards, its predecessors." Discuss.

12. *The Bridge.* Compare the terrors of a railway accident with those of a shipwreck and an earthquake.

13. *The Conjuror.* Explain what you imagine had really happened to the conjuror's wife, *or* Write a story of a similar nature to this one called " The Acrobat."

14. *At the River's Edge.* What qualities typical of Ireland and the Irish are to be found in " At the River's Edge " ?

15. *The Bull Baiting.* Consider why, if public opinion in England no longer tolerates bull-baiting, it still allows fox-hunting.

16. *The Tea Shop.* " The teashop towered above the older buildings like a citadel, which indeed it was, the outpost of a new age, perhaps a new civilisation, perhaps a new barbarism." Consider the truth of this with reference to tea shops such as this and cinema palaces.

17. *The Farm.* Compare the story of " The Farm " with that of King Midas *or* Consider it with reference to the saying that " the love of money is the root of all evil."

18. *In Charge.* Imagine and describe the next picture-dealing exploit of Mr. Gantzler and his girl accomplice in which they are outwitted.

19. *The Great Exhibition.* " The waiting multitude was quiet enough, but around them all the machinery had been set in motion—MACHINERY, key-note of the Exhibition, symbol, relentless, humourless, of the new world this day, May 1, 1851, was introducing. . . . Thousands . . . sat patiently waiting, passive, unwitting that the Age of Man on this planet was doomed." Comment in view of events since then and now.

20. *A Village Cricket Match.* Describe with similar exuberance the last five minutes of a football match *or* Give an English translation of the speech which Mr. Harcourt made in Italian at *The Three Horseshoes* about the glories of England.

21. *The Last Meal.* Describe in detail the most delicious meal which you have ever eaten, *or* Consider the ideals and

character of the Stoic as those of an English breed which is now becoming extinct.

22. *A Piece of Chalk.* " I suppose everyone must have reflected how primeval and how poetical are the things that one carries in one's pocket." Describe what things you habitually carry in your pocket, and consider their symbolic nature.

23. *Macbeth.* " It is not merely that he becomes more daring and resolute in action the more desperate his affairs become : the whole vitality of the man becomes incandescent." Illustrate this. *Or* " Infinitely keener than Lady Macbeth's is Macbeth's suffering." Discuss.

24. *Lord Cantilupe's Political Faith.* Answer Lord Cantilupe's point of view from the standpoint of an equally convinced English Liberal.

25. *Caesar's Funeral.* " Personally, accepting its form as one accepts the musical convention of a fugue, I find that Brutus' speech stirs me deeply. I prefer it to Antony's." Consider whether you share this view.

26. *Walking.* " Never start on a walking tour without an author whom you love." Describe any day's walking in the country which you have done, name the author whose book you took with you or might have taken, and describe the scene which you read from after supper.

27. *The World of Dickens.* Illustrate from your reading of Dickens his " inestimable gift of charity."

28. *Style.* " No artist worth his salt is ever concerned with style as such." Discuss. *Or* " Shakespeare has no ' style '—except in his inferior passages, where the supreme artist is nodding." Illustrate.

29. *Innovations in Poetry.* " I do not believe that even a great poet, were one to arise to-day, could or would move upon the plane or breathe the air of Milton and of Wordsworth. This is simply another way of saying that sublimity has gone out of fashion. Or I might say, again, that we have no passion because we have no convictions." Discuss.

30. *The Purpose of Education.* " Education ought to teach us how to be in love always." Discuss. *Or* " It is a commonplace now that art has ebbed away out of our ordinary life." Consider if this is wholly true of the present day.

31. *Remedying World Finance.* Consider what chances the plans of Sir William Beveridge's Dictator give of remedying world finance, and, if you disagree, suggest remedies of your own.

32. *The Future of the Earth.* " We have come into being

in the fresh glory of the dawn, and a day of almost unthinkable length stretches before us with unimaginable opportunities for accomplishment." Consider this opinion with reference to the future development of War, or Aviation, or Music.

CONTEXT QUESTIONS

Ascribe to their contexts and comment on :

1. " That," he added, before carrying back his plate to his seat, " is just what I'm now trying to do."

2. The cheapening of the truth, the appeals to passion, the perfect carillon of flattery, cajolery, mockery, and pathos, swinging to a magnificent tune, all serve to make it a model of what popular oratory should be.

3. For it was past six o'clock, and the front door of *The Three Horseshoes* was now as wide open officially as the back door had been unofficially all afternoon.

4. The execution of the elder brother deflected this broad white light through a prism : and the prism was red.

5. But camp-kettles, shirts, and brushes haunted him ; his dreams were full of army biscuit.

6. Jenny Lind ! The Swedish nightingale—he had never missed the nights when she was singing—Jenny Lind !

7. " God help us ! God help us ! God help us ! "

8. That is just as easy for me as being the Prime Minister of England, and just as likely for me as being President of the United States.

9. But I had them by the hasp, for as long as men have to eat, any man with the food can make them do whatever he wants them to do.

10. " There's a nice steak and onions at home for supper."

11. Speech was the fibre of his being : and, when he spoke, the ambiguity of ambiguity was revealed.

12. Take a postage-stamp and stick it on a penny.

13. It had grown into a presence so magnificent and so opulent that it seemed like a tree pendulous with indescribable blossom and humming with innumerable bees.

14. The poetry of Pope has died, not because of a change of fashion, but because of deficiency in its intellectual and emotional intent : brilliance of wit could not save it.

15. " I'll give you fifty pounds for it."

16. So let us " love all changes of weather."

17. Virtue is not the absence of vices or the avoidance of moral dangers : virtue is a vivid and separate thing, like pain, or a particular smell.

18. " You can take me or leave me. If I had to live again I would live just so."

19. And all the blue bird's-eye in the hedge banks went into a mist of tears as I ran.

20. In short, there was a warm sensuous vulgar life flowering in the upper storeys, and cold science working in the basement.

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